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Mr WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

his

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, and TRAGEDIES,

ſet out by himſelf in quarto,
or by the Players his Fellows in folio,
and now faithfully republiſh'd from those
Editions
in ten Volumes octavo; with an
INTRODUCTION:

Whereunto will be added, in ſome other Volumes,
NOTES, critical and explanatory, and a Body of
VARIOUS READINGS
entire.

Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, et omneis
Præſtinxit, ſtellas exortus uti æthereus Sol.
LUCR. *Lib.* 3. *l.* 1056.

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To

the DUKE *of*

GRAFTON.

My Lord,

The works of ſuch great authors as this whom I have now the honour of presenting to your Grace, are a part of the kingdom's riches: they are her eſtate in fame, that fame which letters confer upon her; the worth and value of which or ſinks or raiſes her in the opinion of foreign nations, and ſhe takes her rank among them according to the eſteem which these are held in: It is then an object of national concern, that they ſhould be ſent into the world with all the advantage which they are in their own nature capable of receiving; and who performs the office rightly, is in this a benefactor to his country, and ſomewhat entitl'd to her good will. The following great productions ſtand foremoſt in the liſt of these literary poſſeſſions; are talk'd of wherever

the name of *Britain* is talk'd of, that is, (thanks to ſome late counſels) wherever there are men: but their value is not a little diminiſh'd by numerous and groſs blemiſhes, ſpots in the ſun's body, which prevent his glory breaking forth: If I could flatter myſelf juſtly, that I had at laſt remov'd those blemiſhes, and ſet this glorious Poet in his due ſtate of brightneſs, ſure I am the world will all acknowledge the fitneſs of addreſſing him in this eſtate to your Grace; who both preſide over the treasures of *Great Britain*, and are eminent for a love and knowledge of letters, that bring encreaſe of luſtre both to your ſtation and your quality:—But I am treading upon a ground that I had forbidden to myſelf at ſetting out, and muſt retire in time ere my affections engage me further. Your illuſtrious Grandfather vouchſaf'd to call mine—his friend, and always ſpoke of him with pleasure; he honour'd me early with his patronage, and to him I owe the leisure that has enabl'd me to beſtow upon this work the attention of twenty years: Your Grace will therefore have the goodneſs to look upon this little present, and the perſon who tenders it, as a minute part of your inheritance, deſcending to you from Him: which if you are not the richer for, in the common acceptation of that word, yet ſome acceſſion of knowledge may perhaps accrue to you from your more acquaintance with these moſt exquisite portraits of nature; in which Man, and his manners, together with all the ſubtle workings of the

paſſions he is endu'd with, are more largely and finely pencil'd out, and with higher colouring, than can elſe be met with in the writings of any age or nation whatſoever: a knowledge no ways unſuitable to the many high employments your Grace is embark'd in; yet from the attaining of which your ſtation in life does in ſome degree exclude you, otherwise than in books. But if this idea of a benefit of ſo high a nature accruing to your Grace from the perusal of this work, ſhould prove only the vision of an editor,—who is, in his affections, commonly idolatrous; worſhipping himſelf, and expecting worſhip from others towards the image he ſets up,—yet of this little good at leaſt he has hopes of being the inſtrument; that is, of having furniſh'd you with a noble and rational amuſement for ſome of your leiſure hours, and (perhaps) a relief for ſome anxious ones; which are the lot of all humanity, and particularly of perſons in your Grace's elevated condition: To have reach'd no farther than this, and, by his labours, contributed only to your entertainment, will fill all the wiſhes of him, who is, with the greateſt reſpect, your Grace's

moſt dutiful and moſt
devoted humble ſervant,

Eſſex Court
in the Temple,
Nov. 9, 1767.

EDWARD CAPELL.

INTRODUCTION.

It is ſaid of the oſtrich, that ſhe drops her egg at random, to be diſpos'd of as chance pleases; either brought to maturity by the ſun's kindly warmth, or elſe cruſh'd by beaſts and the feet of paſſers-by: Such, at leaſt, is the account which naturaliſts have given us of this extraordinary bird; and admitting it for a truth, ſhe is in this a fit emblem of almoſt every great genius: they conceive and produce with ease those noble iſſues of human underſtanding; but incubation, the dull work of putting them correctly upon paper and afterwards publiſhing, is a taſk they can not away with. If the original ſtate of all ſuch authors' writings, even from HOMER downward, could be enquir'd into and known, they would yield proof in abundance of the juſtneſs of what is here aſſerted: but the Author now before us ſhall ſuffice for them all; being at once the greateſt inſtance of genius

in producing noble things, and of negligence in providing for them afterwards. This negligence indeed was so great, and the condition in which his works are come down to us so very deform'd, that it has, of late years, induc'd several gentlemen to make a revision of them: but the publick seems not to be satisfy'd with any of their endeavours; and the reason of it's discontent will be manifest, when the state of his old editions, and the methods that they have taken to amend them, are fully lay'd open, which is the first business of this Introduction.

Of thirty six plays which SHAKESPEARE has left us, and which compose the collection that was afterwards set out in folio, thirteen only were publish'd in his lifetime, that have much resemblance to those in the folio; these thirteen are—"Hamlet, *First and second* Henry IV, *King* Lear, *Love's Labour's lost*, *Merchant of* Venice, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Richard II *and* III, Romeo *and* Juliet, Titus Andronicus, and Troilus *and* Cressida." Some others, that came out in the same period, bear indeed the titles of—"Henry V, *King* John, *Merry Wives of* Windsor, and [1] *Taming of the Shrew*;" but are no other than either first draughts, or mutilated and perhaps surreptitious impressions of those plays, but whether of the two is not easy to determine: "*King* John" is certainly a first draught, and in two parts; and so much another play, that only one line of it is retain'd in the

NOTE.

[1] This is meant of the first quarto edition of "*The Taming of the Shrew*;" for the second was printed from the folio. But the play in this first edition appears certainly to have been a spurious one, from

ſecond: there is alſo a firſt draught of the "*Second and third parts of* Henry VI," publiſh'd in his life-time, under the following title,—"*The whole Contention betweene the two famous Houſes*, Lancaſter *and* Yorke:" and to these plays, ſix in number, may be added—the firſt impreſſion of "Romeo *and* Juliet," being a play of the ſame ſtamp: The date of all these quarto's, and that of their ſeveral re-impreſſions, may be ſeen in a Table that follows the Introduction. "Othello" came out only one year before the folio; and is, in the main, the ſame play that we have there: and this too is the caſe of the firſt-mention'd thirteen; notwithſtanding there are in many of them great variations, and particularly, in "Hamlet, *King* Lear, Richard III, and Romeo *and* Juliet."

As for the plays, which, we ſay, are either the Poet's firſt draughts, or elſe imperfect and ſtolen copies, it will be thought, perhaps, they might as well have been left out of the account: But they are not wholly uſeleſs: ſome *lacunæ*, that are in all the other editions, have been judiciouſly fill'd up in modern impreſſions by the authority of these copies; and in ſome particular paſſages of them, where there happens to be a greater conformity than usual between them and the more perfect editions, there is here and there a various reading that does honour to the Poet's judgment, and ſhould upon that account be presum'd the true one; in other reſpects, they have neither uſe nor merit, but are meerly curioſities.

NOTE.

Mr. Pope's account of it, who ſeems to have been the only editor whom it was ever ſeen by: great pains has been taken to trace who he had it of, (for it was not in his collection) but without ſucceſs,

Proceed we then to a deſcription of the other fourteen. They all abound in faults, though not in equal degree; and those faults are ſo numerous, and of ſo many different natures, that nothing but a perusal of the pieces themſelves can give an adequate conception of them; but amongſt them are these that follow. Division of acts and ſcenes, they have none; "Othello" only excepted, which is divided into acts: Entries of perſons are extreamly imperfect in them, (ſometimes more, ſometimes fewer than the ſcene requires) and their Exits are very often omitted; or, when mark'd, not always in the right place; and few ſcenical directions are to be met with throughout the whole: Speeches are frequently confounded, and given to wrong perſons, either whole, or in part; and ſometimes, inſtead of the perſon ſpeaking, you have the actor who presented him: and in two of the plays, ("*Love's Labour's loſt*, and Troilus *and* Creſſida") the ſame matter, and in nearly the ſame words, is ſet down twice in ſome paſſages; Which who ſees not to be only a negligence of the Poet, and that but one of them ought to have been printed? But the reigning fault of all is in the measure: prose is very often printed as verſe, and verſe as prose; or, where rightly printed verſe, that verſe is not always right divided: and in all these pieces, the ſongs are in every particular ſtill more corrupt than the other parts of them. These are the general and principal defects: to which if you add —tranſposition of words, ſentences, lines, and even ſpeeches; words omitted, and others added without reason; and a punctuation ſo deficient, and ſo often wrong, that it hardly deserves regard; you have, upon the whole, a true but melancholy picture of the condition of theſe

firſt-printed plays: which, bad as it is, is yet better than that of those which came after; or than that of the ſubſequent folio impreſſion of ſome of these which we are now ſpeaking of.

This folio impreſſion was ſent into the world ſeven years after the Author's death, by two of his fellow-players; and contains, beſides the laſt-mention'd fourteen, the true and genuine copies of the other ſix plays, and ſixteen that were never publiſh'd before:[2] The editors make great profeſſions of fidelity, and ſome complaint of injury done to them and the Author by ſtolen and maim'd copies; giving withal an advantageous, if juſt, idea of the copies which they have follow'd: but ſee the terms they make uſe of. "It had bene a thing, we con-" feſſe, worthie to have bene wiſhed, that the Author him-" ſelfe had liv'd to have ſet forth, and overſeen his owne " writings; But ſince it hath bin ordain'd otherwiſe, and " he by death departed from that right, we pray you " do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and " paine, to have collected & publiſh'd them; and ſo to have " publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with " diverſe ſtolne, and ſurreptitious copies, maimed, and " deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of injurious im-" poſtors, that expos'd them: even thoſe, are now offer'd " to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and " all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers, as he conceived

NOTE.

[2] There is yet extant in the books of the Stationers' Company, an entry bearing date—*Febr.* 12. 1624. to Meſſrs. *Jaggard* and *Blount*, the proprietors of this firſt folio, which is thus worded; "*Mr. Wm. Shakeſpear's Comedy's Hiſtory's & Tragedy's ſo many of the ſaid Copy's as are not enter'd to other men;*" and this entry is follow'd by the titles

" them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, " was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His minde and hand " went together: And what he thought, he uttered with " that eaſineſſe, that wee have ſcarſe received from him " a blot in his papers." Who now does not feel himſelf inclin'd to expect an accurate and good performance in the edition of these prefacers? But, alas, it is nothing leſs: for (if we except the ſix ſpurious ones, whose places were then ſupply'd by true and genuine copies) the editions of plays preceeding the folio, are the very baſis of those we have there; which are either printed from those editions, or from the copies which they made uſe of: and this is principally evident in — " *Firſt and ſecond* Henry IV, *Love's Labour's loſt*, *Merchant of* Venice, *Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Richard II, Titus Andronicus, and Troilus *and* Creſſida;" for in the others we ſee ſomewhat a greater latitude, as was obſerv'd a little above: But in these plays, there is an almoſt ſtrict conformity between the two impreſſions: ſome additions are in the ſecond, and ſome omiſſions; but the faults and errors of the quarto's are all preserv'd in the folio, and others added to them; and what difference there is, is generally for the worſe on the ſide of the folio editors: which ſhould give us but faint hopes of meeting with greater accuracy in the plays which they firſt publiſh'd; and, accordingly, we find them ſubject to all the imper-

NOTE.

of all those ſixteen plays that were firſt printed in the folio: The other twenty plays (" Othello, and *King* John," excepted; which the perſon who furniſh'd this tranſcript, thinks he may have overlook'd) are enter'd too in these books, under their reſpective years; but to whom the tranſcript ſays not.

fections that have been noted in the former: nor is their edition in general diſtinguiſh'd by any mark of preference above the earlieſt quarto's, but that ſome of their plays are divided into acts, and ſome others into acts and ſcenes; and that with due precision, and agreable to the Author's idea of the nature of ſuch divisions. The order of printing these plays, the way in which they are claſſ'd, and the titles given them, being matters of ſome curioſity, the Table that is before the firſt folio is here reprinted: and to it are added marks, put between crotchets, ſhewing the plays that are divided; *a* ſignifying—acts, *a & ſ*—acts and ſcenes.

TABLE of Plays in the folio.[3]

COMEDIES.

The Tempeſt. [*a & ſ.*]
*The two Gentlemen of Verona.** [*a & ſ.*]
The Merry Wives of Windſor. [*a & ſ.*]
Meaſure for Meaſure. [*a & ſ.*]
*The Comedy of Errours.** [*a.*]
Much adoo about Nothing. [*a.*]
*Loves Labour loſt.**
*Midſommer Nights Dreame.** [*a.*]
*The Merchant of Venice.** [*a.*]
As you Like it. [*a & ſ.*]
The Taming of the Shrew.
All is well, that Ends well. [*a.*]
Twelfe-Night, or what you will. [*a & ſ.*]
The Winters Tale. [*a & ſ.*]

HISTORIES.

*The Life and Death of King John.** [*a & ſ.*]
*The Life & death of Richard the ſecond.** [*a & ſ.*]
*The Firſt part of King Henry the fourth.** [*a & ſ.*]

NOTE.

3 The plays, mark'd with aſteriſks, are ſpoken of by name, in a book, call'd—"*Wit's Treasury, being the ſecond Part of Wit's Commonwealth,*" written by *Francis* MERES; at *p.* 282: who, in the ſame paragraph, mentions another play as being SHAKESPEARE's, under the title of—"*Loves labours wonne*;" a title that ſeems well adapted

*The Second part of K. Henry the fourth.** [*a* & *f.*]
The Life of King Henry the Fift.
The First part of King Henry the Sixt.
The Second part of King Hen. the Sixt.
The Third part of King Henry the Sixt.
*The Life & Death of Richard the Third.** [*a* & *f.*]
The Life of King Henry the Eight. [*a* & *f.*]

TRAGEDIES.

[Troylus *and* Creſſida] *from the ſecond folio; omitted in the firſt.*
The Tragedy of Coriolanus. [*a.*]
*Titus Andronicus.** [*a.*]
*Romeo and Juliet.**
Timon of Athens.
The Life and death of Julius Cæſar. [*a.*]
The Tragedy of Macbeth. [*a* & *f.*]
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear. [*a* & *f.*]
Othello, the Moore of Venice. [*a* & *f.*]
Antony and Cleopater.
Cymbeline King of Britaine. [*a* & *f.*]

Having premis'd thus much about the ſtate and condition of these firſt copies, it may not be improper, nor will it be abſolutely a digreſſion, to add ſomething concerning their authenticity: In doing which, it will be greatly for the reader's ease,—and our own, to confine ourſelves to the quarto's: which, it is hop'd, he will al-

NOTE.

to "*All's well, that ends well,*" and under which it might be firſt acted. In the paragraph immediately preceding, he ſpeaks of his "Venus *and* Adonis," his "Lucrece," and his "*Sonnets*:" This book was printed in 1598, by *P. Short*, for *Cuthbert Burbie*; octavo, ſmall. The ſame author, at p. 283, mentions too a "Richard *the third*," written by doctor LEG, author of another play, call'd "*The Deſtruction of* Jerusalem." And there is in the Muſæum, a manuſcript *Latin* play upon the ſame ſubject, written by one *Henry* LACY in 1586;

low of; especially, as our intended vindication of them will also include in it (to the eye of a good observer) that of the plays that appear'd first in the folio: which therefore omitting, we now turn ourselves to the quarto's.

We have seen the slur that is endeavour'd to be thrown upon them indiscriminately by the player editors, and we see it too wip'd off by their having themselves follow'd the copies that they condemn. A modern editor, who is not without his followers, is pleas'd to assert confidently in his preface, that they are printed from "piecemeal parts, and copies of prompters:" but his arguments for it are some of them without foundation, and the others not conclusive; and it is to be doubted, that the opinion is only thrown out to countenance an abuse that has been carry'd to much too great lengths by himself and another editor,—that of putting out of the text passages that they did not like. These censures then and this opinion being set aside, is it criminal to try another conjecture, and see what can be made of it? It is known, that SHAKESPEARE liv'd to no great age, being taken off in his fifty third year; and yet his works are so numerous, that, when we take a survey of them, they seem the productions of a life of twice that length: for to the

NOTE.

Which *Latin* play is but a weak performance; and yet seemeth to be the play spoken of by sir *John* HARRINGTON, (for the author was a *Cambridge* man, and of Saint *John*'s) in this passage of his "*Apologie of Poetrie*," prefix'd to his translation of ARIOSTO's "Orlando," Edit. 1591, fol. "and for Tragedies, to omit other famous "Tragedies; That, that was played at S. *Johns* in *Cambridge*, of "Richard the 3. would move (I thinke) *Phalaris* the tyraunt, and "terrifie all tyrānous minded men, frō following their foolish am-

thirty ſix plays in this collection, we muſt add ſeven, (one of which is in two parts) perhaps written over again; [4] ſeven others that were publiſh'd ſome of them in his life-time, and all with his name; and another ſeven, that are upon good grounds imputed to him; making in all, fifty eight plays; beſides the part that he may reaſonably be thought to have had in other men's labours, being himſelf a player and manager of theatres: What his proſe productions were, we know not: but it can hardly be ſuppos'd, that he, who had ſo conſiderable a ſhare in the confidence of the earls of *Eſſex* and *Southampton*, could be a mute ſpectator only of controverſies in which they were ſo much intereſted; and his other poetical works, that are known, will fill a volume the ſize of these that we have here. When the number and bulk of these pieces, the ſhortneſs of his life, and the other busy employments of it are reflected upon duly, can it be a wonder that he ſhould be ſo looſe a tranſcriber of them? or why ſhould we refuse to give credit to what his companions tell us, of the ſtate of those tranſcriptions, and of the facility with which they were pen'd? Let it then be granted, that these quarto's are the Poet's own copies, however they were come by; haſtily written at firſt, and iſſuing from preſſes moſt of them as corrupt and licentious as can any where be produc'd, and not overſeen by himſelf, nor by

NOTE.

" bitious humors, ſeeing how his ambition made him kill his bro-
" ther, his nephews, his wife, beſide infinit others; and laſt of all
" after a ſhort and troubleſome raigne, to end his miſerable life, and
" to have his body harried after his death."

4 *Vide, p.* 2. of this Introduction, and the Table at the end of it.

any of his friends: And there can be no ſtronger reason for ſubſcribing to any opinion, than may be drawn in favour of this from the condition of all the other plays that were firſt printed in the folio: for, in method of publication, they have the greateſt likeneſs poſſible to those which preceeded them, and carry all the ſame marks of haſte and negligence; yet the genuineneſs of the latter is atteſted by those who publiſh'd them, and no proof brought to invalidate their teſtimony. If it be ſtill aſk'd, what then becomes of the accusation brought againſt the quarto's by the player editors, the anſwer is not ſo far off as may perhaps be expected: It may be true, that they were "ſtoln;" but ſtoln from the Author's copies, by tranſcribers who found means to get at them: 5 and "maim'd" they muſt needs be, in reſpect of their many alterations after the firſt performance: And who knows, if the difference that is between them, in ſome of the plays that are common to them both, has not been ſtudiouſly heighten'd by the player editors,—who had the means in their power, being maſters of all the alterations,—to give at once a greater currency to their own lame edition, and ſupport the charge which they bring againſt the quarto's? this, at leaſt, is a probable opinion, and no bad way of accounting for those differences.6

It were easy to add abundance of other arguments in

NOTE.

5 But ſee a note at *p.* 5, which ſeems to infer that they were fairly come by: which is, in truth, the editor's opinion, at leaſt of ſome of them; though, in way of argument, and for the ſake of clearneſs, he has here admitted the charge in that full extent in which they bring it.

6 Some of these alterations are in the quarto's themſelves; (ano-

favour of these quarto's;—Such as, their exact affinity to almoſt all the publications of this ſort that came out about that time; of which it will hardly be aſſerted by any reasoning man, that they are all clandeſtine copies, and publiſh'd without their authors' conſent: Next, the high improbability of ſupposing that none of these plays were of the Poet's own ſetting-out: whose caſe is render'd ſingular by ſuch a ſuppoſition; it being certain, that every other author of the time, without exception, who wrote any thing largely, publiſh'd ſome of his plays himſelf, and *Ben* JONSON all of them: Nay, the very errors and faults of these quarto's,—ſome of them at leaſt, and those ſuch as are brought againſt them by other arguers,—are, with the editor, proofs of their genuineneſs; For from what hand, but that of the Author himſelf, could come those ſeemingly-ſtrange repetitions which are ſpoken of at *p.* 4? those imperfect entries, and entries of perſons who have no concern in the play at all, neither in the ſcene where they are made to enter, nor in any other part of it? yet ſuch there are in ſeveral of these quarto's; and ſuch might well be expected in the haſty draughts of ſo negligent an Author, who neither ſaw at once all he might want, nor, in ſome inſtances, gave himſelf ſufficient time to conſider the fitneſs

NOTE.

ther proof this, of their being authentick) as in "Richard II:" where a large ſcene, that of the king's deposing, appears firſt in the copy of 1608, the third quarto impreſſion, being wanting in the two former: and in one copy of "2. Henry IV," there is a ſcene too that is not in the other, though of the ſame year; it is the firſt of act the third. And "Hamlet" has ſome ſtill more conſiderable; for the copy of 1605 has these words,—"Newly imprinted and enlar-

of what he was then penning. These and other like arguments might, as is ſaid before, be collected, and urg'd for the plays that were firſt publiſh'd in the quarto's; that is, for fourteen of them, for the other ſix are out of the queſtion: But what has been enlarg'd upon above, of their being follow'd by the folio, and their apparent general likeneſs to all the other plays that are in that collection, is ſo very forcible as to be ſufficient of itſelf to ſatiſfy the unprejudic'd, that the plays of both impreſſions ſpring all from the ſame ſtock, and owe their numerous imperfections to one common origin and cause,—the too-great negligence and haſte of their over-careleſs Producer.

But to return to the thing immediately treated,—the ſtate of the old editions. The quarto's went through many impreſſions, as may be ſeen in the Table: and, in each play, the laſt is generally taken from the impreſſion next before it, and ſo onward to the firſt; the few that come not within this rule, are taken notice of in the Table: And this further is to be obſerv'd of them: that, generally ſpeaking, the more diſtant they are from the original, the more they abound in faults; 'till, in the end, the corruptions of the laſt copies become ſo exceſſive, as to make them of hardly any worth. The folio too

NOTE.

ged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie:" Now though no prior copy has yet been produc'd, it is certain there was ſuch by the teſtimony of this title-page: and that the play was in being at leaſt nine years before, is prov'd by a book of doctor LODGE's, printed in 1596; which play was perhaps an imperfect one; and not unlike that we have now of "Romeo *and* Juliet," printed the year after; a fourth inſtance too of what

had it's re-impreſſions, the dates and notices of which are likewise in the Table, and they tread the ſame round as did the quarto's: only that the third of them has ſeven plays more, (ſee their titles below 7) in which it is follow'd by the laſt; and that again by the firſt of the modern impreſſions, which come now to be ſpoken of.

If the ſtage be a mirror of the times, as undoubtedly it is, and we judge of the age's temper by what we ſee prevailing there, what muſt we think of the times that ſucceeded SHAKESPEARE? JONSON, favour'd by a court that delighted only in maſques, had been gaining ground upon him even in his life-time; and his death put him in full poſſeſſion of a poſt he had long aſpir'd to, the empire of the drama: The props of this new king's throne, were — FLETCHER, SHIRLEY, MIDDLETON, MASSINGER, BROOME, and others; and how unequal they all were, the monarch and his ſubjects too, to the Poet they came after, let their works teſtify: yet they had the vogue on their ſide, during all thoſe bleſſed times that preceded the civil war, and SHAKESPEARE was held in diſeſteem. The war, and medley government that follow'd, ſwept all these things away: but they were reſtor'd with the king; and another ſtage took place, in which SHAKESPEARE had little ſhare. DRYDEN had

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the note advances.

7 " Locrine; *The* London *Prodigal*; Pericles, *Prince of* Tyre; *The Puritan, or, the Widow of* Watling-ſtreet; *Sir* John Oldcaſtle; Thomas *Lord* Cromwel; & *The* Yorkſhire *Tragedy:*" And the imputed ones, mention'd a little above, are theſe; — " *The Arraignment of* Paris; *Birth of* Merlin; *Fair* Em; Edward III; *Merry Devil of* Edmonton; Mucedorus; & *The two noble Kinſmen:*" but in the " *Merry Devil*

then the lead, and maintain'd it for half a century: though his government was ſometimes diſputed by LEE, TATE, SHADWELL, WYTCHERLEY, and others; weaken'd much by "*The Rehearſal*;" and quite overthrown in the end by OTWAY, and ROWE: What the caſt of their plays was, is known to every one: but that SHAKESPEARE, the true and genuine SHAKESPEARE, was not much reliſh'd, is plain from the many alterations of him, that were brought upon the ſtage by ſome of those gentlemen, and by others within that period.

But, from what has been ſaid, we are not to conclude —that the Poet had no admirers: for the contrary is true; and he had in all this interval no inconſiderable party amongſt men of the greateſt underſtanding, who both ſaw his merit, in deſpite of the darkneſs it was then wrapt up in, and ſpoke loudly in his praiſe; but the ſtream of the publick favour ran the other way. But this too coming about at the time we are ſpeaking of, there was a demand for his works, and in a form that was more convenient than the folio's: in conſequence of which, the gentleman laſt mention'd was ſet to work by the booksellers; and, in 1709, he put out an edition in ſix volumes, octavo, which, unhappily, is the baſis of all the other moderns: For this editor went no further than to

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of Edmonton," ROWLEY is call'd his partner in the title-page; and FLETCHER, in the "*Two noble Kinſmen.*" What external proofs there are of their coming from SHAKESPEARE, are gather'd all together, and put down in the Table; and further it not concerns us to engage: But let thoſe who are inclin'd to diſpute it, carry this along with them;—that *London*, in SHAKESPEARE's time, had a multitude of play-houſes; erected ſome in inn-yards, and ſuch like

the edition neareſt to him in time, which was the folio of 1685, the laſt and worſt of those impreſſions: this he republiſh'd with great exactneſs; correcting here and there ſome of it's groſſeſt miſtakes, and dividing into acts and ſcenes the plays that were not divided before.

But no ſooner was this edition in the hands of the publick, than they ſaw in part its deficiences, and one of another ſort began to be required of them; which accordingly was ſet about ſome years after by two gentlemen at once, Mr. POPE, and Mr. THEOBALD. The labours of the firſt came out in 1725, in ſix volumes, quarto: and he has the merit of having firſt improv'd his Author, by the inſertion of many large paſſages, ſpeeches, and ſingle lines, taken from the quarto's; and of amending him in other places, by readings fetch'd from the ſame: but his materials were few, and his collation of them not the moſt careful; which, join'd to other faults, and to that main one—of making his predeceſſor's the copy himſelf follow'd, brought his labours in diſrepute, and has finally ſunk them in neglect.

His publication retarded the other gentleman, and he did not appear 'till the year 1733, when his work too came out in ſeven volumes, octavo. The oppoſition that was between them ſeems to have enflam'd him, which was heighten'd by other motives, and he declaims vehemently againſt the work of his antagoniſt: which yet

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places, and frequented by the loweſt of the people; ſuch audiences as might have been ſeen ſome years ago in *Southwark* and *Bartholomew*, and may be ſeen at this day in the country; to which it was alſo a cuſtom for players to make excurſion, at wake times and feſtivals: and for ſuch places, and ſuch occaſions, might theſe pieces

ſerv'd him for a model; and his own is made only a little better, by his having a few more materials; of which he was not a better collator than the other, nor did he excel him in uſe of them; for, in this article, both their judgments may be equally call'd in queſtion: in what he has done that is conjectural, he is rather more happy; but in this he had large aſſiſtances.

But the gentleman that came next, is a critick of another ſtamp; and purſues a track, in which it is greatly to be hop'd he will never be follow'd in the publication of any authors whatſoever: for this were, in effect, to annihilate them, if carry'd a little further; by deſtroying all marks of peculiarity and notes of time, all easineſs of expreſſion and numbers, all juſtneſs of thought, and the nobility of not a few of their conceptions: The manner in which his Author is treated, excites an indignation that will be thought by ſome to vent itſelf too ſtrongly; but terms weaker would do injuſtice to my feelings, and the cenſure ſhall be hazarded. Mr. POPE's edition was the ground-work of this over-bold one; ſplendidly printed at *Oxford* in ſix quarto volumes, and publiſh'd in the year 1744: The publiſher diſdains all collation of folio, or quarto; and fetches all from his great ſelf, and the moderns his predeceſſors: wantoning in very licence of conjecture; and ſweeping all before him, (without notice, or reason given) that not ſuits his

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be compos'd in the Author's early time; the worſt of them ſuiting well enough to the parties they might be made for:—And this, or ſomething nearly of this ſort, may have been the caſe too of ſome plays in his great collection, which ſhall be ſpoken of in their place.

taſte, or lies level to his conceptions. But this juſtice ſhould be done him:—as his conjectures are numerous, they are oftentimes not unhappy; and ſome of them are of that excellence, that one is ſtruck with amazement to ſee a perſon of ſo much judgment as he ſhows himſelf in them, adopt a method of publiſhing that runs counter to all the ideas that wiſe men have hitherto entertain'd of an editor's province and duty.

The year 1747 produc'd a fifth edition, in eight octavo volumes, publiſh'd by Mr. WARBURTON; which though it is ſaid in the title-page to be the joint work of himſelf and the ſecond editor, the third ought rather to have been mention'd, for it is printed from his text. The merits of this performance have been ſo thoroughly diſcuſſ'd in two very ingenious books, "*The Canons of Criticism*," and "*Reviſal of* SHAKESPEARE'*s Text*," that it is needleſs to ſay any more of it: this only ſhall be added to what may be there met with,—that the edition is not much benefited by freſh acquiſitions from the old ones, which this gentleman ſeems to have neglected. [8]

Other charges there are, that might be brought againſt these modern impreſſions, without infringing the laws of truth or candour either: but what is ſaid, will be ſufficient; and may ſatiſfy their greateſt favourers,—

NOTE.

[8] It will perhaps be thought ſtrange, that nothing ſhould be ſaid in this place of another edition that came out about a twelvemonth ago, in eight volumes, octavo; but the reaſons for it, are these:—There is no uſe made of it, nor could be; for the preſent was finiſh'd, within a play or two, and printed too in great part, before that appear'd: the firſt ſheet of this work (being the firſt of volume 2.) went

that the ſuperſtructure cannot be a ſound one, which is built upon ſo bad a foundation as that work of Mr. Rowe's; which all of them, as we ſee, in ſucceſſion, have yet made their corner-ſtone: The truth is, it was impoſſible that ſuch a beginning ſhould end better than it has done: the fault was in the ſetting-out; and all the diligence that could be us'd, join'd to the diſcernment of a Pearce, or a Bentley, could never purge their Author of all his defects by their method of proceeding.

The editor now before you was appriz'd in time of this truth; ſaw the wretched condition his Author was reduc'd to by these late tamperings, and thought ſeriouſly of a cure for it, and that ſo long ago as the year 1745; for the attempt was firſt ſuggeſted by that gentleman's performance, which came out at *Oxford* the year before: Which when he had perus'd with no little aſtoniſhment, and conſider'd the fatal conſequences that muſt inevitably follow the imitation of ſo much licence, he resolv'd himſelf to be the champion; and to exert to the uttermoſt ſuch abilities as he was maſter of, to ſave from further ruin an edifice of this dignity, which *England* muſt for ever glory in. Hereupon he poſſeſſ'd himſelf of the other modern editions, the folio's, and as many quarto's as could presently be procur'd; and, within

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to the preſs in September 1760: and this volume was follow'd by volumes 8, 4, 9, 1, 6, and 7; the laſt of which was printed off in Auguſt 1765: In the next place, the merits and demerits of it are unknown to the present editor even at this hour: this only he has perceiv'd in it, having look'd it but ſlightly over, that the text it foll ws is that of it's neareſt predeceſſor, and from that copy it was printed.

a few years after, fortune and induſtry help'd him to all the reſt, ſix only excepted;[9] adding to them withal twelve more, which the compilers of former tables had no knowledge of. Thus furniſh'd, he fell immediately to collation,—which is the firſt ſtep in works of this nature; and, without it, nothing is done to purpose,—firſt of moderns with moderns, then of moderns with ancients, and afterwards of ancients with others more ancient: 'till, at the laſt, a ray of light broke forth upon him, by which he hop'd to find his way through the wilderneſs of these editions into that fair country the Poet's real habitation. He had not proceeded far in his collation, before he ſaw cause to come to this resolution;—to ſtick invariably to the old editions, (that is, the beſt of them) which hold now the place of manuſcripts, no ſcrap of the Author's writing having the luck to come down to us; and never to depart from them, but in caſes where reason, and the uniform practice of men of the greateſt note in this art, tell him—they may be quitted; nor yet in those, without notice. But it will be neceſſary, that the general method of this edition ſhould now be lay'd open; that the publick may be put in a capacity not only of comparing it with those they already have, but of judging whether any thing remains to be done towards the fixing this Author's text in the manner himſelf gave it.

It is ſaid a little before,—that we have nothing of his

NOTE.

9 But of one of these ſix, (a "1. Henry IV," edition 1604) the editor thinks he is poſſeſſ'd of a very large fragment, imperfect only in the firſt and laſt ſheet; which has been collated, as far as it goes,

in writing; that the printed copies are all that is left to guide us; and that those copies are subject to numberless imperfections, but not all in like degree: our first business then, was—to examine their merit, and see on which side the scale of goodness preponderated; which we have generally found, to be on that of the most ancient: It may be seen in the Table, what editions are judg'd to have the preference among those plays that were printed singly in quarto; and for those plays, the text of those editions is chiefly adher'd to: in all the rest, the first folio is follow'd; the text of which is by far the most faultless of the editions in that form; and has also the advantage in three quarto plays, in "2. Henry IV, Othello, and Richard III." Had the editions thus follow'd been printed with carefulness, from correct copies, and copies not added to or otherwise alter'd after those impressions, there had been no occasion for going any further: but this was not at all the case, even in the best of them; and it therefore became proper and necessary to look into the other old editions, and to select from thence whatever improves the Author, or contributes to his advancement in perfectness, the point in view throughout all this performance: that they do improve him, was with the editor an argument in their favour; and a presumption of genuineness for what is thus selected, whether additions, or differences of any other nature; and the causes of their appearing in some copies, and

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along with the others: And of the twelve quarto editions, which he has had the fortune to add to those that were known before, some of them are of great value; as may be seen by looking into the Table.

being wanting in others, cannot now be diſcover'd, by reason of the time's diſtance, and defect of fit materials for making the diſcovery. Did the limits of his Introduction allow of it, the editor would gladly have dilated and treated more at large this article of his plan; as that which is of greateſt importance, and moſt likely to be conteſted of any thing in it: but this doubt, or this diſſent, (if any be) muſt come from those perſons only who are not yet poſſeſſ'd of the idea they ought to entertain of these ancient impreſſions; for of those who are, he fully perſuades himſelf he ſhall have both the approof and the applause. But without entering further in this place into the reasonableneſs, or even neceſſity, of ſo doing, he does for the present acknowledge,—that he has every-where made uſe of ſuch materials as he met with in other old copies, which he thought improv'd the editions that are made the ground-work of the present text: And whether they do ſo, or no, the judicious part of the world may certainly know, by turning to a Collection that will be publiſh'd; where all diſcarded readings are enter'd, all additions noted, and variations of every kind; and the editions ſpecify'd, to which they ſeverally belong.

But, when these helps were adminiſter'd, there was yet behind a very great number of paſſages, labouring under various defects and those of various degree, that had their cure to ſeek from ſome other ſources, that of copies affording it no more: For these he had recourſe in the firſt place to the aſſiſtance of modern copies: and, where that was incompetent, or elſe abſolutely deficient, which was very often the caſe, there he ſought the remedy in himſelf, using judgment and conjecture; wh-

ich, he is bold to ſay, he will not be found to have exercis'd wantonly, but to follow the eſtabliſh'd rules of critique with ſoberneſs and temperance. These emendations, (whether of his own, or other gentlemen [10]) carrying in themſelves a face of certainty, and coming in aid of places that were apparently corrupt, are admitted into the text, and the rejected reading is always put below; ſome others,—that have neither that certainty, nor are of that neceſſity; but are ſpecious and plauſible, and may be thought by ſome to mend the paſſage they belong to,—will have a place in the Collection that is ſpoken of above. But where it is ſaid, that the rejected reading is always put below, this muſt be taken with ſome reſtriction: for ſome of the emendations, and of courſe the ancient readings upon which they are grounded, being of a complicated nature, the general method was there inconvenient; and, for these few, you are refer'd to a Note which will be found among the reſt: and another ſort there are, that are ſimply inſertions; these are effectually pointed out by being printed in the gothick or black character.

Hitherto, the defects and errors of these old editions have been of ſuch a nature, that we could lay them before the reader, and ſubmit to his judgment the remedies that are apply'd to them; which is accordingly done, either in the page itſelf where they occur, or in ſome

NOTE.

[10] In the manuſcripts from which all these plays are printed, the emendations are given to their proper owners by initials and other marks that are in the margin of those manuſcripts; but they are ſuppreſſ'd in the print for two reasons: Firſt, their number, in ſome pages, makes them a little unſightly; and the editor profeſſes him-

note that is to follow: But there are ſome behind that would not be ſo manag'd; either by reason of their frequency, or difficulty of ſubjecting them to the rules under which the others are brought: they have been ſpoken of before at *p.* 4, where the corruptions are all enumerated, and are as follows;—a want of proper exits and entrances, and of many ſcenical directions, throughout the work in general, and, in ſome of the plays, a want of division; and the errors are those of measure, and punctuation: all these are mended, and ſupply'd, without notice and ſilently; but the reasons for ſo doing, and the method obſerv'd in doing it, ſhall be a little enlarg'd upon, that the fidelity of the editor, and that which is chiefly to diſtinguiſh him from those who have gone before, may ſtand ſacred and unimpeachable; and, firſt, of the division.

The thing chiefly intended in reprinting the liſt of titles that may be ſeen at *p.* 7, was,—to ſhow which plays were divided into acts, which into acts and ſcenes, and which of them were not divided at all; and the number of the firſt claſs is—eight, of the third—eleven: for though in "Henry V, 1. Henry VI, *Love's Labour's loſt*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*," there is ſome division aim'd at; yet it is ſo lame and erroneous, that it was thought beſt to conſider them as totally undivided, and to rank them accordingly: Now when these plays were

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ſelf weak enough to like a well-printed book: in the next place, he does declare—that his only object has been, to do ſervice to his great Author; which provided it be done, he thinks it of ſmall importance by what hand the ſervice was adminiſter'd: If the partisans of former editors ſhall chance to think them injur'd by this ſuppreſ-

to be divided, as well those of the firſt claſs as those of the third, the plays of the ſecond claſs were ſtudiouſly attended to; and a rule was pick'd out from them, by which to regulate this division: which rule might eaſily have been diſcover'd before, had but any the leaſt pains been beſtow'd upon it; and certainly it was very well worth it, ſince neither can the representation be manag'd, nor the order and thread of the fable be properly conceiv'd by the reader, 'till this article is adjuſted. The plays that are come down to us divided, muſt be look'd upon as of the Author's own ſettling; and in them, with regard to acts, we find him following eſtabliſh'd precepts, or, rather, conforming himſelf to the practice of ſome other dramatick writers of his time; for they, it is likely, and Nature, were the books he was beſt acquainted with: His ſcene divisions he certainly did not fetch from writers upon the drama; for, in them, he obſerves a method in which perhaps he is ſingular, and he is invariable in the uſe of it: with him, a change of ſcene implies generally a change of place, though not always; but always an entire evacuation of it, and a ſucceſſion of new perſons: that *liaiſon* of the ſcenes, which JONSON ſeems to have attempted, and upon which the *French* ſtage prides itſelf, he does not appear to have had any idea of; of the other unities he was perfectly well appriz'd; and has follow'd them, in one of his

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ſion, he muſt upon this occaſion violate the rules of modeſty, by declaring—that he himſelf is the moſt injur'd by it; whose emendations are equal, at leaſt in number, to all theirs if put together; to ſay nothing of his recover'd readings, which are more conſiderable ſtill.

plays, with as great ſtrictneſs and greater happineſs than can perhaps be met with in any other writer: the play meant, is "*The Comedy of Errors*;" in which the action is one, the place one, and the time ſuch as even ARISTOTLE himſelf would allow of—the revolution of half a day: But even in this play, the change of ſcene arises from change of perſons, and by that it is regulated; as are alſo all the other plays that are not divided in the folio: for whoever will take the trouble to examine thoſe that are divided, (and they are pointed out for him in the liſt) will ſee them conform exactly to the rule above-mention'd; and can then have but little doubt, that it ſhould be apply'd to all the reſt.[11] To have diſtinguiſh'd these divisions,—made (indeed) without the authority, but following the example of the folio,—had been uſeleſs and troubleſome; and the editor fully perſuades himſelf, that what he has ſaid will be ſufficient, and that he ſhall be excus'd by the ingenious and candid for overpaſſing them without further notice: whose pardon he hopes alſo to have for ſome other unnotic'd matters that are related to this in hand, ſuch as—marking the place of action, both general and particular; ſupplying ſcenical directions; and due regulating of exits, and entrances: for of the firſt, there is no tittle in the old editions; and in both the latter, they are ſo deficient and faulty throughout, that it would not be much

NOTE.

[11] The divisions that are in the folio are religiouſly adher'd to, except in two or three inſtances which will be ſpoken of in their place; ſo that, as is ſaid before, a peruſal of those old-divided plays will put every one in a capacity of judging whether the present ed-

amiſs if we look'd upon them as wanting too; and then all these ſeveral articles might be conſider'd as additions, that needed no other pointing out than a declaration that they are ſo: The light they throw upon the plays in general, and particularly upon ſome parts of them,—ſuch as, the battle ſcenes throughout; *Cæsar*'s paſſage to the ſenate-houſe, and ſubſequent aſſaſſination; *Antony*'s death; the ſurprizal and death of *Cleopatra*; that of *Titus Andronicus*; and a multitude of others, which are all directed new in this edition,—will juſtify these inſertions; and may, poſſibly, merit the reader's thanks, for the great aids which they afford to his conception.

It remains now to ſpeak of errors of the old copies which are here amended without notice, to wit—the pointing, and wrong diviſion of much of them reſpecting the numbers. And as to the firſt, it is ſo extreamly erroneous, throughout all the plays, and in every old copy, that ſmall regard is due to it; and it becomes an editor's duty, (inſtead of being influenc'd by ſuch a punctuation, or even caſting his eyes upon it) to attend cloſely to the meaning of what is before him, and to new-point it accordingly: Was it the buſineſs of this edition—to make parade of diſcoveries, this article alone would have afforded ample field for it; for a very great number of paſſages are now firſt ſet to rights by this

NOTE.

itor has proceeded rightly or no: the current editions are divided in ſuch a manner, that nothing like a rule can be collected from any of them.

only, which, before, had either no ſenſe at all, or one unſuiting the context, and unworthy the noble penner of it: but all the emendations of this ſort, though inferior in merit to no others whatſoever, are conſign'd to ſilence; ſome few only excepted, of paſſages that have been much conteſted, and whoſe present adjuſtment might poſſibly be call'd in queſtion again; these will be ſpoken of in ſome note, and a reason given for embracing them: All the other parts of the work have been examin'd with equal diligence, and equal attention; and the editor flatters himſelf, that the punctuation he has follow'd, (into which he has admitted ſome novelties[12]) will be found of ſo much benefit to his Author, that those who run may read, and that with profit and underſtanding. The other great miſtake in these old editions, and which is very inſufficiently rectify'd in any of the new ones, relates to the Poet's numbers; his verſe being often wrong divided, or printed wholly as prose, and his prose as often printed like verſe: this, though not ſo univerſal as their wrong pointing, is yet ſo extenſive an error in the old copies, and ſo impoſſible to be pointed out otherwise than by a note, that an editor's ſilent amendment of it is ſurely pardonable at leaſt; For who would not be diſguſted with that perpetual ſameneſs which muſt neceſſarily have been in all the notes of this ſort? Neither are they, in truth, emendations that require proving; every good ear does imme-

NOTE.

[12] If the uſe of these new pointings, and alſo of certain marks that he will meet with in this edition, do not occur immediately to the reader, (as we think it will) he may find it explain'd to him at

diately adopt them, and every lover of the Poet will be pleas'd with that acceſſion of beauty which results to him from them: It is perhaps to be lamented, that there is yet ſtanding in his works much unpleasing mixture of proſaic and metrical dialogue, and ſometimes in places ſeemingly improper, as—in "Othello," *p.* 21; and ſome others which men of judgment will be able to pick out for themſelves: but these blemiſhes are not now to be wip'd away, at leaſt not by an editor, whose province it far exceeds to make a change of this nature; but muſt remain as marks of the Poet's negligence, and of the haſte with which his pieces were compos'd: what he manifeſtly intended proſe, (and we can judge of his intentions only from what appears in the editions that are come down to us) ſhould be printed as proſe, what verſe as verſe; which, it is hop'd, is now done, with an accuracy that leaves no great room for any further conſiderable improvements in that way.

Thus have we run through, in as brief a manner as poſſible, all the ſeveral heads, of which it was thought proper and even neceſſary that the publick ſhould be appriz'd; as well those that concern preceding editions, both old and new; as the other which we have juſt quitted,—the method obſerv'd in the edition that is now before them: which though not ſo entertaining, it is confeſſ'd, nor affording ſo much room to diſplay the parts and talents of a writer, as ſome other topicks that

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large in the preface to a little octavo volume, intitl'd—"*Prolusions, or, ſelect Pieces of ancient Poetry*;" publiſh'd in 1760 by this editor, and printed for Mr. *Tonſon*.

have generally ſupply'd the place of them; ſuch as,—criticisms or panegyricks upon the Author, hiſtorical anecdotes, eſſays, and *florilegia*; yet there will be found ſome odd people, who may be apt to pronounce of them —that they are ſuitable to the place they ſtand in, and convey all the inſtruction that ſhould be look'd for in a preface. Here, therefore, we might take our leave of the reader, bidding him welcome to the banquet that is ſet before him; were it not apprehended, and reasonably, that he will expect ſome account why it is not ſerv'd up to him at present with it's accuſtom'd and laudable garniture, of "*Notes, Gloſſaries,*" &c: Now though it might be reply'd, as a reason for what is done,—that a very great part of the world, amongſt whom is the editor himſelf, profeſs much diſlike to this paginary intermixture of text and comment; in works meerly of entertainment; and written in the language of the country; as alſo—that he, the editor, does not poſſeſs the ſecret of dealing out notes by measure, and diſtributing them amongſt his volumes ſo nicely that the equality of their bulk ſhall not be broke in upon the thickneſs of a ſheet of paper; yet, having other matter at hand which he thinks may excuse him better, he will not have recourſe to these above-mention'd: which matter is no other, than his very ſtrong desire of approving himſelf to the publick a man of integrity; and of making his future present more perfect, and as worthy of their acceptance as his abilities will let him. For the explaining of what is ſaid, which is a little wrap'd up in myſtery at present, we muſt inform that publick—that another work is prepar'd, and in great forwardneſs, having been wrought upon many years; nearly indeed as long as the work

which is now before them, for they have gone hand in hand almoſt from the firſt: This work, to which we have given for title "*The School of* SHAKESPEARE," conſiſts wholy of extracts, (with observations upon ſome of them, interſperſ'd occasionally) from books that may properly be call'd—his ſchool; as they are indeed the ſources from which he drew the greater part of his knowledge in mythology and claſſical matters,[13] his fable, his hiſtory, and even the ſeeming peculiarities of his language: To furniſh out these materials, all the plays have been perus'd, within a very ſmall number, that were in print in his time or ſome ſhort time after; the chroniclers his cotemporaries, or that a little preceeded him; many original poets of that age, and many tranſlators; with eſſayiſts, noveliſts, and ſtory-mongers in great abundance: every book, in ſhort, has been conſulted that it was poſſible to procure, with which it could be thought he was acquainted, or that ſeem'd likely to contribute any thing towards his illuſtration. To what degree they illuſtrate him, and in how new a light they ſet the character of this

NOTE.

[13] Though our expreſſions, as we think, are ſufficiently guarded in this place, yet, being fearful of miſconſtruction, we desire to be heard further as to this affair of his learning. It is our firm belief then,—that SHAKESPEARE was very well grounded, at leaſt *in Latin*, at ſchool: It appears from the cleareſt evidence poſſible, that his father was a man of no little ſubſtance, and very well able to give him ſuch education; which, perhaps, he might be inclin'd to carry further, by ſending him to a univerſity; but was prevented in this deſign (if he had it) by his ſon's early marriage, which, from monuments and other like evidence, it appears with no leſs certainty, muſt have happen'd before he was ſeventeen, or very ſoon after: The diſ-

great Poet himſelf, can never be conceiv'd as it ſhould be 'till these extracts come forth to publick view, in their juſt magnitude, and properly digeſted: for beſides the various paſſages that he has either made uſe of or alluded to, many other matters have been ſelected and will be found in this work, tending all to the ſame end, —our better knowledge of him and his writings; and one claſs of them there is, for which we ſhall perhaps be cenſur'd as being too profuſe in them, namely—the almoſt innumerable examples, drawn from these ancient writers, of words and modes of expreſſion which many have thought peculiar to SHAKESPEARE, and have been too apt to impute to him as a blemiſh: but the quotations of this claſs do effectually purge him from ſuch a charge, which is one reason of their profusion; though another main inducement to it has been, a desire of ſhewing the true force and meaning of the aforeſaid unuſual words and expreſſions; which can no way be better aſcertain'd, than by a proper variety of well-chosen examples. Now,—to bring this matter home to the ſub-

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pleasure of his father, which was the conſequence of this marriage, or elſe ſome exceſſes which he is ſaid to have been guilty of, it is probable, drove him up to town; where he engag'd early in ſome of the theatres, and was honour'd with the patronage of the earl of *Southampton:* his "Venus *and* Adonis" is addreſſ'd to that earl in a very pretty and modeſt dedication, in which he calls it—"*the firſt heire of his invention;*" and uſhers it to the world with this ſingular motto,—

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua;

and the whole poem, as well as his "Lucrece" which follow'd it ſoon after, together with his choice of those ſubjects, are plain marks

ject for which it has been alledg'd, and upon whose account this affair is now lay'd before the publick somewhat before it's time,—who is so short-sighted as not to perceive upon first reflection, that, without manifest injustice, the Notes upon this Author could not preceed the publication of the work we have been describing; whose choicest materials would unavoidably and certainly have found a place in those notes, and so been twice retail'd upon the world; a practice which the editor has often condemn'd in others, and could therefore not resolve to be guilty of in himself? By postponing these notes a while, things will be as they ought: they will then be confin'd to that which is their proper subject, explanation alone, intermix'd with some little criticism; and instead of long quotations, which would otherwise have appear'd in them, the "*School of* SHAKESPEARE" will be refer'd to occasionally; and one of the many indexes with which this same "*School*" will be provided, will afford an ampler and truer Glossary than can be made out of any other matter. In the mean while,

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of his acquaintance with some of the *Latin* classicks, at least at that time: The dissipation of youth, and, when that was over, the busy scene in which he instantly plung'd himself, may very well be suppos'd to have hinder'd his making any great progress in them; but that such a mind as his should quite lose the tincture of any knowledge it had once been imbu'd with, can not be imagin'd: accordingly we see, that this school-learning (for it was no more) stuck with him to the last; and it was the recordations, as we may call it, of that learning which produc'd the *Latin* that is in many of his plays, and most plentifully in those that are most early: every several piece of it is aptly introduc'd, given to a proper character, and utt-

and 'till ſuch time as the whole can be got ready, and their way clear'd for them by publication of the book above-mention'd, the reader will please to take in good part ſome few of these notes with which he will be preſented by and by: they were written at leaſt four years ago, with intention of placing them at the head of the ſeveral notes that are deſign'd for each play; but are now detach'd from their fellows, and made parcel of the Introduction, in compliance with ſome friends' opinion; who having given them a perusal, will needs have it, that 'tis expedient the world ſhould be made acquainted forthwith—in what ſort of reading the poor Poet himſelf, and his editor after him, have been unfortunately immerſ'd.

This diſcourſe is run out, we know not how, into greater heap of leaves than was any ways thought of, and has perhaps fatigu'd the reader equally with the penner of it: yet can we not diſmiſs him, nor lay down our pen, 'till one article more has been enquir'd into, which ſeems no leſs proper for the diſcuſſion of this place, than one

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er'd upon ſome proper occaſion; and ſo well cemented, as it were, and join'd to the paſſage it ſtands in, as to deal conviction to the judicious—that the whole was wrought up together, and fetch'd from his own little ſtore, upon the ſudden and without ſtudy.

The other languages which he has ſometimes made uſe of, that is—the *Italian* and *French*, are not of ſuch difficult conqueſt that we ſhould think them beyond his reach: an acquaintance with the firſt of them was a ſort of faſhion in his time; *Surrey* and the ſonnet-writers ſet it on foot, and it was continu'd by SIDNEY and SPENCER: all our poetry iſſu'd from that ſchool; and it would be wonderful indeed, if he, whom we ſaw a little before putting himſelf

which we have inſerted before, beginning at *p.* 8; as we there ventur'd to ſtand up in the behalf of ſome quarto's and maintain their authenticity, ſo mean we to have the hardineſs here to defend ſome certain plays in this collection from the attacks of a number of writers who have thought fit to call in queſtion their genuineneſs: The plays conteſted are—"*The three Parts of* Henry VI; *Love's Labour's loſt*; *The Taming of the Shrew*; *and* Titus Andronicus;" and the ſum of what is brought againſt them, ſo far at leaſt as is hitherto come to knowledge, may be all ultimately resolv'd into the ſole opinion of their unworthineſs, excluſive of ſome weak ſurmises which do not deserve a notice: it is therefore fair and allowable, by all laws of duelling, to oppose opinion to opinion; which if we can ſtrengthen with reasons, and ſomething like proofs, which are totally wanting on the other ſide, the laſt opinion may chance to carry the day.

To begin then with the firſt of them, "*the* Henry VI, *in three Parts.*" We are quite in the dark as to when the

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with ſo much zeal under the banner of the muses, ſhould not have been tempted to taſte at leaſt of that fountain to which of all his other brethren there was ſuch continual resort: let us conclude then, that he did taſte of it; but, happily for himſelf, and more happy for the world that enjoys him now, he did not find it to his reliſh, and threw away the cup: Metaphor apart, it is evident—that he had ſome little knowledge of the *Italian:* perhaps, juſt as much as enabl'd him to read a novel or a poem; and to put ſome few fragments of it, with which his memory furniſh'd him, into the mouth of a pedant, or fine gentleman.

How or when he acquir'd it we muſt be content to be ignorant,

firſt part was written; but ſhould be apt to conjecture, that it was ſome conſiderable time after the other two; and, perhaps, when those two were re-touch'd, and made a little fitter than they are in their firſt draught to rank with the Author's other plays which he has fetch'd from our *Engliſh* hiſtory: and those two parts, even with all their re-touchings, being ſtill much inferior to the other plays of that claſs, he may reasonably be ſuppos'd to have underwrit himſelf on purpose in the firſt, that it might the better match with those it belong'd to: Now that these two plays (the firſt draught of them, at leaſt) are among his early performances, we know certainly from their date; which is further confirm'd by the two concluding lines of his "Henry V," ſpoken by the Chorus; and (poſſibly) it were not going too far, to imagine—that they are his ſecond attempt in hiſtory, and near in time to his original "*King* John" which is alſo in two parts: and, if this be ſo, we may ſafely pronounce them his, and even highly worthy of him; it being certain, that there was no *Engliſh* play upon the ſtage, at

NOTE.

but of the *French* language he was ſomewhat a greater maſter than of the two that have gone before; yet, unleſs we except their noveliſts, he does not appear to have had much acquaintance with any of their writers; what he has given us of it is meerly colloquial, flows with great ease from him, and is reasonably pure: Should it be ſaid—he had travel'd for't, we know not who can confute us: in his days indeed, and with people of his ſtation, the cuſtom of doing ſo was rather rarer than in ours; yet we have met with an example, and in his own band of players, in the perſon of the very famous Mr. KEMPE; of whose travels there is mention in a ſilly old play, call'd—"*The Return from* Parnaſſus," printed in 1606,

that time, which can come at all in competition with them; and this probably it was, which procur'd them the good reception that is mention'd too in the Chorus. The plays we are now ſpeaking of have been inconceivably mangl'd either in the copy or the preſs, or perhaps both: yet this may be diſcover'd in them,—that the alterations made afterwards by the Author are nothing near ſo conſiderable as those in ſome other plays; the incidents, the characters, every principal out-line in ſhort being the ſame in both draughts; ſo that what we ſhall have occasion to ſay of the ſecond, may, in ſome degree, and without much violence, be apply'd alſo to the firſt: And this we presume to ſay of it;—that, low as it muſt be ſet in compariſon with his other plays, it has beauties in it, and grandeurs, of which no other author was capable but SHAKESPEARE only: that extreamly-affecting ſcene of the death of young *Rutland*, that of his father which comes next it, and of *Clifford* the murtherer of them both; *Beaufort*'s dreadful exit, the exit of king *Henry*, and a ſcene of wondrous ſimplicity

NOTE.

but written much earlier in the time of queen *Elizabeth*: add to this—the exceeding great livelineſs and juſtneſs that is ſeen in many deſcriptions of the ſea and of promontories, which, if examin'd, ſhew another ſort of knowledge of them than is to be gotten in books or relations; and if these be lay'd together, this conjecture of his travelling may not be thought void of probability.

One opinion, we are ſure, which is advanc'd ſomewhere or other, is utterly ſo;—that this *Latin*, and this *Italian*, and the language that was laſt mention'd, are inſertions and the work of ſome other hand: There has been ſtarted now and then in philological matters a proposition ſo ſtrange as to carry it's own condemnation in it, and

and wondrous tenderneſs united, in which that *Henry* is made a ſpeaker while his laſt deciſive battle is fighting, —are as ſo many ſtamps upon these plays; by which his property is mark'd, and himſelf declar'd the owner of them, beyond controverſy as we think: And though we have ſelected these paſſages only, and recommended them to observation, it had been easy to name abundance of others which bear his mark as ſtrongly: and one circumſtance there is that runs through all the three plays, by which he is as ſurely to be known as by any other that can be thought of; and that is,—the preservation of character: all the perſonages in them are diſtinctly and truly delineated, and the character given them ſuſtain'd uniformly throughout; the enormous *Richard*'s particularly, which in the third of these plays is ſeen rising towards it's zenith: and who ſees not the future monſter, and acknowledges at the ſame time the pen that drew it, in these two lines only, ſpoken over a king who lies ſtab'd before him,—

What, will the aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*

NOTE.

this is of the number; it has been honour'd already with more notice than it is any ways entitl'd to, where the Poet's *Latin* is ſpoke of a little while before; to which anſwer it muſt be left, and we ſhall paſs on—to proteſs our entire belief of the genuineneſs of every ſeveral part of this work, and that he only was the Author of it: he might write beneath himſelf at particular times, and certainly does in ſome places; but is not always without excuſe; and it frequently happens that a weak ſcene ſerves to very good purpose, as will be made appear at one time or other. It may be thought that there is one argument ſtill unanſwer'd, which has been brought againſt his acquaintance with the *Latin* and other languages; and that is,—that,

Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted. let him never pretend discernment hereafter in any caſe of this nature.

It is hard to perſuade one's ſelf, that the objecters to the play which comes next are indeed ſerious in their opinion; for if he is not visible in "*Love's Labour's loſt*," we know not in which of his comedies he can be ſaid to be ſo: the ease and ſprightlineſs of the dialogue in very many parts of it; it's quick turns of wit, and the humour it abounds in; and (chiefly) in those truly comick characters, the pedant and his companion, the page, the conſtable, *Coſtard*, and *Armado*,—ſeem more than ſufficient to prove SHAKESPEARE the Author of it: And for the blemiſhes of this play, we muſt ſeek their true cause in it's antiquity; which we may venture to carry higher than 1598, the date of it's firſt impreſſion: rime, when this play appear'd, was thought a beauty of the drama, and heard with ſingular pleasure by an audience who but a few years before had been accuſtom'd to all rime; and the measure we call dogrel, and are ſo much

NOTE.

had he been ſo acquainted, it could not have happen'd but that ſome imitations would have crept into his writings, of which certainly there are none: But this argument has been anſwer'd in effect; when it was ſaid—that his knowledge in these languages was but ſlender, and his converſation with the writers in them ſlender too of courſe: but, had it been otherwise, and he as deeply read in them as ſome people have thought him, his works (it is probable) had been as little deform'd with imitations as we now ſee them: SHAKESPEARE was far above ſuch a practice; he had the ſtores in himſelf, and wanted not the aſſiſtance of a foreign hand to dreſs him up in things of their lending.

offended with, had no ſuch effect upon the ears of that time: but whether blemiſhes or no, or however this matter be which we have brought to exculpate him, neither of these articles can with any face of juſtice be alledg'd againſt "*Love's Labour's loſt*," ſeeing they are both to be met with in ſeveral other plays, the genuineneſs of which has not been queſtion'd by any one. And one thing more ſhall be obſerv'd in the behalf of this play;—that the Author himſelf was ſo little diſpleas'd at leaſt with ſome parts of it, that he has brought them a ſecond time upon the ſtage; For who may not perceive that his famous *Benedick* and *Beatrice* are but little more than the counter-parts of *Biron* and *Rosaline?* All which circumſtances conſider'd, and that eſpecially of the Writer's childhood (as it may be term'd) when this comedy was produc'd, we may confidently pronounce it his true off-ſpring, and replace it amongſt it's brethren.

That the "*Taming of the Shrew*" ſhould ever have been put into this claſs of plays, and adjudg'd a ſpurious one, may juſtly be reckon'd wonderful, when we conſider it's merit, and the reception it has generally met with in the world: It's ſucceſs at firſt, and the eſteem it was then held in, induc'd FLETCHER to enter the liſts with it in another play, in which *Petruchio* is humbl'd and *Catharine* triumphant; and we have it in his works, under the title of "*The Woman's Prize, or, the Tamer tam'd:*" but, by an unhappy miſtake of buffoonery for humour and obſcenity for wit, which was not uncommon with that author, his production came lamely off, and was ſoon conſign'd to the oblivion in which it is now bury'd; whereas this of his antagoniſt

flouriſhes ſtill, and has maintain'd it's place upon the ſtage (in ſome ſhape or other) from it's very firſt appearance down to the present hour: and this ſucceſs it has merited, by true wit and true humour; a fable of very artful conſtruction, much buſineſs, and highly intereſting; and by natural and well-ſuſtain'd characters, which no pen but SHAKESPEARE's was capable of drawing: What defects it has, are chiefly in the diction; the ſame (indeed) with those of the play that was laſt-mention'd, and to be accounted for the ſame way: for we are ſtrongly inclin'd to believe it a neighbour in time to "*Love's Labour's loſt*," though we want the proofs of it which we have luckily for that.[14]

But the plays which we have already ſpoke of are but ſlightly attack'd, and by few writers, in compariſon of this which we are now come to of "Titus Andronicus:" commentators, editors, every one (in ſhort) who has had to do with SHAKESPEARE, unite all in condemning it,—as a very bundle of horrors, totally unfit for the ſtage, and unlike the Poet's manner, and even the ſtyle of his other pieces; all which allegations are extreamly true, and we readily admit of them, but can not admit the conclusion—that, therefore, it is not his; and ſhall now proceed to give the reasons of our diſſent, but (firſt) the play's age muſt be enquir'd into. In the Induction to JONSON's "Bartholmew *Fair*," which was written in the year 1614, the audience is thus accoſted:—"Hee

NOTE.

14 The authenticity of this play ſtands further confirm'd by the teſtimony of ſir *Aſton* COCKAYN; a writer who came near to SHAKESPEARE's time, and does expreſſly aſcribe it to him in an epig-

" that will ſweare, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the beſt " playes, yet, ſhall paſſe unexcepted at, heere, as a man " whoſe Judgement ſhewes it is conſtant, and hath ſtood " ſtill, theſe five and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though " it be an *Ignorance*, it is a vertuous and ſtay'd ignor- " ance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errour does well; " ſuch a one the *Author* knowes where to finde him." We have here the great *Ben* himſelf, joining this play with " Jeronimo, *or, the* Spaniſh *Tragedy*," and bearing expreſs teſtimony to the credit they were both in with the publick at the time they were written; but this is by the by; to aſcertain that time, was the chief reason for inſerting the quotation, and there we ſee it fix'd to twenty five or thirty years prior to this Induction: now it is not neceſſary, to ſuppoſe that JONSON ſpeaks in this place with exact precision; but allowing that he does, the firſt of these periods carries us back to 1589, a date not very repugnant to what is afterwards advan- c'd: LANGBAINE, in his "*Account of the* Engliſh *dra- matick Poets*," under the article—SHAKESPEARE, does ex- preſſly tell us,—that " *Andronicus* was firſt printed in " 1594, quarto, and acted by the Earls of *Derby*, *Pem- " broke*, and *Eſſex*, their Servants;" and though the ed- ition is not now to be met with, and he who mentions it be no exact writer, nor greatly to be rely'd on in ma- ny of his articles, yet in this which we have quoted he is ſo very particular that one can hardly withhold aſſ-

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ram addreſſ'd to Mr. *Clement* FISHER of *Wincot*; but it is (perhaps) ſuperfluous, and of but little weight neither, as it will be ſaid—that ſir *Aſton* proceeds only upon the evidence of it's being in print in his

ent to it; especially, as this account of it's printing coincides well enough with JONSON's æra of writing this play; to which therefore we subscribe, and go on upon that ground. The books of that time afford strange examples of the barbarism of the publick taste both upon the stage and elsewhere: a conceited one of *John* LILLY's set a nation a madding; and, for a while, every pretender to politeness "parl'd Euphuism," as it was phras'd, and no writings would go down with them but such as were pen'd in that fantastical manner: the setter-up of this fashion try'd it also in comedy; but seems to have miscarry'd in that, and for this plain reason: the people who govern theatres are, the middle and lower orders of the world; and these expected laughter in comedies, which this stuff of LILLY's was incapable of exciting: But some other writers, who rose exactly at that time, succeeded better in certain tragical performances, though as outragious to the full in their way, and as remote from nature, as these comick ones of LILLY's: for falling in with that innate love of blood which has been often objected to *British* audiences, and choosing fables of horror which they made horrider still by their manner of handling them, they produc'd a set of monsters that are not to be parallel'd in all the annals of play-writing; yet they were receiv'd with applause, and were the favourites of the publick for almost ten years together ending at 1595: Many plays of this

NOTE.

name: we do therefore lay no great stress upon it, nor shall insert the epigram here; it will be found in "*The School of* SHAKESPEARE," which is the proper place for things of that sort.

ſtamp, it is probable, have periſh'd; but those that are come down to us, are as follows;—"*The Wars of* Cyrus; Tamburlaine *the great, in two parts*; *The* Spaniſh *Tragedy, likewise in two parts*; Soliman *and* Perſeda; *and* Selimus *a tragedy*;" [15] which whoever has means of coming at, and can have the patience to examine, will ſee evident tokens of a faſhion then prevailing, which occaſion'd all these plays to be caſt in the ſame mold. Now SHAKESPEARE, whatever motives he might have in ſome other parts of it, at this period of his life wrote certainly for profit; and ſeeing it was to be had in this way, (and in this way only, perhaps) he fell in with the current, and gave his ſorry auditors a piece to their tooth in this conteſted play of "Titus Andronicus;" which as it came out at the ſame time with the plays above-mention'd, is moſt exactly like them in almoſt every particular; their very numbers, conſiſting all of ten ſyllables with hardly any redundant, are copy'd by this *Proteus*, who could put on any ſhape that either ſerv'd his intereſt or ſuited his inclination: and this, we hope, is a fair and unforc'd way of accounting for "Andronicus;" and may convince the moſt prejudic'd—that SHAKESPEARE might be the writer of it; as he might alſo of "Locrine" which is aſcrib'd to him, a ninth tragedy, in form and time agreeing perfectly with the others. But to conclude

NOTE.

15 No evidence has occur'd to prove exactly the time these plays were written, except that paſſage of JONSON's which relates to "Jeronimo;" but the editions we have read them in, are as follows: "Tamburlaine" in 1593; "Selimus," and "*the Wars of* Cyrus," in 1594; and "Soliman *and* Perſeda" in 1599; the other without a date, but as early as the earlieſt: They are alſo without name of au-

this article,—However he may be cenſur'd, as raſh or ill-judging, the editor ventures to declare—that he himſelf wanted not the conviction of the foregoing argument to be ſatiſfy'd who the play belongs to; for though a work of imitation, and conforming itſelf to models truly execrable throughout, yet the genius of it's Author breaks forth in ſome places, and, to the editor's eye, SHAKESPEARE ſtands confeſſ'd: the third act in particular may be read with admiration even by the moſt delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themſelves touch'd by it with ſuch paſſions as tragedy ſhould excite, that is—terror, and pity. The reader will please to observe—that all these conteſted plays are in the folio, which is dedicated to the Poet's patrons and friends, the earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, by editors who are ſeemingly honeſt men, and profeſs themſelves dependant upon those noblemen; to whom therefore they would hardly have had the confidence to present forgeries, and pieces ſuppositious; in which too they were liable to be detected by those identical noble perſons themſelves, as well as by a very great part of their other readers and auditors: which argument, though of no little ſtrength in itſelf, we omitted to bring before, as having better (as we thought) and more forcible to offer; but it had behov'd those gentlemen who

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thor; nor has any book been met with to inſtruct us in that particular, except only for "Jeronimo;" which we are told by HEYWOOD, in his "*Apology for Actors*," was written by *Thomas* KYD; author, or tranſlator rather, (for it is taken from the *French* of *Robert* GARNIER) of another play, intitl'd—"Cornelia," printed likewise in 1594. Which of these extravagant plays had the honour to lead

have queſtion'd the plays to have got rid of it in the firſt inſtance, as it lies full in their way in the very entrance upon this diſpute.

We ſhall close this part of the Introduction with ſome observations, that were reserv'd for this place, upon that paragraph of the player editors' preface which is quoted at *p.* 5; and then taking this further liberty with the reader,—to call back his attention to ſome particulars that concern the present edition, diſmiſs him, to be entertain'd (as we hope) by a ſort of appendix, conſiſting of those notes that have been mention'd, in which the true and undoubted originals of almoſt all the Poet's fables are clearly pointed out. But firſt of the preface. Beſides the authenticity of all the ſeveral pieces that make up this collection, and their care in publiſhing them, both ſolemnly affirm'd in the paragraph refer'd to, we there find these honeſt editors acknowledging in terms equally ſolemn the Author's right in his copies, and lamenting that he had not exercis'd that right by a publication of them during his life-time; and from the manner in which they expreſs themſelves, we are ſtrongly inclin'd to think—that he had really form'd ſuch a deſign, but towards his laſt days, and too late to put it in execution: a collection of JONSON's was at that inſtant in the preſs, and upon the point of coming forth; which

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the way, we can't certainly tell, but "Jeronimo" ſeems to have the beſt pretenſions to it; as "Selimus" has above all his other brethren, to bearing away the palm for blood and murther: this curious piece has these lines for a conclusion;—

If this firſt part Gentles, do like you well,
The ſecond part, ſhall greater murthers tell.

might probably inſpire ſuch a thought into him and his companions, and produce conferences between them — about a ſimilar publication from him, and the pieces that ſhould compose it, which the Poet might make a liſt of. It is true, this is only a ſuppoſition; but a ſuppoſition arising naturally, as we think, from the incident that has been mention'd, and the expreſſions of his fellow players and editors: and, if ſuffer'd to paſs for truth, here is a good and ſound reason for the exclusion of all those other plays that have been attributed to him upon ſome grounds or other; — he himſelf has proſcrib'd them; and we cannot forbear hoping, that they will in no future time rise up againſt him, and be thruſt into his works: A diſavowal of weak and idle pieces, the productions of green years, wantonneſs, or inattention, is a right that all authors are veſted with; and ſhould be exerted by all, if their reputations are dear to them; had JONSON us'd it, his character had ſtood higher than it does: But, after all, they who have pay'd attention to this truth are not always ſecure; the indiſcreet zeal of an admirer, or avarice of a publiſher, has frequently added things that diſhonour them; and where realities have been wanting, forgeries ſupply the place; thus has HOMER his "*Hymns*," and the poor *Mantuan* his "Ciris" and his "Culex." Noble and great

NOTE.

but whether the audience had enough of it, or how it has happen'd we can't tell, but no ſuch ſecond part is to be found. All these plays were the conſtant but of the poets who came immediately after them, and of SHAKESPEARE amongſt the reſt; and by their ridicule the town at laſt was made ſenſible of their ill judgment, and the theatre was purg'd of these monſters.

authors demand all our veneration: where their wills can be diſcover'd, they ought ſacredly to be comply'd with; and that editor ill diſcharges his duty, who preſumes to load them with things they have renounc'd: It happens but too often, that we have other ways to ſhew our regard to them; their own great want of care in their copies, and the ſtill greater want of it that is commonly in their impreſſions, will find ſufficient exercise for any one's friendſhip, who may wiſh to ſee their works ſet forth in that perfection which was intended by the author. And this friendſhip we have endeavour'd to ſhew to SHAKESPEARE in the present edition: The plan of it has been lay'd before the reader; upon whom it reſts to judge finally of it's goodneſs, as well as how it is executed: but as ſeveral matters have interven'd, that may have driven it from his memory; and we are desirous above all things to leave a ſtrong impreſſion upon him of one merit which it may certainly pretend to, that is—it's fidelity; we ſhall take leave to remind him, at parting, that—Throughout all this work, what is added without the authority of ſome ancient edition, is printed in a black letter: what alter'd, and what thrown out, conſtantly taken notice of; ſome few times in a note, where the matter was long, or of a complex nature;[16] but, more generally, at the bottom of the page; where what is put out of the text, how minute and inſignificant ſoever, is always to be met with; what alt-

NOTE.

[16] The particulars that could not well be pointed out below, according to the general method, or otherwise than by a note, are of three ſorts;—omiſſions, any thing large; tranſpositions; and ſuch differences of punctuation as procuce great changes in the ſenſe of a

er'd, as conſtantly ſet down, and in the proper words of that edition upon which the alteration is form'd: And, even in authoriz'd readings, whoever is desirous of knowing further, what edition is follow'd preferably to the others, may be gratify'd too in that, by conſulting the Various Readings; which are now finiſh'd; and will be publiſh'd, together with the Notes, in ſome other volumes, with all the ſpeed that is convenient.

N O T E.

paſſage: inſtances of the firſt, occur in "*Love's Labour's loſt*," *p.* 54, and in "Troilus *and* Creſſida," *p.* 109 and 117; of the ſecond, in "*The Comedy of Errors*," *p.* 62, and in "Richard III," *p.* 92, and 102; and "*The Tempeſt*," *p.* 69, and "*King* Lear," *p.* 53, afford inſtances of the laſt; as may be ſeen by looking into any modern edition, where all those paſſages ſtand nearly as in the old ones.

Origin of SHAKESPEARE'*s Fables.*

All's well, that ends well.

The fable of this play is taken from a novel, of which BOCCACE is the original author; in whose "*Decameron*" it may be ſeen at *p.* 97.b of the *Giunti* edition, reprinted at *London*. But it is more than probable, that SHAKESPEARE read it in a book, call'd—"*The Palace of Pleaſure:*" which is a collection of novels, tranſlated from other authors, made by one *William* PAINTER, and by him firſt publiſh'd in the years 1565 and 67, in two

tomes, quarto; the novel now ſpoken of, is the thirty-eighth of tome the firſt. This novel is a meagre tranſlation, not (perhaps) immediately from BOCCACE, but from a *French* tranſlator of him: as the original is in every body's hands, it may there be ſeen—that nothing is taken from it by SHAKESPEARE, but ſome leading incidents of the ſerious part of his play.

Antony *and* Cleopatra.

This play, together with "Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, *and ſome part of* Timon *of* Athens," are form'd upon "Plutarch's *Lives*," in the articles—*Coriolanus*, *Brutus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony*: Of which Lives there is a *French* tranſlation, of great fame, made by AMIOT, biſhop of *Auxerre* and great almoner of *France*; which, ſome few years after it's firſt appearance, was put into an *Engliſh* dreſs by our countryman ſir *Thomas* NORTH, and publiſh'd in the year 1579, in folio. As the language of this tranſlation is pretty good, for the time; and the ſentiments, which are PLUTARCH's, breath the genuine ſpirit of the ſeveral hiſtorical perſonages; SHAKESPEARE has, with much judgment, introduc'd no ſmall number of ſpeeches into these plays, in the very words of that tranſlator, turning them into verſe: which he has ſo well wrought up, and incorporated with his plays, that, what he has introduc'd, cannot be diſcover'd by any reader, 'till it is pointed out for him.

As you like it.

A novel, or (rather) paſtoral romance, intitl'd—"Eu-

phues' *golden Legacy*," written in a very fantaſtical ſtyle by Dr. *Thomas* LODGE, and by him firſt publiſh'd in the year 1590, in quarto, is the foundation of "*As you like it:*" Beſides the fable, which is pretty exactly follow'd, the out-lines of certain principal characters may be obſerv'd in the novel; and ſome expreſſions of the noveliſt (few, indeed, and of no great moment) ſeem to have taken poſſeſſion of SHAKESPEARE's memory, and from thence crept into his play.

Comedy of Errors.

Of this play, the "Menæchmi" of PLAUTUS is moſt certainly the original: yet the Poet went not to the *Latin* for it; but took up with an *Engliſh* "Menæchmi," put out by one *W. W.* in 1595, quarto. This tranſlation,—in which the writer profeſſes to have us'd ſome liberties, which he has diſtinguiſh'd by a particular mark,—is in proſe, and a very good one for the time: it furniſh'd SHAKESPEARE with nothing but his principal incident; as you may in part ſee by the tranſlator's argument, which is in verſe, and runs thus.

Two Twinborne ſonnes, a Sicill *marchant had,*
Menechmus *one, and* Soſicles *the other;*
The firſt his Father loſt a litle Lad,
The Grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
This (growne a man) long travell tooke to ſeeke,
His Brother, and to Epidamnum *came,*
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
That Citizens there take him for the ſame:
Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
Much pleaſant error, ere they meete togither.

It is probable, that the laſt of these verſes ſuggeſted the title of SHAKESPEARE's play.

Cymbeline.

BOCCACE's ſtory of *Bernabo da Ambrogivolo* (Day 2. Nov. 9.) is generally ſuppos'd to have furniſh'd SHAKESPEARE with the fable of "Cymbeline:" But the embracers of this opinion ſeem not to have been aware, that many of that author's novels (tranſlated, or imitated) are to be found in *Engliſh* books, prior to, or contemporary with, SHAKESPEARE: and of this novel in particular, there is an imitation extant in a ſtory-book of that time, intitl'd—"*Weſtward for Smelts*;" it is the ſecond tale in the book: the ſcene, and the actors of it, are different from BOCCACE, as SHAKESPEARE's are from both; but the main of the ſtory is the ſame in all. We may venture to pronounce it a book of those times, and that early enough to have been us'd by SHAKESPEARE, as I am perſuaded it was; though the copy that I have of it, is no older than 1620; it is a quarto pamphlet of only five ſheets and a half, printed in a black letter: ſome reasons for my opinion are given in another place; (v. "*Winter's Tale*") though perhaps they are not neceſſary, as it may one day better be made appear a true one, by the diſcovery of ſome more ancient edition.

Hamlet.

About the middle of the ſixteenth century, *Francis de* BELLEFOREST, a *French* gentleman, entertain'd his countrymen with a collection of novels, which he intitles

—"*Hiſtoires tragiques*;" they are in part originals, part tranſlations, and chiefly from BANDELLO: He began to publiſh them in the year 1564; and continu'd his publication ſucceſſively in ſeveral tomes, how many I know not; the dedication to his fifth tome is dated ſix years after. In that tome, the *troiſieme Hiſtoire* has this title;—"*Avec quelle ruſe Amleth, qui depuis fut roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de ſon pere Horvuendille, occis par Fengon ſon frere, & autre occurrence de ſon hiſtoire.*" PAINTER, who has been mention'd before, compil'd his—"*Palace of Pleasure*" almoſt entirely from BELLEFOREST, taking here and there a novel as pleas'd him, but he did not tranſlate the whole: other novels, it is probable, were tranſlated by different people, and publiſh'd ſingly; this, at leaſt, that we are ſpeaking of, was ſo, and is intitl'd —"*The Hyſtorie of* Hamblet;" it is in quarto, and black letter: There can be no doubt made, by perſons who are acquainted with these things, that the tranſlation is not much younger than the *French* original; though the only edition of it, that is yet come to my knowledge, is no earlier than 1608: that SHAKESPEARE took his play from it, there can likewise be very little doubt.

1 Henry IV.

In the eleven plays that follow,—"Macbeth, *King* John, Richard II, Henry IV 2 *parts*, Henry V, Henry VI 3 *parts*, Richard III, *and* Henry VIII,—the hiſtorians of that time, HALL, HOLINSHED, STOW, and others, (and, in particular, HOLINSHED) are pretty cloſely follow'd; and that not only for their matter, but even ſometimes in their expreſſions: The harangue of the

archbiſhop of *Canterbury* in " Henry V," that of queen *Catharine* in " Henry VIII" at her trial, and the king's reply to it, are taken from those chroniclers, and put into verſe: other leſſer matters are borrow'd from them; and ſo largely ſcatter'd up and down in these plays, that whoever would rightly judge of the Poet, muſt acquaint himſelf with those authors, and his character will not ſuffer in the enquiry.

" Richard III" was preceded by other plays written upon the ſame ſubject; concerning which, ſee the conclusion of a note in this Introduction, at *p.* 8. And as to " Henry V,"—it may not be improper to observe in this place, that there is extant another old play, call'd —" *The famous Victories of* Henry *the fifth*," printed in 1617, quarto; perhaps by ſome tricking bookſeller, who meant to impose it upon the world for SHAKESPEARE's, who dy'd the year before. This play—which opens with that prince's wildneſs and robberies before he came to the crown, and ſo comprehends ſomething of the ſtory of both parts of " Henry IV," as well as of " Henry V,"—is a very medley of nonſenſe and ribaldry; and, it is my firm belief, was prior to SHAKESPEARE's " Henries;" and the identical " diſpleasing play" mention'd in the epilogue to " 2 Henry IV;" for that ſuch a play ſhould be written after his, or receiv'd upon any ſtage, has no face of probability. There is a character in it, call'd—ſir *John Oldcaſtle*; who holds there the place of ſir *John Falſtaff*, but his very antipodes in every other particular, for it is all dulneſs: and it is to this character that SHAKESPEARE alludes, in those much-diſputed paſſages; one in his " 1 Henry IV," *p.* 8, and the other in the epilogue to his ſecond part; where the words " for

Oldcaſtle dy'd a martyr" hint at this miserable performance, and it's fate, which was—damnation.

King Lear.

Lear's diſtreſſful ſtory has been often told in poems, ballads, and chronicles: But to none of these are we indebted for SHAKESPEARE's "Lear;" but to a ſilly old play which made it's firſt appearance in 1605, the title of which is as follows:—The | True Chronicle Hi- | ſtory of King LEIR, and his three | *daughters, Gonorill, Ragan,* | *and Cordella.* | As it hath bene divers and ſundry | times lately acted. | LONDON, | Printed by Simon Stafford for John | Wright, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at | Chriſtes Church dore, next Newgate- | Market. 1605. (4°. I. 4b.)—As it is a great curioſity, and very ſcarce, the title is here inſerted at large: and, for the ſame reason, and alſo to ſhew the uſe that SHAKESPEARE made of it, ſome extracts ſhall now be added.

The author of this "LEIR" has kept him cloſe to the chronicles; for he ends his play with the re-inſtating king *Leir* in his throne, by the aid of *Cordella* and her husband. But take the entire fable in his own words. Towards the end of the play, at ſignature H 3, you find *Leir* in *France:* upon whose coaſt he and his friend *Perillus* are landed in ſo neceſſitous a condition, that, having nothing to pay their paſſage, the mariners take their cloaks, leaving them their jerkins in exchange: Thus attir'd, they go up further into the country; and there, when they are at the point to periſh by famine, inſomuch that *Perillus* offers *Leir* his arm to feed upon, they light upon *Gallia* and his queen, whom the author has

brought down thitherward, in progreſs, diſguis'd. Their diſcourſe is overheard by *Cordella*, who immediately knows them; but, at her husband's perſuasion, forbears to diſcover herſelf a while, relieves them with food, and then aſks their ſtory; which *Leir* gives her in these words:

Leir. Then know this firſt, I am a Brittayne borne,
And had three daughters by one loving wife:
And though I ſay it, of beauty they were ſped;
Eſpecially the youngeſt of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be:
On these I doted with a jelous love,
And thought to try which of them lov'd me beſt,
By aſking of them, which would do moſt for me?
The firſt and ſecond flattred me with words,
And vowd they lov'd me better then their lives:
The youngeſt ſayd, ſhe loved me as a child
Might do: her anſwere I eſteem'd moſt vild,
And preſently in an outragious mood,
I turnd her from me to go ſinke or ſwym:
And all I had, even to the very clothes,
I gave in dowry with the other two:
And ſhe that beſt deſerv'd the greateſt ſhare,
I gave her nothing, but diſgrace and care.
Now mark the ſequell: When I had done thus,
I ſoiourn'd in my eldeſt daughters houſe,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liv'd in ſtate ſufficing my content:
But every day her kindneſſe did grow cold,
Which I with patience put up well ynough
And ſeemed not to ſee the things I ſaw:
But at the laſt ſhe grew ſo far incenſt

With moody fury, and with cauſeleſſe hate,
That in moſt vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour ſome where elſe.
Then was I fayne for refuge to repayre
Unto my other daughter for reliefe,
Who gave me pleaſing and moſt courteous words;
But in her actions ſhewed her ſelfe ſo ſore,
As never any daughter did before:
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the Court,
Poynting that there ſhe would come talke with me:
There ſhe had ſet a ſhaghayrd murdring wretch,
To maſſacre my honeſt friend and me.
\+ + + + + + + + +
And now I am conſtraind to ſeeke reliefe
Of her to whom I have bin ſo unkind;
Whoſe cenſure, if it do award me death,
I muſt confeſſe ſhe payes me but my due:
But if ſhe ſhew a loving daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my deſert.

Cor. No doubt ſhe will, I dare be ſworne ſhe will.

Thereupon enſues her diſcovery; and, with it, a circumſtance of ſome beauty, which SHAKESPEARE has borrow'd,—(v. "Lear," *p.* 100, *l.* 25.) their kneeling to each other, and mutually contending which ſhould aſk forgiveneſs. The next page presents us *Gallia*, and *Mumford* who commands under him, marching to embarque their forces, to re-inſtate *Leir*; and the next, a ſea-port in *Britain*, and officers ſetting a watch, who are to fire a beacon to give notice if any ſhips approach, in which there is ſome low humour that is paſſable enough. *Gallia* and his forces arrive, and take the town by ſurprize:

immediately upon which, they are encounter'd by the forces of the two elder ſiſters, and their husbands: a battle enſues; *Leir* conquers; he and his friends enter victorious, and the play closes thus:—

Thanks (worthy Mumford) to thee laſt of all,
Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall;
No, thou haſt Lion-like layd on to-day,
Chaſing the Cornwall King and Cambria;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I ſay?
To ſave their lives, the fugitives did play.
Come, ſonne and daughter, who did me advance,
Repoſe with me awhile, and then for *Fraunce*. [*Exeunt.*

Such is the *Leir*, now before us. Who the author of it ſhould be, I cannot ſurmise; for neither in manner nor ſtyle has it the leaſt resemblance to any of the other tragedies of that time: moſt of them rise now and then, and are poetical; but this creeps in one dull tenour, from beginning to end, after the ſpecimen here inſerted: it ſhould ſeem he was a latiniſt, by the tranſlation following;

Feare not, my Lord, the perfit good indeed,
Can never be corrupted by the bad:
A new freſh veſſell ſtill retaynes the taſte

Of that which firſt is powr'd into the ſame: (ſign. *H.*) But, whoever he was, SHAKESPEARE has done him the honour to follow him in a ſtroke or two: One has been obſerv'd upon above; and the reader, who is acquainted with SHAKESPEARE's "Lear," will perceive another in the ſecond line of the concluding ſpeech: and here is a third; "Knoweſt thou theſe letters?" ſays *Leir* to *Ragan*, (ſign. *I.* 3b.) ſhewing her hers and her ſiſter's letters commanding his death; upon which, ſhe ſnatches at the letters, and tears them: (v. "Lear," *p.* 111, *l.* 24

&c) Another, and that a moſt ſignal one upon one account, occurs at ſignature *C.* 3b;

" But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply:"

Perillus ſays this of *Leir*; comprizing therein his character, as drawn by this author: how oppoſite to that which SHAKESPEARE has given him, all know; and yet he has found means to put nearly the ſame words into the very mouth of his *Lear*,—

No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing. (v. *p.* 58, *l.* 31)

Laſtly, two of SHAKESPEARE's perſonages, *Kent*, and the ſteward, ſeem to owe their exiſtence to the abovemention'd " ſhag-hair'd wretch," and the *Perillus* of this " Leir."

The epiſode of *Gloſter* and his two ſons is taken from the "*Arcadia:*" in which romance there is a chapter thus intitl'd;—" *The pitifull ſtate, and ſtorie of the* Paphlagonian *unkinde King, and his kind ſonne, firſt related by the ſon, then by the blind father.*" (Arcadia. *p.* 142, Edit. 1590, 4°.) of which epiſode there are no traces in either chronicle, poem, or play, wherein this hiſtory is handl'd.

Love's Labour's loſt.

The fable of this play does not ſeem to be a work entirely of invention; and I am apt to believe, that it owes it's birth to ſome novel or other, which may one day be diſcover'd. The character of *Armado* has ſome reſemblance to don *Quixote*; but the play is older than that work of CERVANTES: Of *Holofernes*, another ſingular character, there are ſome faint traces in a maſque

of ſir *Philip* SYDNEY's that was preſented before queen *Elizabeth* at *Wanſted:* this maſque, call'd in catalogues —*The Lady of May*, is at the end of that author's works, Edit. 1627, folio.

Measure for Measure.

In the year 1578, was publiſh'd in a black-letter quarto a miſerable dramatick performance, in two parts, intitl'd—"Promos *and* Caſſandra;" written by one *George* WHETSTONE, author likewiſe of the "Heptameron," and much other poetry of the ſame ſtamp, printed about that time. These plays their author, perhaps, might form upon a novel of CINTHIO's; (v. Dec. 8. Nov. 5.) which SHAKESPEARE went not to, but took up with WHETSTONE's fable, as is evident from the argument of it; which, though it be ſomewhat of the longeſt, yet take it in his own words.

"The Argument of the whole
Hiſtorye.

In the Cyttie of *Julio* (ſometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* Kinge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia)* there was a law, that what man ſo ever commited Adultery, ſhould loſe his head, & the woman offender, ſhould weare ſome diſguiſed apparel, during her life, to make her infamouſlye noted. This ſevere lawe, by the favour of ſome mercifull magiſtrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord *Promos* auctority: who convicting, a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion to the execution of this ſtatute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous, and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Siſter, named *Caſſandra: Caſſandra* to

enlarge her brothers life, ſubmitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos: Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantaſying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the ſweete order of her talke: and doyng good, that evill might come thereof: for a time, he repryv'd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking unto unlawfull luſt, he ſet downe the ſpoile of her honour, raunſome for her Brothers life: Chaſte *Caſſandra*, abhorring both him and his ſute, by no perſwaſion would yeald to this raunſome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life:) upon theſe conditions, she agreed to *Promos*. Firſt that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as feareles in promiſſe, as careleſſe in performance, with ſollemne vowe, ſygned her conditions: but worſe then any Infydel, his will ſatiffyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auᵭhoritye, unſpotted with favour, and to prevent Caſſandraes clamors, he commaunded the Gayler ſecretly, to preſent *Caſſandra* with her brothers head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the providence of God, provided thus for his ſafety. He preſented *Caſſandra* with a Felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler, who was ſet at libertie) was ſo agreeved at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her ſelfe, she ſpared that ſtroke, to be avenged of *Promos*. And devyſing a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executing this reſolution) was ſo highly favoured of the King, that forthwith he haſted to do Juſtice on *Promos:* whoſe iudgement was, to marrye *Caſſandra*, to repaire her craſed Honour: which donne, for

his hainous offence he should loſe his head. This maryage ſolempniſed, *Caſſandra* tyed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earneſt ſuter for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cõmon weale, before her ſpecial eaſe, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her ſute. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) ſorrowing the griefe of his ſiſter, bewrayde his ſafety, and craved pardon. The Kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Caſſandra*, pardoned both him, and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare Hiſtorye, in action livelye foloweth."

The play itſelf opens thus:—

"*Actus* I. *Scena.* I.

Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Swordebearer: One with a bunche of keyes: Phallax, *Promos man.*

You Officers which now in *Julio* ſtaye,
Knowe you our leadge, the King of *Hungarie:*
Sent me *Promos*, to ioyne with you in ſway:
That ſtyll we may to Juſtice have an eye.
And now to ſhow, my rule & power at lardge,
Attentivelie, his Letters Pattents heare:
Phallax, reade out my Soveraines charge.

Phal. As you commaunde, I ſtyll: give heedefull care.

Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which muſt be fayre written in parchment, with ſome great counterfeat zeale.*

Pro. Loe, here you ſee what is our Soveraignes will,
Loe, heare his with, that right, not might, beare ſwaye:
Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
To ſcoorge the wights, good Lawes that diſobay."

And thus it proceeds; without one word in it, that SHAKESPEARE could make uſe of, or can be read with

patience by any man living: And yet, beſides the characters appearing in the argument, his Bawd, Clown, *Lucio*, *Juliet*, and the Provoſt, nay, and even his *Barnardine*, are created out of hints which this play gave him; and the lines too that are quoted, bad as they are, ſuggeſted to him the manner in which his own play opens.

Merchant of Venice.

The *Jew* of *Venice* was a ſtory exceedingly well-known in SHAKESPEARE's time; celebrated in ballads; and taken (perhaps) originally from an *Italian* book, intitl'd—"*Il Pecorone:*" the author of which calls himſelf,—*Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*; and writ his book, as he tells you in ſome humorous verſes at the beginning of it, in 1378, three years after the death of BOCCACE: it is divided into *giornata's*, and the ſtory we are ſpeaking of is in the firſt novel of the *giornata quarta*; Edit. 1565, octavo, *in Vinegia*. This novel SHAKESPEARE certainly read; either in the original, or (which I rather think) in ſome tranſlation that is not now to be met with, and form'd his play upon it. It was tranſlated anew, and made publick in 1755, in a ſmall octavo pamphlet, printed for *M. Cooper:* and, at the end of it, a novel of BOCCACE; (the firſt of day the tenth) which, as the tranſlator rightly judges, might poſſibly produce the ſcene of the caſkets, ſubſtituted by the Poet in place of one in the other novel, that was not proper for the ſtage.

Merry Wives of Windſor.

"Queen *Elizabeth*," ſays a writer of SHAKESPEARE's

life, " was ſo well pleas'd with that admirable Character of *Falſtaff*, in the two Parts of *Henry* the Fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to ſhew him in Love. This is ſaid to be the Occaſion of his Writing the *Merry Wives of* Windſor." As there is no proof brought for the truth of this ſtory, we may conclude—that it is either ſome play-houſe tradition, or had it's riſe from ſir *William* DAVENANT, whoſe authority the writer quotes for another ſingular anecdote, relating to lord *Southampton*. Be this as it may; SHAKESPEARE, in the conduct of *Falſtaff*'s love-adventures, made uſe of ſome incidents in a book that has been mention'd before, call'd—" *Il Pecorone*;" they are in the ſecond novel of that book. It is highly probable, that this novel likewiſe is in an old *Engliſh* dreſs ſomewhere or other; and from thence tranſplanted into a fooliſh book, call'd—" *The fortunate, the deceiv'd, and the unfortunate Lovers*;" printed in 1685, octavo, for *William Whit-wood*; where the reader may ſee it, at *p.* 1. Let me add too, that there is a like ſtory in the—" *Piacevoli Notti*," *di* STRAPAROLA, *libro primo*; at *Notte quarta, Favola quarta*; Edit. 1567, octavo, *in Vinegia*."

Midſummer Night's Dream.

The hiſtory of our old poets is ſo little known, and the firſt editions of their works become ſo very ſcarce, that it is hard pronouncing any thing certain about them: But, if that pretty fantaſtical poem of DRAYTON's, call'd—" Nymphidia, *or, The Court of Fairy*," be early enough in time, (as, I believe, it is; for I have ſeen an edition of that author's paſtorals, printed in 1593, quar-

to) it is not improbable, that SHAKESPEARE took from thence the hint of his fairies: a line of that poem, "Thorough buſh, thorough briar," occurs alſo in his play. The reſt of the play is, doubtleſs, invention: the names only of *Theſeus*, *Hippolita*, and *Theſeus'* former loves, *Antiopa* and others, being hiſtorical; and taken from the tranſlated *Plutarch*, in the article—*Theſeus*.

Much Ado about Nothing.

"Timbree de Cardōne deviēt amoureux á Meſſine de Fenicie Leonati, & des divers & eſtrāges accidens qui advindrēt avāt qu'il l'eſpouſaſt."—is the title of another novel in the "*Hiſtoires tragiques*" of BELLEFOREST; Tom. 3. Hiſt. 18: it is taken from one of BANDELLO's, which you may ſee in his firſt tome, at *p.* 150, of the *London* edition in quarto, a copy from that of *Lucca* in 1554. This *French* novel comes the neareſt to the fable of "*Much Ado about Nothing*," of any thing that has yet been diſcover'd, and is (perhaps) the foundation of it. There is a ſtory ſomething like it in the fifth book of "*Orlando furioſo*:" (v. ſir *John* HARRINGTON's tranſlation of it, Edit. 1591, folio) and another in SPENCER's "*Fairy Queen*."

Othello.

CINTHIO, the beſt of the *Italian* writers next to BOCCACE, has a novel thus intitl'd:—"Un Capitano Moro piglia per mogliera una cittadina venetiana, un ſuo Alfieri l'accuſa di adulterio al [*read*, il, *with a colon after*—adulterio] Marito, cerca, che l'Alfieri uccida colui, ch' egli

credea l'Adultero, il Capitano uccide la Moglie, è accusato dallo Alfieri, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiari inditii, è bandito, Et lo scelerato Alfieri, credendo nuocere ad altri, procaccia à sè la morte miseramente." Hecatommithi, Dec. 3, Nov. 7; Edit. 1565, 2 tomes, octavo. If there was no translation of this novel, *French* or *English*; nor any thing built upon it, either in prose or verse, near enough in time for SHAKESPEARE to take his "Othello" from them; we must, I think, conclude —that he had it from the *Italian*; for the story (at least, in all it's main circumstances) is apparently the same.

Romeo *and* Juliet.

This very affecting story is likewise a true one; it made a great noise at the time it happen'd, and was soon taken up by poets and novel-writers. BANDELLO has one; it is the ninth of tome the second: and there is another, and much better, left us by some anonymous writer; of which I have an edition, printed in 1553 at *Venice*, one year before BANDELLO, which yet was not the first. Some small time after, *Pierre* BOISTEAU, a *French* writer, put out one upon the same subject, taken from these *Italians*, but much alter'd and enlarg'd: this novel, together with five others of BOISTEAU's penning, BELLEFOREST took; and they now stand at the beginning of his "*Histoires tragiques*," edition beforemention'd. But it had some prior edition; which falling into the hands of a countryman of ours, he converted it into a poem; altering, and adding many things to it of his own, and publish'd it in 1562, without a name, in a small octavo volume, printed by *Richard Tottill*; and

this poem, which is call'd—"*The Tragicall Hiſtorie of* Romeus *and* Juliet," is the origin of SHAKESPEARE's play: who not only follows it even minutely in the conduct of his fable, and that in those places where it differs from the other writers; but has alſo borrow'd from it ſome few thoughts, and expreſſions. At the end of a ſmall poetical miſcellany, publiſh'd by one *George* TURBERVILLE in 1570, there is a poem—"on the death of Maiſter *Arthur* BROOKE drownde in paſſing to *New-haven*;" in which it appears, that this gentleman, (who, it is likely, was a military man) was the writer of "Romeus *and* Juliet." In the ſecond tome of "*The Palace of Pleaſure*," (Nov. 25.) there is a proſe tranſlation of BOISTEAU's novel; but SHAKESPEARE made no uſe of it.

Taming of the Shrew.

Nothing has yet been produc'd that is likely to have given the Poet occaſion for writing this play, neither has it (in truth) the air of a novel, ſo that we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it a work of invention; that part of it, I mean, which gives it it's title. For one of it's underwalks, or plots,—to wit, the ſtory of *Lucentio*, in almoſt all it's branches, (his love-affair, and the artificial conduct of it; the pleaſant incident of the Pedant; and the characters of *Vincentio*, *Tranio*, *Gremio*, and *Biondello*) is form'd upon a comedy of *George* GASCOIGNE's, call'd—"*Suppoſes*," a tranſlation from ARIOSTO's "*I Suppoſiti:*" which comedy was acted by the gentlemen of *Grey's*-Inn in 1566; and may be ſeen in the tranſlator's works, of which there are ſeveral old editions: And the odd induction of this play is taken from GOULART's "*Hiſt.*

oires admirables de notre Temps;" who relates it as a real fact, practis'd upon a mean artisan at *Bruſſels* by *Philip* the good, duke of *Burgundy*. GOULART was tranſlated into *Engliſh*, by one *Edw.* GRIMESTON: the edition I have of it, was printed in 1607, quarto, by *George Eld*; where this ſtory may be found, at *p.* 587: but, for any thing that there appears to the contrary, the book might have been printed before.

Tempeſt.

"*The Tempeſt*" has rather more of the novel in it than the play that was laſt ſpoken of: but no one has yet pretended to have met with ſuch a novel; nor any thing elſe, that can be ſuppos'd to have furniſh'd SHAKESPEARE with materials for writing this play: the fable of which muſt therefore paſs for entirely his own production, 'till the contrary can be made appear by any future diſcovery. One of the Poet's editors, after observing that—the perſons of the drama are all *Italians*; and the unities all regularly obſerv'd in it, a cuſtom likewise of the *Italians*; concludes his note with the mention of two of their plays,—"*Il Negromante*" *di L.* ARIOSTO, and "*Il Negromante Palliato*" *di Gio. Angelo* PETRUCCI; one or other of which, he ſeems to think, may have given riſe to "*The Tempeſt*:" but he is miſtaken in both of them; and the laſt muſt needs be out of the queſtion, being later than SHAKESPEARE's time.

Titus Andronicus.

An old ballad, whose date and time of writing can-

not be aſcertain'd, is the ground-work of "Titus Andronicus;" the names of the perſons acting, and almoſt every incident of the play are there in miniature: it is, indeed, ſo like,—that one might be tempted to ſuſpect, that the ballad was form'd upon the play, and not that upon the ballad; were it not ſufficiently known, that almoſt all the compositions of that ſort are prior to even the infancy of SHAKESPEARE.

Troilus *and* Creſſida.

The loves of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* are celebrated by CHAUCER; whose poem might, perhaps, induce SHAKESPEARE to work them up into a play. The other matters of that play, (hiſtorical, or fabulous, call them which you will) he had out of an ancient book, written and printed firſt by CAXTON, call'd—"*The Deſtruction of* Troy," in three parts: in the third part of it, are many ſtrange particulars, occurring no where elſe, which SHAKESPEARE has admitted into his play.

Twelfth-Night.

Another of BELLEFOREST's novels is thus intitl'd:—"Comme une fille Romaine ſe veſtant en page ſerviſt long temps un ſien amy ſans eſtre cogneue, & depuis l'eut a mary avec autres divers diſcours." *Hiſtoires tragiques*; Tom. 4, Hiſt. 7. This novel, which is itſelf taken from one of BANDELLO's (v. Tom. 2, Nov. 36) is, to all appearance, the foundation of the ſerious part of "*Twelfth-Night*:" and muſt be ſo accounted; 'till ſome *Engliſh* novel appears, built (perhaps) upon that *French*

one, but approaching nearer to SHAKESPEARE's comedy.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Julia's love-adventures being in ſome reſpects the ſame with those of *Viola* in "*Twelfth Night*," the ſame novel might give riſe to them both; and *Valentine*'s falling amongſt out-laws, and becoming their captain, is an incident that has ſome resemblance to one in the "Arcadia," (Book 1, Chap. 6.) where *Pyrocles* heads the *Helots*: all the other circumſtances which conſtitute the fable of this play, are, probably, of the Poet's own invention.

Winter's Tale.

To the ſtory-book, or, "*Pleaſant Hiſtory* (as it is call'd) *of* Doraſtus *and* Fawnia," written by *Robert* GREENE, *M. A.* we are indebted for SHAKESPEARE's "*Winter's Tale*." GREENE join'd with Dr. LODGE in writing a play, call'd — "*A Looking-glaſs for* London *and* England," printed in 1598, in quarto, and black letter; and many of his other works, which are very numerous, were publiſh'd about that time, and this amongſt the reſt: it went through many impreſſions, all of the ſame form and letter as the play; and that ſo low down as the year 1664, of which year I have a copy. Upon this occaſion, I ſhall venture to pronounce an opinion, that has been reserv'd for this place, (though other plays too were concern'd in it, as "Hamlet," and "Cymbeline") which if it be found true, as I believe it will, may be of uſe to ſettle many diſputed points in literary chronology. My

opinion is this:—That almoſt all books, of the gothick or black character, printed any thing late in the ſeventeenth century, are in truth only re-impreſſions; they having paſſ'd the preſs before in the preceding century, or (at leaſt) very ſoon after. For the character began then to be diſus'd in the printing of new books: but the types remaining, the owners of them found a convenience in using them for books that had been before printed in them; and to this convenience of theirs are owing all or moſt of those impreſſions poſterior to 1600. It is left to the reader's ſagacity, to apply this remark to the book in the present article; and to those he finds mention'd before, in the articles—"Hamlet, and Cymbeline."

Such are the materials, out of which this great Poet has rais'd a ſtructure, which no time ſhall efface, nor any envy be ſtrong enough to leſſen the admiration that is ſo juſtly due to it; which if it was great before, cannot fail to receive encreaſe with the judicious, when the account that has been now given them is reflected upon duly: other originals have, indeed, been pretended; and much extraordinary criticism has, at different times, and by different people, been ſpun out of those conceits; but, except ſome few articles in which the writer profeſſes openly his ignorance of the ſources they are drawn from, and ſome others in which he delivers himſelf doubtfully, what is ſaid in the preceding leaves concerning these fables may with all certainty be rely'd upon.

How much is it to be wiſh'd, that ſomething equally certain, and indeed worthy to be intitl'd—a Life of SHAKESPEARE, could accompany this relation, and compleat the tale of those pieces which the publick is apt

to expect before new editions? But that nothing of this sort is at present in being, may be said without breach of candour, as we think, or suspicion of over much niceness: an imperfect and loose account of his father, and family; his own marriage, and the issue of it; some traditional stories,—many of them trifling in themselves, supported by small authority, and seemingly ill-grounded; together with his life's final period as gather'd from his monument, is the full and whole amount of historical matter that is in any of these writings; in which the critick and essayist swallow up the biographer, who yet ought to take the lead in them. The truth is, the occurrences of this most interesting life (we mean, the private ones) are irrecoverably lost to us; the friendly office of registring them was overlook'd by those who alone had it in their power, and our enquiries about them now must prove vain and thrown away. But there is another sort of them that is not quite so hopeless; which besides affording us the prospect of some good issue to our endeavours, do also invite us to them by the promise of a much better reward for them: the knowledge of his private life had done little more than gratify our curiosity, but his publick one as a writer would have consequences more important; a discovery there would throw a new light upon many of his pieces; and, where rashness only is shew'd in the opinions that are now current about them, a judgment might then be form'd, which perhaps would do credit to the giver of it. When he commenc'd a writer for the stage, and in which play; what the order of the rest of them, and (if that be discoverable) what the occasion; and, lastly, for which of the numerous theatres that were then subsisting they

were ſeverally written at firſt,—are the particulars that ſhould chiefly engage the attention of a writer of SHAKESPEARE's Life, and be the principal ſubjects of his enquiry: To aſſiſt him in which, the firſt impreſſions of these plays will do ſomething, and their title-pages at large, which, upon that account, we mean to give in another work that will accompany the "*School of* SHAKESPEARE;" and ſomething the "*School*" itſelf will afford, that may contribute to the ſame ſervice: but the corner-ſtone of all, muſt be—the works of the Poet himſelf, from which much may be extracted by a heedful peruſer of them; and, for the ſake of ſuch a peruſer, and by way of putting him into the train when the plays are before him, we ſhall inſtance in one of them;—the time in which "Henry V" was written, is determin'd almoſt preciſely by a paſſage in the chorus to the fifth act, and the concluding chorus of it contains matter relative to "Henry VI:" other plays might be mention'd, as "Henry VIII and Macbeth;" but this one may be ſufficient to anſwer our intention in producing it, which was—to ſpirit ſome one up to this taſk in ſome future time, by ſhewing the poſſibility of it; which he may be further convinc'd of, if he reflects what great things have been done, by criticks amongſt ourſelves, upon ſubjects of this ſort, and of a more remov'd antiquity than he is concern'd in. A Life thus conſtructed, interſperſ'd with ſuch anecdotes of common notoriety as the writer's judgment ſhall tell him—are worth regard; together with ſome memorials of this Poet that are happily come down to us; ſuch as, an inſtrument in the Heralds' Office, confirming arms to his father; a Patent, preſerv'd in RYMER, granted by *James* the firſt;

his laſt Will and Teſtament, extant now at Doctors-Commons; his *Stratford* Monument, and a monument of his daughter which is ſaid to be there alſo;—ſuch a Life would rise quickly into a volume; eſpecially, with the addition of one proper and even neceſſary epiſode—a brief hiſtory of our Drama, from it's origin down to the Poet's death: even the ſtage he appear'd upon, it's form, dreſſings, actors ſhould be enquir'd into, as every one of those circumſtances had ſome conſiderable effect upon what he compos'd for it: The ſubject is certainly a good one, and will fall (we hope) ere it be long into the hands of ſome good writer; by whose abilities this great want may at length be made up to us, and the world of letters enrich'd by the happy acquisition of a maſterly "*Life of* SHAKESPEARE."

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and his Works.

Spectator, this life's ſhadow is;—to ſee
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader: but observe his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick ſtrain,
Then weep: So,—when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions, from thy rapt ſoul riſe,—
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could)
Rare Shakeſpeare *to the life thou doſt behold.*

To the Reader.

This figure, that thou here ſee'ſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare *cut;*
Wherein the graver had a ſtrife
With nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in braſs, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then ſurpaſs
All, that was ever writ in braſs:
But, ſince he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book. B. J.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, *on thy name,*
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seelieſt ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise:
These are as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:— Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our ſtage,
My Shakespeare, *rise! I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spencer; *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
And art alive ſtill, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but diſproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peers;

And tell—how far thou didſt our Lilly *outſhine,*
Or ſporting Kyd, *or* Marlow's *mighty line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin, *and leſs* Greek,—
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thundring Æſchylus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles, *to us,*
Pacuvius, Accius, *him of* Cordova *dead;*
To live again, to hear thy buſkin tread
And ſhake a ſtage: or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone; for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, *or haughty* Rome,
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain! *thou haſt one to ſhow,*
To whom all ſcenes of Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the Muses ſtill were in their prime,
When like Apollo *he came forth to warm*
Our ears, or like a Mercury *to charm.*
Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines;
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not please;*
But antiquated and deſerted lye,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet muſt I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, *muſt enjoy a part:*—
For, though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the faſhion: and that he,
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike a ſecond heat

'Till these, 'till any of thy volume's reſt,
Shall with more fire more feeling be expreſſ'd,
Be ſure, our Shakeſpeare, *thou canſt never die,*
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the Memory
of Maſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakeſpeare, *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoon*
From the world's ſtage to the grave's tyring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy ſpectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe: An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a ſecond part;
That's but an exit *of mortality,*
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. J. M.

On worthy Maſter SHAKESPEARE,
and his Poems.

A mind reflecting ages paſt, whoſe clear
And equal ſurface can make things appear,
Diſtant a thouſand years, and repreſent
Them in their lively colours, juſt extent:
To outrun haſty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, *where confuſed lye*
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep duſky dungeon, to diſcern
A royal ghoſt from churls; by art to learn
The phyſiognomy of ſhades, and give

Them ſudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What ſtory coldly tells, what poets feign
At ſecond hand, and picture without brain,
Senſeleſs and ſoul-leſs ſhews: To give a ſtage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's *year, and new ſcene of the world,*
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient ſovereigns from their herſe,
Make kings his ſubjects; by exchanging verſe
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy and trembles at their rage:
Yet ſo to temper paſſion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both ſmile and weep; fearful at plots ſo ſad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is falſe, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we ſtart, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravin for our ſport:——
——While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by ſecret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To ſtrike up and ſtroak down, both joy and ire;
To ſteer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, ſtoln from ourſelves:——
This,—and much more, which cannot be expreſſ'd
But by himſelf, his tongue, and his own breaſt,—
Was Shakeſpeare's *freehold*; *which his cunning brain*
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold train;—

The buſkin'd muſe, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, *nimble hand*
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The ſilver-voiced lady, the moſt fair
Calliope, *the whoſe ſpeaking ſilence daunts,*
And ſhe whoſe praiſe the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another;—
Obey'd by all as ſpouſe, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of ſable grave,
Freſh green, and pleaſant yellow, red moſt brave,
And conſtant blue, rich purple, guiltleſs white,
The lowly ruſſet, and the ſcarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted ſpring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each ſtring
Of golden wire, each line of ſilk: there run
Italian *works, whoſe thread the ſiſters ſpun;*
And there did ſing, or ſeem to ſing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a meſſy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muſes know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—Death may deſtroy,
They ſay, his body; but his verſe ſhall live,
And more than nature takes our hands ſhall give:
In a leſs volume, but more ſtrongly bound,
Shakeſpeare *ſhall breath and ſpeak; with laurel crown'd,*
Which never fades; fed with ambroſial meat;
In a well-lined veſture, rich, and neat:—

So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it;
For time ſhall never ſtain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,
J. M. S.

An Epitaph
on the admirable dramatick Poet,
W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs, my Shakeſpeare, *for his honour'd bones,*
The labour of an age in piled ſtones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtar-ypointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument:
For whilſt, to the ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art,
Thy eaſy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Thoſe Delphick *lines with deep impreſſion took;*
Then thou, our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, ſo ſepulcher'd, in ſuch pomp doſt lye,
That kings, for ſuch a tomb, would wiſh to die.

NOTE.

This laſt poem was writ by the great MILTON; and is here given you as it lies in an edition of that author's poems, printed in 1673, octavo; where it is only inſcrib'd,—"*On* SHAKESPEARE," and dated—1630. This poem, that immediately before it, and the firſt—"Upon his Effigies," are not in the firſt folio.

TABLE
of quarto Editions of Plays written by
SHAKESPEARE.

I. Hamlet. 1605. J. R. *for* N.L. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1611. *for* John Smethwicke. 3. *no date.* W.S. *for Do.* (*ADD.*) 4. 1637. R. Young *for Do.*

II. Henry IV, *1ſt. p.* 1598. P. S. *for* Andrew Wiſe. (*beſt Edit. ADD.*) 2. 1599. S. S. *for Do.* 3. 1604. (*DES.*) 4. 1608. *for* Mathew Law. (*DES.*) 5. 1613. W. W. *for Do.* (*ADD.*) 6. 1622. T. P. *Sold by Do.* 7. 1632. John Norton. *Sold by* William Sheares. (*ADD.*) 8. 1639. John Norton. *Sold by* Hugh Perry.

III. Henry IV, *2d. p.* 1600. V. S. *for* Andrew Wiſe, *and* William Aſpley. 2. 1600. *Do.* (*DES.*) *v.* A.

IV. Henry V. [1600. Thomas Creede, *for* Tho. Millington, *and* John Busby. 2. 1602. Thomas Creede, *for* Thomas Pavier. (*ADD.*) 3. 1608. *for* T. P.]

V & VI. Henry VI. [1600. Valentine Simmes *for* Thomas Millington. (*ADD.* & *IMP.*) 2. 1600. W. W. *for* Tho. Millington. (**DES.*) 3. *no date. for* T. P.] *v.* B.

VII. *King* John. [1591. *for* Sampſon Clarke. *b.l.* 2. 1611. Valentine Simmes *for* John Helme. 3. 1622. Aug: Mathewes *for* Thomas Dewe.] *v.* C.

VIII. *King* Lear. 1608. *for* Nathaniel Butter. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1608. *for Do.* (*ADD. v.* D.) 3. 1655. Jane Bell.

IX. *Love's Labour's loſt.* 1598. W. W. *for* Cutbert Burby. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1631. W. S. *for* John Smethwicke.

X. *Merchant of* Venice. 1600. J. R. *for* Thomas Heyes. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1600. J. Roberts. 3. 1637. M. P. *for* Laurence Hayes. 4. 1652. *for* William Leake. (*ADD.*)

XI. *Merry Wives of* Windſor. [1602. T. C. *for* Arthur Johnſon. 2. 1619. *for Do.*] 3. 1630. T. H. *for* R. Meighen. (*a* & *f.*)

XII. *Midſummer Night's Dream.* 1600. *for* Thomas Fiſher. (*beſt Edit.*) 2. 1600. James Roberts.

XIII. *Much Ado about Nothing.* 1600. V. S. *for* Andrew Wiſe, *and* William Aſpley. (*beſt Edit.*)

XIV. Othello. 1622. N. O. *for* Thomas Walkley. (*a.*) 2. *no date.* (*Preface by* Tho. Walkely. * *DES.*) 3. 1630. A. M. *for* Richard Hawkins. (*a.*) 4. 1655. *for* William Leak. (*ADD. a.*)

XV. Richard II. 1597. Valentine Simmes *for* Andrew Wiſe. (*beſt Edit. ADD.*) 2. 1598. Valentine Simmes *for Do.* 3. 1608. W. W. *for* Mathew Law. (*DES.*) 4. 1615. *for Do.* 5. 1634. John Norton. (*a* & *f.*)

XVI. Richard III. 1597. Valentine Sims, *for* Andrew Wiſe. (**DES.*) 2. 1598. Thomas Creede, *for Do.* 3. 1602. *Do.* 4. 1612. Thomas Creede. *Sold by* Mathew Lawe. 5. 1622. Thomas Purfoot. *Sold by Do.* 6. 1629. John Norton. *Sold by Do.* 7. 1634. John Norton.

XVII. Romeo *and* Juliet. [1597. John Danter.] 2. 1599. Thomas Creede, *for* Cuthbert Burby. (*DES.*) 3. 1609. *for* John Smethwick. (*beſt Edit. ADD.*) 4. *no date. for* JohnSmethwicke. (*ADD.*) 5. 1637. R. Young *for Do.*

XVIII. *Taming of the Shrew.* [1607. V. S. *for* Nich. Ling. **DES.*] 2. 1631. W. S. *for* John Smethwicke.

XIX. Titus Andronicus. 1611. *for* Eedward White. (*beſt Edit.*)

XX. Troilus *and* Creſſida. 1609. G. Eld *for* R. Boniан *and* H. Whalley. (*beſt*

Edit.) 2. *no date.* G. Eld *for Do.* (**DES.*)

NOTES.

A.] Signature *E*, in this copy, contains six leaves; a scene being there added, the first of act the third.

B.] These editions contain only the second and third parts of "Henry *the sixth*," and are thus intitl'd;—*The whole Contention betweene the two famous Houses*, Lancaster *and* Yorke.

C.] In all these editions, the play is in two parts.

D.] The first of these "Lears" is printed upon eleven sheets; the second, but upon ten and a quarter: signature, next the title-page, of the first, *A.* 2; of the second, *B.*

n. b.] *ADD.* signifies—additions, or copies added by the compiler; (v. "*Introduction*," *p.* 20.) *IMP.*—imperfect; and *DES.*—*desiderâtum*, or wanting in his collection; and a star before *DES.* implies—never seen by him: the notices of these are from the tables of former editors.

Do, of Plays ascrib'd to him.

I. *Arraignment of* Paris. *O.C.* 1584. Henrie Marsh. (*a&f.*)

II. *Birth of* Merlin.** 1662. Tho. Johnson *for* Francis Kirkman, *and* Henry Marsh. (*a.*)

III. Edward III. *O.C.* 1596. *for* Cuthbert Burby. 2 1599. Simon Stafford, *for Do.*

IV. *Fair* Em. † 1631. *for* John Wright.

V. Locrine.* 1595. Thomas Creede. (*a & f.*)

VI. London *Prodigal.** 1605. T. C. *for* Nathaniel Butter.

VII. *Merry Devil of* Edmonton. † 1608. Henry Ballard *for* Arthur Johnson. 2 1617. G. Eld *for Do.* 3. 1626. A.M. *for* Francis Falkner. 4. 1631. T. P. *for Do.* 5. 1655. *for* William Gilbertson.

VIII. Mucedorus. † 1598. *for* William Jones. (*DES.*) 2. 1610. *for Do.* 3. 1615. N.O. *for Do.* (*DES.*) 4. 1639. *for* John Wright. 5. *no date.* *for* Francis Coles. 6. 1668. E. O. *for Do.*

IX. Pericles.* 1609. *for*

Henry Goſſon. 2. 1619. *for* T. P. 3. 1630. J. N. *for* R. B. 4. 1635. Thomas Cotes.

X. *Puritan.** 1607. G. Eld. (*a.*)

XI. *Sir* John Oldcaſtle. * 1600. *for* T. P.

XII. Thomas *lord* Cromwel.* 1613. Thomas Snodham.

XIII. *Two noble Kinsmen* ** 1634. Tho. Cotes, *for* John Waterſon. (*a & f.*)

XIV. Yorkſhire *Tragedy.** 1619. *for* T. P.

NOTE.

The two plays, mark'd with double aſteriſks, are ſaid in the title-page to have been written, the firſt by *Shakeſpeare* and *Rowley*, the other by *Fletcher* and *Shakeſpeare:* and the ſeven, with ſingle aſteriſks, are publiſh'd with his other plays in a folio edition printed in 1664, and in ſome editions ſince. *O. C.* ſignifies, old catalogues; in ſome of which, these two plays are aſcrib'd to *Shakeſpeare:* and the remaining three, diſtinguiſh'd by croſſes, are in a volume, now in Mr. *Garrick*'s poſſeſſion, that did belong to king *Charles* the firſt, which is titl'd upon the back, "SHAKESPEAR *Vol.* I:" and these likewise are given to him by old catalogues, "*Fair* Em" excepted, which is therefore differenc'd by having but one croſs-bar. It may be juſt obſerv'd too, that, to the plays mark'd—*O. C*, and with croſſes, there is no name of author, either in the title-page, or other part: of the double aſteriſks, ſee the account above; and, for the ſingle ones, in the title-pages of "Locrine, *Puritan, and* Thomas *lord* Cromwel," are the initial letters, *W. S*, and, in the others, the name at length.

Folio Editions.

I. *Mr.* William Shakeſpeares *Comedies, Hiſtories, & Tragedies. Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.* 1623. *fol.* Iſaac Jaggard, *and* Ed. Blount.

II. *Do*, 1632, *fol.* Tho. Cotes, *for* Robert Allot.

III. *Do*, 1664, *fol. for* P. C.

IV. *Do*, 1685, *fol. for* H. Herringman, E. Brewſter, *and* R. Bentley.

Editions of his Poems.

I. Shakeſpeare's *Poems*. 1609. *quarto*. (**DES*.)
II. *Do*, *no date*, *octavo*. *for* Bernard Lintott. (v. *Note*.)
III. *Do*, 1640, *octavo*. Tho. Cotes. *Sold by* John Benſon.
IV. *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, *poems by Do*. 1599, *octavo*, *ſmall*. *for* W. Jaggard. *Sold by* W. Leake.
V. *Rape of* Lucrece, *a poem*. 1594, *quarto*. Richard Field, *for* John Harriſon. (*DES*.)
VI. *Do*, 1598, *octavo*. P. S. *for Do*.
VII. *Do*, 1607, *octavo*. N. O. *for Do*.
VIII. Venus *and* Adonis, *a poem*. 1620, *octavo*. *for* J. P.

NOTE.

This is ſaid, in the title-page, to be an exact copy of the edition that goes before; and has the appearance of being what it profeſſes.

Prolusions;

or,

ſelect Pieces of antient Poetry,—

compil'd with great Care from their ſeveral Originals,
and offer'd to the Publick
as Specimens of the Integrity that ſhould be found
in the Editions of worthy Authors,—

in three Parts;
containing,

I. *The notbrowne Mayde*; *Maſter* Sackvile's *Induction*; *and,* Overbury's *Wife:*
II. Edward *the third, a Play, thought to be writ by* SHAKESPEARE:
III. *Thoſe excellent didactic Poems, intitl'd — Noſce teipſum, written by Sir* John Davis:

with a Preface.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has ſegetes? VIRG. Ecl. I.

LONDON:
Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*
1760.

To
the right honourable the Lord
Willoughby of *Parham*,
a Truſtee of the *Britiſh* Museum,
Vice-president of the royal Society, and
President of the Society of Antiquaries,
this Book,
the honeſt Intention of which is
to do Service to good Letters by ſetting an Example
of Care and Fidelity to Perſons who take upon them
the Publication of our beſt Authors,
is with great Reſpect presented
by, the Honourer of his Lordſhip's many Virtues,

his obedient humble Servant
the Editor.

The Preface.

The novelty of the present attempt, and ſome peculiarities in the execution of it, require that the reader ſhould be addreſſ'd in a few words; firſt, to apprise him what it is that he may expect to meet with in the volume before him, and, next, to bring him acquainted with the peculiarities above-mention'd.

From what editions the ſeveral pieces were taken, is very faithfully related at the end of each piece; and the editor thinks he may with confidence affirm, that they are the firſt, and beſt, and only ones worth conſulting. When a poem was to be proceeded upon, the editions that belong to it were firſt collated; and with what care, let that minuteneſs ſpeak which may be ſeen in the various readings: In the courſe of this collation it well appear'd, that ſome one edition was to be prefer'd to the others: that edition therefore was made the ground-work of what is now publiſh'd; and it is never departed from, but in places where ſome other edition had a reading moſt apparently better; or in ſuch other places as were very plainly corrupt, but, aſſiſtance of books failing, were to be amended by conjecture: in the firſt of these caſes,

the reading that was judg'd beſt is inſerted into the text of the poem, and the rejected reading may be found in it's place at the end; and, in the other, the conjectural reading is inſerted likewise, and that upon which it is built is at the bottom of the page: Where the corruption of a paſſage arose from omiſſions, — whereby the ſenſe, the verſification, or both, were defective, — it is endeavour'd to be amended by the inſertion of ſuch word, or words, as ſeem'd moſt natural to the place; and all ſuch words are printed in a black letter. Upon this plan, (the merit of which the publick is now to judge of) the text of one edition, the beſt that could be found, is made the eſtabliſh'd text of that particular poem; and every departure from it, how minute ſoever, is at once offer'd to the eye in the moſt ſimple manner, without parade of notes which but divert the attention. When the piece ſhall be gone over, there may chance to be a reader, or two, who will incline to examine the alterations, and beſtow a little reflection upon the reasons that occaſion'd them; which are not always ſo remote, but that a ſmall degree of it will help him to them; and the diſcovery, perhaps, may be productive of more pleasure than if in ſome elaborate note they had been pointed out to him: If, in this or that place, what is added, or alter'd, ſhall to the man of judgment be not ſatiſfactory, let him diſcard the addition, or reſtore the old reading; the one is at hand, the other easily effected: or, if this will not

do, let him exert his happier talent in the invention of ſomething better: To aid him in this endeavour, he has all the materials that can be procur'd for him; for, beſides the readings that have been ſpoken of above, he will find at the end of each poem all the other rejected readings of the editions made uſe of; and, intermix'd with these, are ſome conjectural ones, being ſuch as were thought to be plauſible, but not of force enough to demand a place in the text: these latter readings have no mark given them, the other are diſtinguiſh'd by the mark of the edition they belong to; and, in the table before the readings, that which is the better edition is noted by an aſteriſk. A regard to the beauty of his page, and no other conſideration, has induc'd the editor to ſuſpend the operation of his plan in two of the poems, and in ſome paſſages of a third; all which muſt be now accounted for. And, firſt, in the Induction, the following readings ought in ſtrictneſs to have been found in the place aſſign'd to them, *viz.* the bottom of the page;

p.	*ſ.*	*l.*	
6;	2,	1.	Her ipes ſwollen
7;	1,	6.	Letheus
9;	3,	1.	the guyde
17;	1,	2.	lookes,
	3,	7.	prynces, his
19;	4,	3.	Greeks
22;	3,	6.	the place dyd

and these, in the *Noſce teipſum*;

p.	*ſ.*	*l.*	
6;	2,	2.	faire, good,
41;	5,	4.	taſt, feele, or
45;	2,	3.	now his power
51;	5,	2.	a *wit* which
59;	5,	2.	heare ſo
69;	4,	2.	Wherein th'inward

being readings in which the copies concur, and foundations of the conjectural: but the number of them in each poem was ſo ſmall, that it was thought the beauty of the edition would be more conſulted, and the convenience of it but little impair'd, by throwing them thus together: In *Edward* the third, the propos'd plan is in general adher'd to; four rejected readings excepted, which could not be commodiouſly inſerted in their due place by reason of their length: these are, [ſin comes:

*p.*12, *l.*16. *Mounta.* O ſommers day, ſee where my cou-
How fares my Aunt? [nes good.

*p.*26, *l.*11. My propper harme ſhould buy your high-
Theſe are the vulgar tenders of falſe men,
That never pay the dutie of their words.
Kin. Thou wilt not ſticke

in the firſt paſſage, the name of the ſpeaker is put a line too ſoon; in the ſecond, two lines too late: again,

*p.*48, *l.*29. cal'd? tell me thy

*p.*74, *l.*23. If we feare it, why doe we follow it?
If we doe feare, how can we ſhun it?
If we doe feare, with feare *&c.*

in one, the middle words are omitted; in the other, the middle line.

The plan, and the deviations from it, being thus imparted, it remains that the reader be made acquainted with the determinate force of certain new marks peculiar to this work: their moſt frequent uſe is in the drama, to which therefore he will have recourſe for examples; ſome too are in the ballad, which is alſo dramatic. In the firſt place, there ſeem'd to be much want of a particular note of punctuation to diſtinguiſh irony; which is often ſo delicately couch'd as to eſcape the notice even of the attentive reader, and betray him into error: ſuch a note is therefore introduc'd; being a point ranging with the top of the letter, as the full ſtop is a point ranging with the bottom: That it is already a note of punctuation in another language is ſo far from a juſt objection, that it ought rather enforce a uſe of it in our own. A ſimilar arrangement of a mark, call'd by the printers a daſh or break, affords a new diſtinction: This in present usage is ſingle, and put always in the middle: in this work it is otherwise; ranging ſometimes with the top, and then it ſerves the purposes to which it has been hitherto aſſign'd; and ſometimes with the bottom, and has a new ſignification: All dramatic works abound in ſingle ſpeeches that paſs from one perſon to another, often to very many; which cannot be underſtood, unleſs this point likewise be known and attended to: the mark ſpoken of is deſtin'd to this

ſervice; wherever it occurs, it denotes conſtantly a change of the addreſs; if it be at all ambiguous to whom the words are ſpoken, a name is added; but it is in moſt caſes ſufficient to mark where the change begins, and where it ends, if not with the ſpeech; for to perſons of the leaſt intelligence the context will ſpeak the reſt. A third mark is, the croſs: This, when it has one bar only, is ſignificant of a thing ſhown or pointed to; when two, of a thing deliver'd: and they are ſeverally plac'd exactly at the very word at which it is proper the pointing be made, or the delivery ſhould take effect. The laſt, and moſt extenſively uſeful, of the marks introduc'd is, the double inverted comma; which do conſtantly and invariably denote in this work that the words they are prefix'd to are ſpoke apart or aſide, and have no other ſignification whatſoever. It is hop'd, that when these new-invented marks are a little conſider'd, they will be found by the candid and diſcerning to be no improper ſubſtitutes to those marginal directions that have hitherto obtain'd; which are both a blemiſh to the page they ſtand in, and inadequate to the end propos'd.

And thus much of the work in general: Something muſt now be added concerning each of the poems of which it is compos'd, and the reader ſhall then be diſmiſſ'd to receive his better entertainment from them. The Ballad was certainly written in the beginning of the ſixteenth century, and not

ſooner: the curious in these matters, who ſhall conceive a doubt of what is here aſſerted through remembrance of what he has ſeen advanc'd by a poet of late days, is desir'd to look into the works of the great Sir *Thomas More*, and, particularly, into a poem that ſtands at the head of them, and from thence receive conviction; if ſameneſs of rythmus, ſameneſs of orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, be capable of giving it. The Induction will ſtand in need of ſomewhat a larger preface, to let the reader into the circumſtances that produc'd it: He is then to know, that the book it is taken from is divided into two parts; in the ſecond of which ſtands this poem, an induction or introduction to the particular hiſtory of *Henry* duke of *Buckingham*, the accomplice and victim of the third *Richard:* but it was intended by the author, that it ſhould be a general introduction to all the hiſtories; and that the book ſhould be new caſt, beginning with this complaint of *Buckingham*, and going backward to the conqueſt: which intention of his was never executed, ſo that the poem comes in aukwardly enough towards the middle of the ſecond part: The firſt part was printed by itſelf in the year 1559; and again in 1563, with addition of the ſecond part; and in the interval between those years was the Induction compos'd: *Gorboduc* (call'd, in the firſt edition of it, the tragedy of *Ferrex* and *Porrex*) was written within the ſame period, by this author, *Sackvile*, and

Thomas Norton, jointly. A very great liberty has been taken with this poem by the editor, for which it is proper he ſhould make ſome apology: what he has done is nothing leſs than the throwing out of four entire ſtanzas, and parcel of a fifth; his reason, for that they were ſo weak, and diſgrac'd with other blemiſhes, that he fear'd they would diſcourage the reader from perusal of what remains, and prepoſſeſs him againſt the whole: the connection is not deſtroy'd by the omiſſion; and who ſhall think it a defect may easily cure it from ſome old edition, which are nothing ſcarce. The poem that follows will ſtand in danger of running into a like diſgrace with the reader, by reason of that indelicacy which is but too visible in many parts of it, unleſs he be firſt warn'd that it was the general vice of the author's time, and ſhall from that conſideration be kindly induc'd to make ſome allowances: It is likewise a poſthumous work, (appearing firſt in that edition which is at the head of those the editor has conſulted) as is evident, among other circumſtances, from the following verſes, parcel of a collection which preceed the poem;

Encomium of the Wife a Widow.

This perfect creature, to the eaſtern uſe,
liv'd, whilſt a wife, retir'd from common ſhow;
not that her lover fear'd the leaſt abuſe,
but, with the wiſeſt, knew it fitter ſo:
ſince, fall'n a widow, and a zealous one,
ſhe would have ſacrific'd herſelf agen;

but, importun'd to life, is now alone
lov'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise ſingle men:
which *&c.*

And it's being a poſthumous work will account for another imperfection which is noted in the present edition: two of the ſtanzas (*viz.* the laſt in *p.* 11, and the ſecond in *p.* 12.) would, perhaps, have been expung'd by the author, had he ſent it to the preſs himſelf: they are here put between hooks, ſignifying rejection; and it is recommended to the reader to conſider, whether, by ſo doing, that member of the poem is not abundantly clearer. The pieces that have been mention'd are thrown together, and made a firſt part, with a view to the reader's further gratification; that he may, with the greater convenience, have the pleasure of obſerving in them the different ſtate of our language at the beginning, middle, and end, of one and the ſame century. But what ſhall be ſaid of the poem that conſtitutes the ſecond part? or how ſhall the curioſity be ſatiſfy'd, which it is probable may have been rais'd by the great Name inſerted in the title-page? That it was indeed written by SHAKESPEARE, it cannot be ſaid with candour that there is any external evidence at all: ſomething of proof arises from resemblance between the ſtile of his earlier performances and of the work in queſtion; and a more concluſive one yet from conſideration of the time it appear'd in, in which there was no known writer equal to ſuch a play: the fable of it

too is taken from the ſame books which that author is known to have follow'd in ſome other plays; to wit, *Holinſhed*'s Chronicle, and a book of novels call'd the Palace of Pleaſure: But, after all, it muſt be confeſſ'd that it's being his work is conjecture only, and matter of opinion; and the reader muſt form one of his own, guided by what is now before him, and by what he ſhall meet with in perusal of the piece itſelf. The poems in the third part are printed page for page after the old editions: In the margin of those editions there are ſome ſcraps of an imperfect and ill-form'd analyſis, which cannot by any poſſibility be thought the production of the great author himſelf, but of his printer or publiſher: it has therefore been presum'd to ſubſtitute a compleater, form'd in a ſmall degree upon ſome parts of the old one; and to place it both in the margin ſeparately, and jointly before the poems, that it may be read and conſider'd at one view: These admirable pieces ſeem to have been compos'd about the year 1596, three years before their publication; which presumption is grounded upon the words of a compliment, that may be ſeen at *p.* 16, pay'd to the lord keeper *Egerton* upon his receiving the ſeals, which was done in that year. It ſhall not be conceal'd, that the above remarks, which are chiefly chronological, are made with an eye to certain contrary aſſertions advanc'd by authors of character; ſome of which appear to be ſomething more than miſ-

takes, and deserve a name that ſhall not be given them.

Nothing more remains, but that the reader be now requeſted to treat with indulgence the defects that he will certainly eſpy in whatever is of the editor's composition; and to regard ſolely his plan, and his integrity in the purſuit of it: upon them he founds his claim to a favourable reception of the enſuing pieces: The firſt, and laſt, will content the moſt delicate: the play has many ſtriking parts in it, not unworthy of the pen they are ſuppos'd to come from; and is, at worſt, a curioſity of which the greater part of the world has no knowledge: and All anſwer the editor's chief intent; which was, to exhibit a ſpecimen of what he conceiv'd ought to be found in that work which would truly merit the name of an edition.

Jul. 20*th*, 1759.

Prolusions;
Part I.

The notbrowne Mayde;
Maſter Sackvile's *Induction*;
and, Overbury's *Wife*.

The notbrowne Mayde.

a.

Be it ryght, or wrong,
these men among
on woman do complayne;
affyrmynge this—
how that it is
a labour ſpent in vayne,
to love them wele;
for never a dele
they love a man agayne:
for late a man
do what he can,
theyr favour to attayne,
yet, yf a newe
do them purſue,
theyr fyrſt true lover than
laboureth for nought;
for from her thought
he is a banyſhed man.

14 to them 17 tought

13.

I ſay nat, nay,
but that all day
it is bothe writ and ſayd,
that womens fayth
is, as who ſayth,
all utterly decayed:
but, nevertheleſſe,
ryght good wytnèſſe
in this caſe myght be layed,
that they love true,
and continùe;
recorde the notbrowne mayde;
which, whan her love
came, her to prove,
to her to make his mone,
wolde nat depart;
for in her hart
ſhe loved but hym alone.

14.

Than betwayne us
late us dyſcus
what was all the manère
betwayne them two;
we wyll alſo
tell all the payne, and fere,
that ſhe was in:
Nowe I begyn,
ſo that ye me anſwère;—

9 in his caſe 24 payne in fere

Wherfore, all ye
that preſent be,
I pray you, gyve an ere:—
I am the knyght;
I come by nyght,
as ſecret as I can;
ſayinge,—Alas,
thus ſtandeth the caſe,
I am a banyſhed man.

B.

And I your wyll
for to fulfyll
in this wyll nat refuse;
truſtynge to ſhewe
in wordes fewe,
that men have an yll use
(to theyr owne ſhame)
women to blame,
and causeleſſe them accuse:
Therfore to you
I anſwere nowe,
all women to excuse,—
Myne owne hart dere,
with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[3] your gyve

A.

It ſtandeth ſo;
a dede is do,
wherof grete harme ſhall growe:
My deſtiny
is for to dy
a ſhamefull deth, I trowe;
or elles to fle:
the one muſt be;
none other way I knowe,
but to withdrawe
as an outlawe,
and take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue,
my owne hart true!
none other rede I can;
for I muſt to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

O Lorde, what is
this worldys blyſſe,
that chaungeth as the mone!
the ſomers day
in luſty May
is derked before the none.—
I here you ſay,
farewell; Nay, nay,
we départ nat ſo ſone:

[2] as dede [15] red [21] chaūged [24] the mone

Why ſay ye ſo?
wheder wyll ye go?
alas, what have ye done?
all my welfare
to ſorowe and care
ſholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

I can beleve,
it ſhall you greve,
and ſomwhat you dyſtrayne:
but, afterwarde,
your paynes harde
within a day or twayne
ſhall ſone aſlake;
and ye ſhall take
comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought?
for, to make thought,
your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do;
and pray you to,
as hartely as I can;
for I muſt to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

[3] ye one [6] where

B.

Now, ſyth that ye
have ſhewed to me
the ſecret of your mynde,
I ſhall be playne
to you agayne,
lyke as ye ſhall me fynde:
Syth it is ſo
that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
ſhall it never be ſayd,
the notbrowne mayd
was to her love unkynde:
make you redy;
for ſo am I,
allthought it were anone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede
to take good hede
what men wyll thynke and ſay:
Of yonge and olde
it ſhall be tolde,
that ye be gone away;
your wanton wyll
for to fulfill,
in grene wode you to play;

and that ye myght
from your delyght
no lenger make delay:
Rather than ye
ſholde thus for me
be called an yll womàn,
yet wolde I to
the grene wode go,
alone, a baniſhed man.

B.

Though it be ſonge
of olde and yonge,
that I ſholde be to blame,
theyrs be the charge
that ſpeke ſo large
in hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll proue,
that faythfull loue
it is deuoyd of ſhame;
in your dyſtreſſe,
and heuyneſſe,
to part with you, the ſame;
to ſhewe all tho
that do nat ſo,
true louers are they none:
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I loue but you alone.

22 all to 24 Towe louers

A.

I counceyle you,
remember howe
it is no maydens lawe,
nothynge to dout,
but to renne out
to wode with an outlàwe:
for ye muſt there
in your hand here
a bowe, redy to drawe;
and, as a thefe,
thus muſt you lyve,
ever in drede and awe;
wherby to you
grete harme myght growe:
yet had I lever than,
that I had to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay,
but as ye ſay,
it is no maydens lore:
But love may make
me, for your ſake,
as I have ſayd before,
to come on fote,
to hunt, and ſhote,
to gete us mete in ſtore;

for ſo that I
your company
may have, I aſke no more:
from which to part,
it maketh my hart
as colde as ony ſtone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

For an outlawe
this is the lawe,—
that men hym take and bynde;
without pytè
hanged to be,
and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had nede,
(as God forbede!)
what ſocours coude ye fynde?
forſoth, I trowe,
ye and your bowe
for fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle;
for lytell avayle
were in your counceyle than:
wherfore I wyll to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Ryght wele knowe ye,
that women be
but feble for to fyght;
no womanhede
it is, indede,
to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in ſuch fere
yf that ye were
with enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withſtande,
with bowe in hande,
to helpe ye with my myght,
and you to ſave;
as women have
from deth many a one;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede;
for ever I drede
that ye coude nat ſuſtayne
the thornie wayes,
the depe valèies,
the ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
the colde, the hete:
for, dry, or wete,
ye muſt lodge on the playne;

24 froſt & rayne 26 dry nor wete

and, us above,
none other rofe
but a brake buſh, or twayne:
which ſone ſholde greve
you, I beleve;
and ye wolde gladly than
that I had to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Syth I have here
bene partynère
with you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo
parte of your wo
endure, as reson is:
Yet am I ſure
of one plesùre;
and, ſhortely, it is this,—
that, where ye be,
me ſemeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amyſſe.
Without more ſpeche,
I you beſeche
that we were ſhortely gone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

11 partynre 19 were

A.

Yf ye go thyder,
ye muſt conſyder,—
Whan ye have luſt to dyne,
there ſhall no mete,
be for to gete,
neyther bere, ale, ne wyne;
ne ſhetes clene
to lye betwene,
maden of threde and twyne;
none other house,
but leves and bowes,
to cover your hed and myne:
O myne hart ſwete,
this evyll dyète
ſholde make you pale and wan;
wherfore I wyll to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere,
ſuch an archère
as men ſay that ye be,
may ye nat fayle
of good vitayle,
where is ſo grete plentè:
and water clere
of the ryvère
ſhall be full ſwete to me;

9 Mayde of 13 Lo myn 15 whan

with which in hele
I ſhall ryght wele
endure, as ye ſhall ſee:
and, or we go,
a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before,
ye muſt do more,
yf ye wyll go with me:
as cut your here
above your ere,
your kyrtel above the kne;
with bowe in hande,
for to withſtande
your enemyes, yf nede be:
and, the ſame nyght,
before day-lyght,
to wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll
all this fulfill,
do it ſhortely as ye can;
els wyll I to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

[24] Do it as ſhortly

B.

I ſhall as nowe
do more for you
than longeth to womanhede;
to ſhorte my here,
a bowe to bere,
to ſhote in tyme of nede: —
O my ſwete mother,
before all other
for you I have moſt drede:
but nowe, adue!
I muſt enſue
where fortune doth me lede. —
All this make ye:
Nowe let us fle;
the day cometh faſt upon;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

M.

Nay, nay, nat ſo;
ye ſhall nat go,
and I ſhall tell you why,—
Your appetyght
is to be lyght
of love, I wele eſpy:
for, lyke as ye
have ſayed to me,
in lyke wyse hardely

[3] That [5] above to ere [24] Of my love

ye wolde anſwère
whoſoever it were,
in way of company.
It is ſayd of olde,—
ſone hote, ſone colde;
and ſo is a womàn:
for I muſt to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

V.

Yf ye take hede,
it is no nede
ſuch wordes to ſay by me;
for oft ye prayed,
and longe aſſayed,
or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I
of aunceſtry
a barons daughter be,
yet have you proved
howe I you loved,
a ſquyer of lowe degre;
and ever ſhall,
whatſo befall;
to dy therfore anone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

19 Wed

A.

A barons chylde
to be begylde!
it were a curſed dede:
to be felàwe
with an outlàwe!
almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were,
the pore ſquyère
alone to foreſt yede,
than ye ſholde ſay
another day,
that by my curſed dede
ye were betrayed:
Wherfore, good mayd,
the beſt rede that I can,
is, that I to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Whatever befall,
I never ſhall
of this thyng you outbrayd:
but yf ye go,
and leve me ſo,
than have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele
howe that ye dele;
for, yf ye be as ye ſayd,

ye were unkynde,
to leve me behynde,
your love, the notbrowne mayd.
Truſt me truly,
that I ſhall dy
ſone after ye be gone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went,
ye ſholde repent;
for in the foreſt nowe
I have purvayed
me of a mayd,
whom I love more than you;
another fayrère
than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
and of you bothe
eche ſholde be wrothe
with other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese,
to lyve in pese;
ſo wyll I, yf I can;
wherfore I to
the wode wyll go,
alone, a banyſhed man.

3.

Though in the wode
I undyrſtode
ye had a paramour,
all this may nought
remove my thought,
but that I wyll be your:
and ſhe ſhall fynde
me ſoft, and kynde,
and courteys every hour;
glad to fulfyll
all that ſhe wyll
commaunde me, to my power:
For had ye, lo,
an hundred mo,
yet wolde I be that one;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

4.

Myne owne dere love,
I ſe the prove
that ye be kynde, and true;
of mayde, and wyfe,
of all my lyfe,
the beſt that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad,
be no more ſad,
the caſe is chaunged newe;

for it were ruthe,
that, for your truthe,
ye ſholde have cause to rewe:
Be nat diſmayed;
whatſoever I ſayd
to you, whan I began,
I wyll nat to
the grene wode go,
I am no banyſhed man.

B.

These tydings be
more gladder to me
than to be made a quene,
yf I were ſure
they ſholde endure:
but it is often ſene,
whan men wyll breke
promyse, they ſpeke
the wordes on the ſplene:
Ye ſhape ſome wyle,
me to begyle,
and ſtele from me, I wene:
than were the caſe
worſe than it was,
and I more wo-begone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

[3] that ye

A.

Ye ſhall nat nede
further to drede;
I wyll nat dyſparage
you, (God defend!)
ſyth ye deſcend
of ſo grete lynyage.
Nowe undyrſtande,—
to Weſtmarlande,
which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge;
and with a rynge,
by way of maryage
I wyll you take;
and lady make,
as ſhortely as I can:
than have you won
an erlys ſon,
and no banyſhed man.

B.

Here may ye ſe,
that women be,
in love, meke, kynde, and ſtable:
Late never man
reprove them than,
- - - - - - - -
but, rather, pray
God, that we may
to them be comfortable,

6 lynage 17 perles 27 To hym be

which ſometyme proved
ſuch as he loved,
yf they be charytable.
Forſoth, men wolde
that women ſholde
be meke to them ech one;
moche more ought they
to God obey,
and ſerve but hym alone.

Advertisement.

The editor has ſeen no perfect copy of the book in which this ballad is printed: that which he made uſe of was perfect in the ballad, but exceedingly defective in other places; another, and that the neareſt compleat of any copy that has come to his hands, (for he has ſeen three) was in a ſale catalogue of Mr. *Osborne* of *Gray*'s inn, bookſeller, for the year 1758, Vol. 1ſt, N° 1025: It was a ſmall, thin, folio, in a black letter; and in the firſt blank leaf of it was written — *Suum cuiq.* | *Tho. Hearne* | *The Cuſtomes of London, or Arnolde's Chronicle* — in the hand-writing of that antiquarian: it began with a table of contents, (ſign. A. ii.) of three leaves; after which, (at ſign. B. i.) follow'd —

The names of the Baylyfs. Cuſtos. Mayres and Sereſs of | the cyte of London from the tyme of kynge Rycharde the fyrſt | called Cure de Lyon / whiche was crowned the iii. day of Septem= | bre The yere of our lorde god xi. C· Lxxxix. Ca. primo.

Baylyfs. Henry cornhyll Rychardſone reynery the fyrſt yere of his regne and this table,

or liſt of names, (which is intermix'd with a ſort of chronicle) concludes, at C. iv, with theſe words,—

Johñ kyem Johñ ſkevyngton ſheryfs the xii. yere. (i. e. *of* Henry *the eighth.*)

Johñ Bryggys mayre.

This yere Galy halfpens was banyſſhed out of england & whete | was worthe xviii. s. a quarter

And this yere one Luther was ac- | countyd an eretyck and on a ſonday that was the xii. day of Maii. | in the preſence of the lorde legate and many

other bysshops and lor- | dys of englande the sayd Luther was openly declared an heretyck at | powlys crosse and all his bokes burnyd.

These extracts may serve for a *notitia* of the edition, in lieu of a title-page; and the last will fix the date of it: for it is highly probable, that it was printed in the year there mention'd, *viz.* *A.* 1521; or, at fartheſt, the year after; the type, and all other marks, according therewith. The ballad is at sign. M. vi, (length, three leaves) and has there no title; but is call'd, in the table of contents, — A ballade of the nutbrowne mayde. The form in which it is printed is exemplify'd in the ſtanza that follows, with which the ballad concludes: —

Here may ye se / that womē be. In love meke kynd & stable
Late never man / reprove thē thā.
But rather pray / god that we may. To hym be cōfortable
Whiche somtyme proved / suche as he loved. If they be charytable
Forsoth mē wolde / that womē sholde. Be meke to thē ech one
Moche more ought they / to god obey. And serve but hym alone.

But it is to be noted, that this particular ſtanza is not printed, in the copy, exactly as it is here ſet down; but is put by the editor into the method of all the other ſtanzas, for the purpose above-recited.

Conjectural Readings.

p.	*l.*	
	3.	women
8,	15.	*although*
11,	19.	*for ſothe*
	25.	*I'll to*
12,	9.	*day and nyght,*
	27.	*we muſt*
13,	3.	*brake, buſh,*
14,	16.	*I'll to*
15,	19.	*this ſame*
18,	7.	*Yea,*
	21.	*upbrayd:*
19,	2.	dele, *me*
20,	23.	*in all*
22,	6.	*a lynage.*
	16.	*thus have*
	18.	*and not a banyſhed man.*

Maſter Sackvile's *Induction.*

The wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
with bluſtering blaſts had all ybar'd the treen;
and old *Saturnus*, with his froſty face,
with chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green,
the mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
the gladſome groves, that now lay overthrown,
the tapets torn, and every bloom down blown:

the ſoil, that erſt ſo ſeemly was to ſeen,
was all deſpoiled of her beauty's hue;
and ſoot-freſh flowers, wherewith the ſummer's queen
had clad the earth, now *Boreas'* blaſts down blew;
and ſmall fowls, flocking, in their ſongs did rue
the winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd
in woeful wise bewail'd the ſummer paſt:

hawthorn had loſt his motley livery,
the naked twigs were ſhivering all for cold;
and, dropping down the tears abundantly,
each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
the cruel ſeason, bidding me withhold
myſelf within, for I was gotten out
into the fields whereas I walk about.

When, lo, the night, with miſty mantles ſpread,
'gan dark the day and dim the azure ſkies;
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and *Phaeton* now, near reaching to his race, [bent,
with gliſtering beams gold-ſtreaming where they
was preſt to enter in his reſting place;
Erithius, that in the cart firſt went,
had even now attain'd his journey's ſtent,
and, faſt declining, hid away his head,
while *Titan* couch'd him in his purple bed:

and pale *Cynthia*, with her borrow'd light,
beginning to ſupply her brother's place,
was paſt the noon-ſtead ſix degrees in ſight;
when ſparkling ſtars, amid the heaven's face,
with twinkling light ſhone on the earth apace,
that, while they brought about the nightys chair,
the dark had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And ſorrowing I to ſee the ſummer flowers,
the lively green, the luſty leas, forelorn;
the ſturdy trees ſo ſhatter'd with the ſhowers;
the fields ſo fade, that flouriſh'd ſo beforne;
it taught me well, all earthly things be born
to die the death: for nought long time may laſt;
the ſummer's beauty yields to winter's blaſt.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams
with nightys ſtars thick-powder'd every where,
which erſt ſo gliſten'd with the golden ſtreams
that chearful *Phœbus* ſpread down from his ſphere,
beholding dark oppreſſing day ſo near,
the ſudden ſight reduced to my mind
the ſundry changes that in earth we find:

that, musing on this worldly wealth in thought,—
which comes, and goes, more faſter than we ſee
the flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,—
my busy mind presented unto me
ſuch fall of peers as in this realm had be;
that oft I wiſh'd, ſome would their woes deſcrive,
to warn the reſt whom fortune left alive.

And ſtraight forth ſtalking with redoubl'd pace,—
for that I ſaw the night drew on ſo faſt,—
in black all clad, there fell before my face
a piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaſte;
forth from her eyen the cryſtal tears outbraſt;
and, ſighing ſore, her hands ſhe wrong and fold,
tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body ſmall, forewither'd, and foreſpent,
as is the ſtalk that ſummer's drought oppreſſ'd;
her welked face with woeful tears beſprent;
her colour pale; and, as it 'ſeem'd her beſt,
in woe and plaint reposed was her reſt;
and, as the ſtone that drops of water wears,
ſo dented were her cheeks with fall of tears:

ſwollen her eyes, with flowing ſtreams afloat;
wherewith, her looks thrown up full piteouſly,
her forceleſs hands together oft ſhe ſmote,
with doleful ſhrieks that echo'd in the ſky;
whose plaint ſuch ſighs did ſtraight accompany,
that, in my doom, was never man did ſee
a wight but half ſo woe-begone as ſhe.

I ſtood agaſt, beholding all her plight,
'tween dread and dolour ſo diſtrain'd in heart,
that, while my hairs upſtarted with the ſight,
the tears out-ſtream'd for ſorrow of her ſmart:
but, when I ſaw no end that could appart
the deadly deule which ſhe ſo ſore did make,
with doleful voice then thus to her I ſpake.

Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
and ſtint betime to ſpill thyſelf with plaint:
tell what thou art, and whence; for well I ſee,
thou can'ſt not dure, with ſorrow thus attaint:
And, with that word of ſorrow, all forefaint
ſhe looked up; and, proſtrate as ſhe lay,
with piteous ſound, lo, thus ſhe 'gan to ſay.

Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou ſee'ſt diſtrain'd
with waſting woes that never ſhall aſlake,—
Sorrow *I am; in endleſs torments pain'd*
among the furies in the infernal lake,
where Pluto *god of hell ſo grisly black*
doth hold his throne, and Lethe's *deadly taſte*
doth reve remembrance of each thing forepaſt:

Whence come I am, the dreary deſtiny
and luckleſs lot for to bemoan of those
whom fortune, in this maze of misery,
of wretched chance moſt woeful mirrours chose;
that, when thou ſee'ſt how lightly they did lose
their pomp, their power, and that they thought moſt ſure,
thou may'ſt ſoon deem no earthly thing may dure.

Whose rueful voice no ſooner had outbray'd
those woeful words wherewith ſhe ſorrow'd ſo,
but out, alas, ſhe ſhright, and never ſtay'd,
fell down, and all to daſh'd herſelf for woe:
the cold pale dread my limbs 'gan overgo;
and I ſo ſorrow'd at her ſorrows eft,
that, what with grief, and fear, my wits were reft.

I ſtretch'd myſelf, and ſtraight my heart revives,
that dread and dolour erſt did ſo appale;
like him that with the fervent fever ſtrives,
when ſickneſs ſeeks his caſtle health to ſcale;
with gather'd ſp'rits ſo forc'd I fear to avale':
and, rearing her, with anguiſh all foredone,
my ſp'rits return'd, and then I thus begun.

O, Sorrow, *alas, ſith* Sorrow *is thy name,*
and that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
in vain it were to ſeek to ceaſe the ſame:
but, as a man himſelf with ſorrow ſlain,
ſo I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,
that here in ſorrow art foreſonk ſo deep
that at thy ſight I can but ſigh and weep.

I had no ſooner ſpoken of a ſtike,
but that the ſtorm ſo rumbl'd in her breaſt
as *Æolus* could never roar the like;
and ſhowers down rained from her eyen ſo faſt,
that all bedrent the place; 'till, at the laſt,
well eased they the dolour of her mind,
as rage of rain doth 'ſwage the ſtormy wind:

for forth ſhe paced in her fearful tale:
Come, come, quoth ſhe, *and ſee what I ſhall ſhow;*
come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
of worthy men by fortune overthrow;
come thou, and ſee them ruing all in row:
they were but ſhades, that erſt in mind thou rold;
come, come with me, thine eyes ſhall them behold.

What could these words but make me more agaſt,
to hear her tell whereon I mus'd while-ere,
ſo was I maz'd therewith? 'till, at the laſt,
musing upon her words, and what they were,
all ſuddenly well leſſon'd was my fear;
for to my mind retorned, how ſhe tell'd
both what ſhe was and where her won ſhe held;

whereby I knew that ſhe a goddeſs was:
and, therewithal, resorted to my mind
my thought, that late presented me the glaſs
of brittle ſtate, of cares that here we find,
of thousand woes to ſilly men aſſign'd;
and how ſhe now bid me come and behold,
to ſee with eye that erſt in thought I rold.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
adored her; perceiving now, that ſhe,
a goddeſs, ſent by godly providence,
in earthly ſhape thus ſhow'd herſelf to me,
to wail and rue this world's uncertainty:
and, while I honour'd thus her godhead's might,
with plaining voice these words to me ſhe ſhright.

I ſhall thee guide firſt to the grisly lake,
and thence unto the bliſsful place of reſt;
where thou ſhalt ſee, and hear, the plaint they make
that whilome here bare ſwing among the beſt:
this ſhalt thou ſee; but great is the unreſt
that thou muſt 'bide, before thou can'ſt attain
unto the dreadful place where these remain.

And, with these words, as I upraised ſtood,
and 'gan to follow her that ſtraight forth pac'd,
ere I was ware, into a desert wood
we now were come; where, hand in hand embrac'd,
ſhe led the way, and through the thick ſo trac'd,
as, but I had been guided by her might,
it was no way for any mortal wight.

But, lo, while thus amid the desert dark
we paſſed on with ſteps and pace unmeet,
a rumbling roar, confus'd with howl and bark
of dogs, ſhook all the ground under our feet,
and ſtrook the din within our ears ſo deep,
as, half diſtraught, unto the ground I fell,
beſought return, and not to visit hell.

But ſhe forthwith, uplifting me apace,
remov'd my dread, and, with a ſtedfaſt mind,
bad me come on; for here was now the place,
the place where we our travel end ſhould find:
wherewith I rose, and to the place aſſign'd
aſtoin'd I ſtalk; when ſtraight we approached near
the dreadful place that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole,—all vaſt, withouten ſhape,
of endleſs depth, o'erwhelm'd with ragged ſtone,—
with ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,
and to our ſight confounds itſelf in one:
here enter'd we; and, yeding forth, anone
an horrible lothly lake we might discern,
as black as pitch, that cleped is *Averne:*

A deadly gulf; where nought but rubbiſh grows,
with foul black ſwelth in thicken'd lumps that lies;
which up i' the air ſuch ſtinking vapours throws,
that over there may fly no fowl but dies,
choak'd with the peſtilent ſavours that arise.
Hither we come; whence forth we ſtill did pace,
in dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And, firſt, within the porch and jaws of hell
  ſat deep *Remorſe of conſcience*, all beſprent
with tears; and to herſelf oft would ſhe tell
  her wretchedneſs, and, curſing, never ſtent
  to ſob and ſigh, but ever thus lament
with thoughtful care; as ſhe that, all in vain,
would wear and waſte continually in pain:

Her eyes unſtedfaſt, rolling here and there, [brought,
  whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance
ſo was her mind continually in fear,
  toſt and tormented with the tedious thought
  of those deteſted crimes which ſhe had wrought;
with dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the ſky,
wiſhing for death, and yet ſhe could not die.

Next, ſaw we *Dread*, all trembling how he ſhook,
  with foot uncertain, profer'd here and there;
benumb'd of ſpeech; and, with a gaſtly look,
  ſearch'd every place, all pale and dead for fear,
  his cap born up with ſtaring of his hair;
'ſtoin'd and amaz'd at his own ſhade for dread,
and fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake
  ſat fell *Revenge*, gnaſhing her teeth for ire;
devising means how ſhe may vengeance take;
  never in reſt, 'till ſhe have her desire;
  but frets within ſo far forth with the fire
of wreaking flames, that now determines ſhe
to die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
had ſhow'd herſelf, as next in order ſet,
with trembling limbs we ſoftly parted thence,
'till in our eyes another ſight we met;
when fro my heart a ſigh forthwith I fet,
ruing, alas, upon the woeful plight
of *Misery*, that next appear'd in ſight:

His face was lean, and ſome-deal pin'd away,
and eke his hands conſumed to the bone;
but, what his body was, I cannot ſay,
for on his carkaſs rayment had he none,
ſave clouts and patches pieced one by one;
with ſtaff in hand, and ſcrip on ſhoulders caſt,
his chief defence againſt the winter's blaſt:

his food, for moſt, was wild fruits of the tree,
unleſs ſometime ſome crums fell to his ſhare,
which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
as on the which full daint'ly would he fare;
his drink, the running ſtream; his cup, the bare
of his palm clos'd; his bed, the hard cold ground:
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched ſtate when we had well beheld,
with tender ruth on him, and on his feers,
in thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And, by and by, another ſhape appears
of greedy *Care*, ſtill bruſhing up the breers;
his knuckles knob'd, his fleſh deep dinted in,
with tawed hands, and hard ytanned ſkin:

the morrow grey no ſooner hath begun
to ſpread his light, e'en peeping in our eyes,
but he is up, and to his work yrun;
but let the night's black miſty mantles riſe,
and with foul dark never ſo much diſguise
the fair bright day, yet ceaſeth he no while,
but hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy *Sleep*, the cousin of Death,
flat on the ground, and ſtill as any ſtone,
a very corpſe, ſave yielding forth a breath;
ſmall keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
or whom ſhe lifted up into the throne
of high renown, but, as a living death,
ſo, dead alive, of life he drew the breath:

the body's reſt, the quiet of the heart,
the travel's ease, the ſtill night's feer was he,
and of our life in earth the better part;
rever of ſight, and yet in whom we ſee
things oft that chance and oft that never be;
without reſpect, eſteemed equally
king *Crœſus*' pomp and *Irus*' poverty.

And next, in order ſad, *Old-age* we found:
his beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
with drooping cheer ſtill poring on the ground,
as on the place where nature him aſſign'd
to reſt, when that the ſiſters had untwin'd
his vital thread, and ended with their knife
the fleeting courſe of faſt-declining life:

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
  rue with himſelf his end approaching faſt,
and all for nought his wretched mind torment
  with ſweet remembrance of his pleaſures paſt,
  and freſh delights of luſty youth forewaſte;
Recounting which, how would he ſob and ſhriek,
and to be young again of *Jove* beſeek?

but, an' the cruel fates ſo fixed be
  that time forepaſt cannot return again,
this one requeſt of *Jove* yet prayed he,—
  That, in ſuch wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
  as eld, accompany'd with her lothſome train,
had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
he might a while yet linger forth his lief,

and not ſo ſoon deſcend into the pit;
  where Death, when he the mortal corpſe hath ſlain,
with rechleſs hand in grave doth cover it;
  thereafter never to enjoy again
  the gladſome light, but, in the ground ylain,
in depth of darkneſs waſte and wear to nought,
as he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had ſeen him ſobbing how he ſtood
  unto himſelf, and how he would bemoan
his youth forepaſt,—as though it wrought him good
  to talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,—
  he would have mus'd, and marvel'd much, whereon
this wretched Age ſhould life desire ſo fain,
and knows full well life doth but length his pain:

crook-back'd he was, tooth-ſhaken, and blear-ey'd;
went on three feet, and, ſometime, crept on four;
with old lame bones, that rattl'd by his ſide;
his ſcalp all pil'd, and he with eld forlore,
his wither'd fiſt ſtill knocking at death's door;
fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath;
for brief, the ſhape and meſſenger of Death.

And faſt by him pale *Malady* was plac'd:
ſore ſick in bed, her colour all foregone;
bereft of ſtomack, ſavour, and of taſte,
ne could ſhe brook no meat but broths alone;
her breath corrupt; her keepers every one
abhorring her; her ſickneſs paſt recure,
deteſting physick, and all physick's cure.

But, o, the doleful ſight that then we ſee!
we turn'd our look, and on the other ſide
a grisly ſhape of *Famine* mought we ſee:
with greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cry'd
and roar'd for meat, as ſhe ſhould there have dy'd;
her body thin and bare as any bone,
whereto was left nought but the caſe alone,

and that, alas, was gnaw'n on every where,
all full of holes; that I ne mought refrain
from tears, to ſee how ſhe her arms could tear,
and with her teeth gnaſh on the bones in vain,
when, all for nought, ſhe fain would ſo ſuſtain
her ſtarven corpſe, that rather ſeem'd a ſhade
than any ſubſtance of a creature made:

Great was her force, whom ſtone-wall could not ſtay:
her tearing nails ſnatching at all ſhe ſaw;
with gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
be ſatiſfy'd from hunger of her maw,
but eats herſelf as ſhe that hath no law;
gnawing, alas, her carkaſs all in vain,
where you may count each ſinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
that bled for ruth of ſuch a dreary ſight,
lo, ſuddenly ſhe ſhright in ſo huge wise
as made hell gates to ſhiver with the might;
wherewith, a dart we ſaw, how it did light
right on her breaſt, and, therewithal, pale *Death*
enthrilling it, to reve her of her breath:

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpſe we ſaw,
heavy, and cold, the ſhape of Death aright,
that daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
againſt whose force in vain it is to fight;
ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
no towns, ne realms, cities, ne ſtrongeſt tower,
but all, perforce, muſt yield unto his power:

his dart, anon, out of the corpſe he took,
and in his hand (a dreadful ſight to ſee)
with great triùmph eftſoons the ſame he ſhook,
that moſt of all my fears affrayed me;
his body dight with nought but bones, pardy;
the naked ſhape of man there ſaw I plain,
all ſave the fleſh, the ſinew, and the vein.

Laſtly, ſtood *War*, in glittering arms yclad,
with viſage grim; ſtern look'd, and blackly hu'd:
in his right hand a naked ſword he had,
that to the hilts was all with blood imbru'd;
and in his left (that kings and kingdoms ru'd)
famine and fire he held, and therewithal
he razed towns, and threw down towers and all:

cities he ſack'd; and realms (that whilom flower'd
in honour, glory, and rule, above the reſt)
he overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
conſum'd, deſtroy'd, waſted, and never ceaſ'd
'till he their wealth their name and all oppreſſ'd:
his face forehew'd with wounds; and by his ſide
there hung his targe, with gaſhes deep and wide.

In mids of which depainted there we found
deadly Debate, all full of ſnaky hair
that with a bloody fillet was ybound,
outbreathing nought but diſcord every where:
and round about were pourtray'd, here and there,
the hugy hoſts; *Darius* and his power,
his kings, his princes, peers, and all his flower:

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Xerxes, the *Perſian* king, yet ſaw I there,
with his huge hoſt, that drank the rivers dry,
diſmounted hills, and made the vales uprear;
his hoſt and all yet ſaw I ſlain, pardy':
Thebes too I ſaw, all raz'd how it did lie
in heaps of ſtones; and *Tyrus* put to ſpoil,
with walls and towers flat-even'd with the ſoil.

But *Troy*, (alas!) methought, above them all,
it made mine eyes in very tears conſume;
when I beheld the woeful word befall,—
that by the wrathful will of gods was come,
and *Jove*'s unmoved ſentence and foredoom
on *Priam* king and on his town ſo bent,—
I could not lin but I muſt there lament;

and that the more, ſith deſtiny was ſo ſtern
as, force perforce, there might no force avail
but ſhe muſt fall: and, by her fall, we learn
that cities, towers, wealth, world, and all ſhall quail;
no manhood, might, nor nothing mought prevail;
all were there preſt full many a prince, and peer,
and many a knight that ſold his death full dear:

not worthy *Hector*, worthieſt of them all,
her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought:
O, *Troy*, *Troy*, Troy, there is no boot but bale!
the hugy horſe within thy walls is brought;
thy turrets fall; thy knights, that whilom fought
in arms amid the field, are ſlain in bed;
thy gods defil'd, and all thy honour dead:

The flames upſpring, and cruelly they creep
from wall to roof, 'till all to cinders waſte:
ſome fire the houses where the wretches ſleep;
ſome ruſh in here, ſome run in there as faſt;
in every where or ſword, or fire, they taſte:
the walls are torn, the towers whirl'd to the ground;
there is no miſchief, but may there be found.

Caſſandra yet there ſaw I how they hal'd
from *Pallas'* houſe, with ſpercl'd treſs undone,
her wriſts faſt bound, and with *Greek* rout impal'd;
and *Priam* eke, in vain how he did run
to arms, whom *Pyrrhus* with deſpite hath done
to cruel death, and bath'd him in the baign
of his ſon's blood before the altar ſlain.

But how can I deſcrive the doleful ſight
that in the ſhield ſo lively fair did ſhine?
ſith in this world, I think, was never wight
could have ſet forth the half not half ſo fine:
I can no more, but tell how there is ſeen
fair *Ilium* fall in burning red gledes down,
and, from the ſoil, great *Troy*, *Neptunus'* town.

Herefrom when ſcarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
that fill'd with tears as doth the ſpringing well,
we paſſed on ſo far forth 'till we ſaw
rude *Acheron*, a lothſome lake to tell,
that boils and bubs up ſwelth as black as hell;
where grisly *Charon*, at their fixed tide,
ſtill ferries ghoſts unto the farther ſide.

The aged god no ſooner *Sorrow* ſpy'd,
but, haſting ſtraight unto the bank apace,
with hollow call unto the rout he cry'd,
to ſwerve apart, and give the goddeſs place:
ſtraight it was done; when to the ſhore we pace,
where, hand in hand as we then linked faſt,
within the boat we are together plac'd;

and forth we launch, full-fraughted to the brink:
when, with the unwonted weight, the ruſty keel
began to crack, as if the ſame ſhould ſink:
we hoiſe up maſt and ſail, that in a while
we fet the ſhore; where ſcarcely we had while
for to arrive, but that we heard anone
a three-ſound bark confounded all in one:

We had not long forth paſſ'd, but that we ſaw
  black *Cerberus*, the hideous hound of hell,
with briſtles rear'd, and with a three-mouth'd jaw
  foredinning the ayer with his horrible yell,
  out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell:
the goddeſs ſtraight he knew; and, by and by,
he peac'd, and couch'd, whiles that we paſſed by.

Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
  the large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,
  the wide waſte places, and the hugy plain,
  the wailings, ſhrieks, and ſundry ſorts of pain,
the ſighs, and ſobs, the deep and deadly groan;
earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan:

here pul'd the babes, and here the maids unwed
  with folded hands their ſorry chance bewail'd;
here wept the guiltleſs ſlain, and lovers dead
  that ſlew themſelves when nothing elſe avail'd;
  a thousand ſorts of ſorrows here, that wail'd
with ſighs, and tears, ſobs, ſhrieks, and all yfere,
that (o, alas!) it was a hell to hear.

We ſtay'd us ſtraight, and, with a rueful fear,
  beheld this heavy ſight; while from mine eyes
the vapour'd tears down-ſtilled here and there;
  and *Sorrow* eke in far more woeful wise
  took on with plaint, upheaving to the ſkies
her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
'gan all in heaps to ſwarm us round about:

Lo, here (quoth *Sorrow*) *princes of renown,*
that whilom ſat on top of fortune's wheel,
now lay'd full low; like wretches whirled down
ev'n with one frown, that ſtay'd but with a ſmile:
and now behold the thing that thou erewhile
ſaw only in thought; and, what thou now ſhalt hear,
recount the ſame to Kesar, *king, and peer.*

Then firſt came *Henry* duke of *Buckingham,*—
his cloak of black all pil'd, and quite foreworn—
wringing his hands; and fortune oft doth blame,
which, of a duke, hath made him now her ſcorn;
with gaſtly looks, as one in manner lorn;
oft ſpread his arms, ſtretcht hands he joins as faſt,
with rueful cheer, and vapour'd eyes upcaſt:

his cloak he rent, his manly breaſt he beat,
his hair all torn about the place it lay;
my heart ſo molte to ſee his grief ſo great,
as feelingly, methought, it drop'd away;
his eyes they whirl'd about withouten ſtay;
with ſtormy ſighs the prince did ſo complain,
as if his heart at each had burſt in twain:

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
and thrice the ſighs did ſwallow up his voice;
at each of which he ſhrieked ſo withal,
as though the heavens rived with the noise;
'till at the laſt, recovering his voice,
ſupping the tears that all his breaſt berain'd,
on cruel fortune weeping thus he plain'd.

The Complaynt of Henrye duke of Buckingham.

Who truſtes to much in honours higheſt trone
And warely &c.

Editions, consulted:

* a. A MYRROUR FOR | Magiſtrates. | Wherein maye be ſeen by | example of other, with howe gre= | vous plages vices are puniſhed: and | howe fraple and unſtable worldly | proſperity is founde, even of | thoſe whom Fortune ſee= | meth moſt highly | to favour. | *Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* | *Anno.* 1563. | *Imprinted at London in Fleteſtrete* | *nere to Saynct Dunſtans Churche* | *by Thomas Marſhe.*

(4°. *b. l.* Cc. 4b. *Ded.)* Ded. *William Baldwin.*

b. A MYRROUR | *for Magiſtrates.* | Wherein may be ſeene by exam= | *ples paſſed in this realme, with* | howe greveous plagues, vyces | are puniſhed in great prin= | ces and magiſtrates, | and how fraple | and unſtable worldly proſperity | is founde, where Fortune | ſeemeth moſte highly | to favour. | Newly corrected and augmented. | Anno 1571. | Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum. | *Imprinted at London by* | *Thomas Marſhe dwellynge* | in Fleetſtreete, neare unto | S. Dūſtanes Churche.

(4°. *b. l.* x. 4b. *Ded.)* Ded. *W. B.*

p.	*f.*	*l.*		
	1,	7.	every tree down	b.
	2,	5.	fowl	
	3,	7.	walkte	a.
4;	4,	5.	ſhoen	a.
		6.	nights	b.
5;	1,	2.	leaſe	b.
	2,	2.	nights	b.
	3,	5.	the realme	b.
	4,	5.	Forth on her eyes	b.
6;	1,	4.	and *deeſt in*	b.
	3,	5.	aparte	a.
	4,	2.	ſtint in tyme	b.
7;	1,	6.	Lætheus	b.
	4,	4.	calſtell	b.
8;	1,	5.	the in	b.
	2,	4.	raind from her eies	b.
		6.	eaſd	b.
	3,	2.	ſheme,	a.
	4,	5.	leſſen'd	
9;	1,	5.	ſely	b.
		7.	be bold	
	2,	5.	worlds certainty :	b.
10;	2,	3.	heare	b.
		4.	travel's end	
		5.	I aroſe,	a.
		6.	aſtonn'd	
			we 'proached	
	4,	5.	peſtlent	b.
11;	2,	4.	the *deeſt in*	b.

12;	2,	6.	ſhoulder	b.
	3,	4.	he *deeſt in* he would	b.
	4,	4.	an ohter	a.
13;	3,	2.	feare	b.
14;	1,	1.	hard	b.
			broke	b.
15;	3,	1.	than	b.
	4,	1.	knawen	a.
16;	1,	3.	ne meanes	b.
	2,	1.	thus we	
		6.	therewith all	b.
17;	1,	1.	gilttering	b.
		5.	King and	b.
18;	4,	4.	God was	b.
19;	1,	2.	perfore,	a.
	2,	2.	naught.	b.
	3,	1.	upriſing,	b.
	4,	3.	*Greek* routs	
20;	1,	2.	livelike fayer	a.
	2,	1.	my eyes	b.
	3,	6.	than	b.
		7.	boote	b.
	4,	6.	hard	b.
21;	1,	7.	while	a.
	3,	1.	pewed	b.
22;	1,	2.	ſate on	b.

The Wife.

Each woman is a brief of womankind,
and doth in little even as much contain;
as, in one day and night, all life we find;
of either more is but the ſame again:
God fram'd her ſo, that, to her huſband, ſhe,
as *Eve*, ſhould all the world of women be.

So fram'd he both, that neither power he gave
uſe of themſelves, but by exchange, to make:
whence in their face the fair no pleasure have,
but by reflex of what thence other take;
our lips in their own kiſs no pleasure find,
toward their proper face our eyes are blind.

So God in *Eve* did perfect man begun;
'till then, in vain much of himſelf he had:
in *Adam* God created only one;
Eve, and the world to come, in *Eve* he made:
We are two halves: while each from other ſtrays,
both barren are; join'd, both their like can raise.

At firſt, both ſexes were in man combin'd,
man a ſhe man did in his body breed:
Adam was *Eve*'s, *Eve* mother of mankind;
Eve from live-fleſh, man did from duſt proceed:
One, thus made two, marriage doth re-unite,
and makes them both but one hermaphrodite.

Man did but the well-being of his life
from woman take, her being ſhe from man;
and therefore *Eve* created was a wife,
and at the end of all her ſex began;
marriage their object is: Their being then,
and now perfection, they receive from men.

Marriage,—to all whose joys two parties be;
and doubl'd are, by being parted ſo;
wherein the very act is chaſtity,
whereby two ſouls into one body go:
which makes two one, while here they living be;
and after death, in their poſterity.

God to each man a private woman gave,
that in that center his desires might ſtint;
that he a comfort like himſelf might have,
and that on her his like he might imprint:
double is woman's uſe; part of their end
doth on this age, part on the next depend.

We fill but part of time; yet cannot die,
'till we the world a freſh ſupply have lent:
Children are bodies' ſole eternity:

Nature is God's, art is man's inſtrument:
now all man's art but only dead things makes;
but, herein, man in things of life partakes.

For wand'ring luſt,— I know, 'tis infinite;
it ſtill begins, and adds not more to more:
the guilt is everlaſting; the delight—
this inſtant doth not feel of that before:
the taſte of it is only in the ſenſe;
the operation, in the conſcience.

Woman is not luſt's bounds, but womankind;
one is love's number: who from that doth fall,
hath loſt his hold, and no new reſt ſhall find;
vice hath no mean, but not to be at all:
a wife is that enough luſt cannot find;
for luſt is ſtill with want, or too much, pin'd.

Bate luſt the ſin, my ſhare is even with his;
for, not to luſt, and, to enjoy, is one;
and more or leſs, paſt, equal nothing is:
I ſtill have one, luſt one at once alone;
and though the woman often changed be,
yet he's the ſame without variety.

Marriage our luſt (as 'twere with fuel, fire)
doth, with a medicine of the ſame, allay;
and not forbid, but rectify, desire:
Myſelf I cannot choose; my wife, I may:
and, in the choice of her, it much doth lie
to mend myſelf — in my poſterity.

O, rather let me love, than be in love;
so let me choose, as wife and friend to find;
let me forget her sex, when I approve;
beasts' likeness lies in shape, but ours in mind:
our souls no sexes have, their love is clean;
no sex, both in the better part are men.

But physick for our lust their bodies be,
but matter fit to shew our love upon,
but only shells for our posterity;
their souls were giv'n left man should be alone:
for but the soul's interpreters words be;
without which, bodies are no company.

That goodly frame we see of flesh and blood
their fashion is, not weight; it is, I say,
but their lay part; but well-digested food;
'tis but, 'twixt dust and dust, life's middle way:
the worth of it is nothing that is seen,
but only that it holds a soul within.

And all the carnal beauty of my wife
is but skin-deep, but to two senses known;
short even of pictures, shorter-liv'd than life;
and yet the love survives, that's built thereon;
for our imagination is too high
for bodies, when they meet, to satisfy.

All shapes, all colours, are alike in night:
nor doth our touch distinguish foul, or fair,
but man's imagination, and his sight;

and those, but the firſt week : by cuſtom are
both made alike, which differ'd at firſt view ;
nor can that difference abſence much renew.

Nor can that beauty lying in the face,
but meerly by imagination, be
enjoy'd by us in an inferior place ;
nor can that beauty, by enjoying, we
make ours become : ſo our desire grows tame ;
we changed are, but it remains the ſame.

Birth, leſs than beauty, ſhall my reason blind ;
her birth goes to my children, not to me :
rather had I that active gentry find,
virtue, than paſſive from her anceſtry ;
rather in her alive one virtue ſee,
than all the reſt dead in her pedigree.

In the degrees high rather be ſhe plac'd
of nature, than of art and policy ;
gentry is but a relique of time paſt,
and love doth only but the present ſee :
things were firſt made, then words : ſhe were the ſame
with, or without, that title, or that name.

As for, the odds of ſexes, portion,—
nor will I ſhun it, nor my aim it make :
birth, beauty, wealth, are nothing worth alone ;
all these I would for good additions take,
not for good parts : those two are ill combin'd,
whom any third thing from themſelves hath join'd.

Rather than these, the object of my love
let it be good: when these with virtue go,
they, in themselves indifferent, virtues prove;
for good, like fire, turns all things to be so:
God's image, in her soul, o, let me place
my love upon; not *Adam*'s, in her face.

Good is a fairer attribute than white;
'tis the mind's beauty, keeps the other sweet;
that's not still one, nor mortal with the light;
nor glass, nor painting, can it counterfeit;
nor doth it raise desires, which ever tend
at once to their perfection and their end.

By, good, I would have, holy, understood;
so God she cannot love, but also me:
the law requires, our words, and deeds, be good;
religion even the thoughts doth sanctify;
and she is more a maid, which ravish'd is,
than she, which only doth but wish amiss.

Lust only by religion is withstood;
lust's object is alive, his strength within:
morality resists but in cold blood;
respect of credit feareth shame, not sin;
but no place dark enough for such offence
she finds, that's watch'd by her own conscience.

Then may I trust her body with her mind;
and, thereupon secure, need never know
the pangs of jealousy: and love doth find

more pain, to doubt her falſe, than know her ſo;
for patience is of evils that are known
the certain remedy, but doubt hath none.

And, be that thought once ſtir'd, 'twill never die;
nor will the grief more mild by cuſtom prove;
nor yet amendment can it ſatiſfy;
the anguiſh more or leſs is, as our love:
this misery doth jealouſy enſue,
that we may prove her falſe, but cannot true.

Suſpition may the will of luſt reſtrain;
but good prevents from having ſuch a will:
a wife, that's good, doth chaſt and more contain;
for chaſt is but an abſtinence from ill;
and in a wife that's bad although the beſt
of qualities, yet in a good the leaſt.

To bar the means is care, not jealouſy:
ſome lawful things to be avoided are,
when they occaſion of unlawful be:
luſt, ere it hurts, is beſt deſcry'd afar:
luſt is a ſin of two; he, that is ſure
of either part, may be of both ſecure.

Give me, next good, an underſtanding wife,
by nature wise, not learned by much art;
ſome knowledge on her ſide will, all my life,
more ſcope of converſation impart;
beſides, her in-born virtue fortify:
they are moſt firmly good, that beſt know why.

A paſſive underſtanding to conceive,
and judgment to discern, I wiſh to find ;
beyond that, all, as hazardous, I leave :
learning, and pregnant wit, in womankind,
what it finds malleable maketh frail ;
and doth not add more ballaſt, but more ſail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative ;
in formal ink they thoughts, and voices, hold ;
that we to them our ſolitude may give,
and make time present travel that of old :
our life fame peeceth longer at the end,
and books it farther backward do extend.

Domeſtick charge doth beſt that ſex befit,
contiguous buſineſs ; ſo to fix the mind,
that leisure ſpace for fancies not admit ;
their leisure 'tis corrupteth womankind ;
elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
they had to heaven a ſhorter cut than we.

As good, and knowing, let her be diſcreet ;
that, to the others' weight, doth faſhion bring :
diſcretion doth conſider what is fit,
goodneſs but what is lawful ; but the thing,
not circumſtances ; learning is, and wit,
in men, but curious folly without it.

To keep their name, when 'tis in others' hands,
diſcretion aſks : their credit is by far
more frail than they ; on likelihoods it ſtands ;

and hard to be diſprov'd luſt's ſlanders are :
their carriage, not their chaſtity alone,
muſt keep their name chaſt from ſuſpition.

Women's behaviour is a ſurer bar
than is their, no : that fairly doth deny,
without denying ; thereby kept they are
ſafe even from hope : in part to blame is ſhe,
that hath, without conſent, been only try'd ;
he comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

Now,— ſince a woman we to marry are,
a ſoul and body, not a ſoul alone,—
when one is good, then be the other fair ;
beauty is health and beauty both in one :
be ſhe ſo fair, as change can yield no gain ;
ſo fair, as ſhe moſt women elſe contain :

At leaſt, ſo fair let me imagine her ;
that thought, to me, is truth ; opinion
cannot, in matter of opinion, err :
with no eyes ſhall I ſee her, but mine own ;
and, as my fancy her conceives to be,
even ſuch my ſenſes both do feel and ſee.

[The face we may the ſeat of beauty call,
in it the reliſh of the reſt doth lie ;
nay, even a figure of the mind withal :
and of the face the life moves in the eye :
no things elſe, being two, ſo like we ſee ;
ſo like, that they two but in number be.]

Beauty in decent ſhape, and colours, lies ;
colours the matter are, and ſhape the ſoul ;
the ſoul, which from no ſingle part doth rise,
but from the juſt proportion of the whole ;
and is a meer ſpiritual harmony
of every part, united in the eye.

[Love is a kind of ſuperſtition,
which fears the idol which itſelf hath fram'd ;
luſt, a desire ; which rather from his own
temper, than from the object, is enflam'd :
beauty is love's object ; woman, luſt's ; to gain
love, love desires ; luſt, only to obtain.].

No circumſtance doth beauty beautify,
like graceful faſhion, native comelineſs ;
nay, even gets pardon for deformity :
art cannot it beget, but may encreaſe :
when nature had fix'd beauty, perfect made,
ſomething ſhe left for motion to add.

But let that faſhion more to modeſty
tend, than aſſurance : modeſty doth ſet
the face in his juſt place, from paſſion free ;
'tis both the mind's and body's beauty met :
but modeſty, no virtue can we ſee ;
that is the face's only chaſtity.

Where goodneſs fails, 'twixt ill and ill that ſtands :
Whence 'tis, that women — though they weaker be,
and their desires more ſtrong — yet on their hands

the chaſtity of men doth often lie:
luſt would more common be than any one,
could it, like other ſins, be done alone.

All these good parts a perfect woman make:
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife:
without her love, her beauty ſhould I take
(as that of pictures) dead; that gives it life:
'till then, her beauty (like the ſun) doth ſhine
alike to all; that makes it only mine.

And of that love let reason father be;
and paſſion, mother; let it from the one
his being take; the other, his degree:
ſelf-love (which ſecond loves are built upon)
will make me, if not her, her love reſpect;
no man but favours his own worth's effect.

As good, and wise, ſo be ſhe fit for me;
that is — to will, and not to will, the ſame:
my wife is my adopted ſelf; and ſhe,
as me, ſo, what I love, to love muſt frame:
for, when by marriage both in one concur,
woman converts to man, not man to her.

Editions, consulted:

* a. A WIFE, | NOW | A WIDOWE. | LONDON, | Imprinted for *Laurence L'iſle* | dwelling at the Tygres head | in Pauls Church-yard. | 1614.
(8°. D. 8. *c, v.*)

b. A WIFE. | NOW | THE WIDDOW | OF | SIR THO: OVERBURYE. | *Being* | A moſt exquiſite and ſingular Poem | *of the choiſe of a Wife.* | * * * The fourth Impreſſion, * * | LONDON | Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Lawrence Liſle*, and are | to be ſold in *Paules Church-yard*, at the | *Tygers head.* 1614.
(4°. H. 4. *Pre. c, v.*)

c. Sir *Thomas Overbury* | HIS | WIFE. | WITH | ADDITION OF | many new ELEGIES upon his | *untimely and much lamented death.* | * * * *The ninth impreſſion* * | LONDON, | Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *Laurence L'iſle*, and | are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Tigers head in | Paules Churchyard. 1616.
(8°. S. 3. *Pre. c, v.*)

Various Readings.

p. *l.*

3. all like we a.
10. others
4, 3. Minkinde, a.
6. Hermophradite. a.
17. It makes b.
make c.
whiles a. b.
23. women's
25. We are but b.
Time, and cannot a. c.
6, 10. leaſt a.
7, 9. but that remains
8, 11. nor doth it &c. *This line, and the next, are omitted in edition* b; *and, in their room, we find* —
Shees truly faire, whoſe *beauty* is *unſeene*
Like *heav'n* faire *ſight-ward*, but more fair *within.*
17. *Maide* that *raviſht* c.
9, 20. is a double ſinne, he that a.
10, 13. Domeſtick &c. *This ſtanza precedes the former, in edition* c.
11, 1. deſprov'd b.
7. part too blame a.
10. *Marie* b.
14. as ſin can a.
16. So Faire at leaſt c.
12, 21. in her juſt c.
26. Where tis b.
13, 3. it, as other c.

Prolusions;
Part II.

Edward *the third*,
an hiſtorical Play.

Perſons represented.

Edward *the third, King of* England:
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *his Son.*
Earl of Warwick; *Earl of* Derby; *Earl of* Salisbury;
Lord Audley; *Lord* Percy; Lodowick, Edward's *Confi-*
Sir William Mountague; *Sir* John Copland; [*dent*;
two Eſquires, and a Herald, Engliſh.
Robert, *ſtiling himſelf Earl, of* Artois;
Earl of Montfort; *and* Gobin de Grey.
John, *King of France:*
Charles, *and* Philip, *his Sons.*
Duke of Lorrain. Villiers, *a* French *Lord.*
King of Bohemia, *and* } *Aids to King* John.
a Poliſh *Captain,* }
two Citizens of Calais; *a Captain,*
and a poor Inhabitant, of the ſame.
another Captain; *a Mariner*;
three Heralds; *and four other* Frenchmen.
David, *King of* Scotland.
Earl Douglas; *and two Meſſengers,* Scotch.

Philippa, Edward's *Queen.*
Counteſs of Salisbury.
a French *Woman.*

Lords, and divers other Attendants;
Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, diſperſ'd; *in* England, Flanders, *and* France.

EDWARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*
Flouriſh. *Enter King* EDWARD, *attended*;
Prince of Wales, WARWICK, Derby, AUDLEY,
ARTOIS, *and Others.*

EDW. *Robert* of *Artois*, baniſh'd though thou be
From *France*, thy native country, yet with us
Thou ſhalt retain as great a ſigniory;
For we create thee earl of *Richmond* here.
And now go forwards with our pedigree;
Who next ſucceeded *Philip le beau?*
ART. Three ſons of his; which all, ſucceſſively,
Did ſit upon their father's regal throne;
Yet dy'd, and left no iſſue of their loins.
EDW. But was my mother ſiſter unto thoſe?
ART. She was, my lord; and only *Isabelle*
Was all the daughters that this *Philip* had:
Whom afterward your father took to wife;
And, from the fragrant garden of her womb,
Your gracious ſelf, the flower of *Europe*'s hope,

6 Philip of Bew? 7 ſucceſſefully

Derived is inheritor to *France*.
But note the rancour of rebellious minds.
When thus the linage of *le beau* was out,
The *French* obſcur'd your mother's priviledge;
And, though ſhe were the next of blood, proclaim'd
John, of the houſe of *Valois*, now their king:
The reason was, They ſay, the realm of *France*,
Replete with princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a governor to rule,
Except he be deſcended of the male;
And that's the ſpecial ground of their contempt,
Wherewith they ſtudy to exclude your grace:
But they ſhall find that forged ground of theirs
To be but duſty heaps of brittle ſand.
Perhaps, it will be thought a heinous thing,
That I, a *Frenchman*, ſhould diſcover this:
But heaven I call to record of my vows;
It is not hate, nor any private wrong,
But love unto my country, and the right,
Provokes my tongue thus laviſh in report:
You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
And *John* of *Valois* indirectly climbs:
What then ſhould ſubjects, but embrace their king?
Ah, wherein may our duty more be ſeen,
Than, ſtriving to rebate a tyrant's pride,
Place the true ſhepherd of our common-wealth?

Edw. This counſel, *Artois*, like to fruitful ſhowers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity:
And, by the fiery vigour of thy words,
Hot courage is engender'd in my breaſt,

3 of Bew was 21 watchmen 26 And place

Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance;
But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approve fair *Isabelle*'s deſcent
Able to yoke their ſtubborn necks with ſteel
That ſpurn againſt my ſov'reignty in *France*. —
[*Cornet within.*
A meſſenger? — Lord *Audley*, know from whence.
Exit Audley, *and returns.*

Aud. The duke of *Lorrain*, having croſſ'd the ſeas,
Intreats he may have conference with your highneſs.

Edw. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news. —
Exeunt Lords. King takes his State.
Re-enter Lords; *with* Lorrain, *attended.*
Say, duke of *Lorrain*, wherefore art thou come? [*France*,

Lor. The moſt renowned prince, king *John* of
Doth greet thee, *Edward:* and by me commands,
That, for ſo much as by his liberal gift
The *Guyenne* dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the ſame:
And, for that purpoſe, here I ſummon thee
Repair to *France* within these forty days,
That there, according as the cuſtom is,
Thou may'ſt be ſworn true liege-man to the king;
Or, elſe, thy title in that province dies,
And he himſelf will repoſſeſs the place.

Edw. See, how occasion laughs me in the face!
No ſooner minded to prepare for *France*,
But, ſtraight, I am invited; nay, with threats,
Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come:
'Twere but a fooliſh part, to ſay him nay. —

Lorrain, return this anſwer to thy lord:
I mean to visit him, as he requeſts;
But how? not ſervilely diſpos'd to bend;
But like a conqueror, to make him bow:
His lame unpoliſh'd ſhifts are come to light;
And truth hath pull'd the vizard from his face,
That ſet a gloſs upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me?
Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine;
And where he ſets his foot, he ought to kneel:
'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole dominions of the realm;
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
And ſend him naked to the wilderneſs.

Lor. Then, *Edward*, here, in ſpite of all thy lords,
I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Pri. Defiance, *Frenchman?* we rebound it back,
Even to the bottom of thy maſter's throat:
And,—be it ſpoke with reverence of the king
My gracious father, and these other lords,—
I hold thy meſſage but as ſcurrilous;
And him, that ſent thee, like the lazy drone,
Crept up by ſtealth unto the eagle's neſt;
From whence we'll ſhake him with ſo rough a ſtorm,
As others ſhall be warned by his harm.

War. Bid him leave off the lion's caſe he wears;
Leſt, meeting with the lion in the field,
He chance to tear him piece-meal for his pride.

Art. The ſoundeſt counſel I can give his grace,

Is, to ſurrender ere he be conſtrain'd:
A voluntary miſchief hath leſs ſcorn,
Than when reproach with violence is born.
Lor. Regenerate traitor, viper to the place
Where thou waſt foſter'd in thine infancy,
[*drawing his Sword.*
Bear'ſt thou a part in this conſpiracy?
Edw. Lorrain, behold the ſharpneſs of this ſteel:
[*drawing his.*
Fervent desire, that ſits againſt my heart,
Is far more thorny-pricking than this blade;
That, with the nightingale, I ſhall be ſcar'd,
As oft as I diſpose myſelf to reſt,
Until my colours be diſplay'd in *France:*
This is thy final anſwer, ſo be gone.
Lor. It is not that, nor any *Engliſh* brave,
Afflicts me ſo, as doth his † poison'd view;
That is moſt falſe, ſhould moſt of all be true.
[*Exeunt* Lorrain, *and Train.*
Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under ſail:
Our gage is thrown; and war is ſoon begun,
But not ſo quickly brought unto an end.—
Enter Sir William Mountague.
But wherefore comes ſir *William Mountague?*
How ſtands the league between the *Scot* and us?
Mou. Crack'd and diſſever'd, my renowned lord.
The treacherous king no ſooner was inform'd
Of your withdrawing of your army back,
But ſtraight, forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns:

Berwick is won; *Newcaſtle* ſpoil'd and loſt;
And now the tyrant hath begirt with ſiege
The caſtle of *Roxborough*, where enclos'd
The counteſs *Salisbury* is like to periſh.
Edw. That is thy daughter, *Warwick*, is it not;
Whose husband hath in *Bretagne* ſerv'd ſo long,
About the planting of lord *Montfort* there?
War. It is, my lord.
Edw. Ignoble *David!* haſt thou none to grieve,
But ſilly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms?
But I will make you ſhrink your ſnaily horns.—
Firſt, therefore, *Audley*, this ſhall be thy charge;
Go levy footmen for our wars in *France:*—
And, *Ned*, take muſter of our men at arms:
In every ſhire elect a ſeveral band;
Let them be ſoldiers of a luſty ſpirit,
Such as dread nothing but diſhonour's blot:
Be wary therefore; ſince we do commence
A famous war, and with ſo mighty nation.—
Derby, be thou embaſſador for us
Unto our father-in-law, the earl of *Hainault:*
Make him acquainted with our enterprize;
And likewise will him, with our own allies,
That are in *Flanders*, to ſolicit too
The emperor of *Almaigne* in our name.—
Myſelf, whilſt you are jointly thus employ'd,
Will, with these forces that I have at hand,
March, and once more repulſe the trait'rous *Scots*.
But, ſirs, be reſolute; we ſhall have wars
On every ſide:—and, *Ned*, thou muſt begin

19 mightie a nation:

Now to forget thy ſtudy and thy books,
And ure thy ſhoulders to an armour's weight.
Pri. As cheerful ſounding to my youthful ſpleen
This tumult is of war's encreaſing broils,
As, at the coronation of a king,
The joyful clamours of the people are,
When, *ave*, Cæsar! they pronounce aloud;
Within this ſchool of honour I ſhall learn,
Either to ſacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel ſpend my breath.
Then cheerfully forward, each a ſeveral way;
In great affairs 'tis naught to use delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Roxborough. *Before the Caſtle.*
Enter Counteſs of Salisbury, *and certain of her People, upon the Walls.*

Cou. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For ſuccour that my ſovereign ſhould ſend!
Ah, cousin *Mountague*, I fear, thou want'ſt
The lively ſpirit, ſharply to ſolicit
With vehement ſuit the king in my behalf:
Thou doſt not tell him, what a grief it is
To be the ſcornful captive to a *Scot*;
Either to be woo'd with broad untuned oaths,
Or forc'd by rough inſulting barbarism:
Thou doſt not tell him, if he here prevail,
How much they will deride us in the north;
And, in their vile, uncivil, ſkipping jigs,
Bray forth their conqueſt, and our overthrow,
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitleſs air.

Enter King DAVID, *and Forces; with* DOUGLAS, LORRAIN, *and Others.*

I muſt withdraw; the everlaſting foe
Comes to the wall: I'll cloſely ſtep aſide,
And liſt their babble, blunt, and full of pride.
[*retiring behind the Works.*

DAV. My lord of *Lorrain*, to our brother of *France*
Commend us, as the man in chriſtendom
Whom we moſt reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embaſſage, return, and ſay,
That we with *England* will not enter parly,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce;
But burn their neighbour towns, and ſo perſiſt
With eager roads beyond their city *York*.
And never ſhall our bonny riders reſt;
Nor ruſting canker have the time to eat
Their light-born ſnaffles, nor their nimble ſpurs;
Nor lay aſide their jacks of gymold mail;
Nor hang their ſtaves of grained *Scottiſh* aſh,
In peaceful wise, upon their city walls;
Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
Diſmiſs their biting whinyards,—'till your king
Cry out, *Enough*; *ſpare* England *now for pity*.
Farewel: and tell him, that you leave us here
Before this caſtle; ſay, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

LOR. I take my leave; and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king.
[*Exit* LORRAIN.

DAV. Now, *Douglas*, to our former taſk again,

16 ruſt in canker

For the division of this certain ſpoil.
Dou. My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.
Dav. Nay, ſoft ye, ſir, firſt I muſt make my choice;
And firſt I do beſpeak her for myſelf.
Dou. Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.
Dav. Thoſe are her own, ſtill liable to her,
And, who inherits her, hath thoſe withal.
Enter a Meſſenger, *haſtily.*
Meſ. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might deſcry a mighty hoſt of men:
The ſun, reflecting on the armour, ſhew'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd;
Bethink your highneſs ſpeedily herein:
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmoſt rank unto this place, my liege.
Dav. Diſlodge, diſlodge, it is the king of *England.*
Dou. *Jemmy* my man, ſaddle my bonny black.
Dav. Mean'ſt thou to fight, *Douglas?* we are too weak.
Dou. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.
Cou. My lords of *Scotland*, will ye ſtay and drink?
[*riſing from her Concealment.*
Dav. She mocks at us; *Douglas*, I can't endure it.
Cou. Say, my lord, which is he, muſt have the lady;
And which, her jewels? I am ſure, my lords,
Ye will not hence, 'till you have ſhar'd the ſpoils.
Dav. She heard the meſſenger, and heard our talk;
And now that comfort makes her ſcorn at us.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Arm, my good lord; O, we are all ſurpriz'd!

Cou. After the *French* embaſſador, my liege,
And tell him, that you dare not ride to *York*;
Excuse it, that your bonny horſe is lame.
Dav. She heard that too; Intolerable grief!—
Woman, farewel: Although I do not ſtay,—
[*Alarums. Exeunt* Scots.
Cou. 'Tis not for fear,—and yet you run away.—
O happy comfort, welcome to our houſe!
The confident and boiſt'rous boaſting *Scot*,—
That ſwore before my walls, they would not back
For all the armed power of this land,—
With faceleſs fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence again the blaſting north-eaſt wind,
Upon the bare report and name of arms.
Enter Mountague, *and Others.*
O ſummer's day! ſee where my cousin comes.
Mou. How fares my aunt? Why, aunt, we are not *Scots*;
Why do you ſhut your gates againſt your friends?
Cou. Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to thee,
For thou com'ſt well to chaſe my foes from hence.
Mou. The king himſelf is come in perſon hither;
Dear aunt, deſcend, and gratulate his highneſs.
Cou. How may I entertain his majeſty,
To ſhew my duty, and his dignity? [*Exit, from above.*
Flouriſh. Enter King Edward,
Warwick, Artois, *and Others.*
Edw. What, are the ſtealing foxes fled and gone,
Before we could uncouple at their heels?
War. They are, my liege; but, with a cheerful cry,
Hot hounds, and hardy, chaſe them at the heels.

4 He heard

Re-enter Counteſs, *attended.*

Edw. This is the counteſs, *Warwick*, is it not?

War. Even ſhe, my liege; whose beauty tyrant's fear,
As a may bloſſom with pernitious winds,
Hath fully'd, wither'd, overcaſt, and done.

Edw. Hath ſhe been fairer, *Warwick*, than ſhe is?

War. My gracious king, fair is ſhe not at all,
If that herſelf were by to ſtain herſelf,
As I have ſeen her when ſhe was herſelf. [her eyes,"

Edw. "What ſtrange enchantment lurk'd in those
"When they excell'd this excellence they have,"
"That now her dim decline hath power to draw"
"My ſubject eyes from piercing majeſty,"
"To gaze on her with doting admiration?"

Cou. In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witneſs my obedience to your highneſs;
With many millions of a ſubject's thanks
For this your royal preſence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

Edw. Lady, ſtand up: I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchaſ'd war.

Cou. No war to you, my liege; the *Scots* are gone,
And gallop home toward *Scotland* with their haſte.

Edw. "Left yielding here I pine in ſhameful love,"
"Come, we'll purſue the *Scots*;" — *Artois*, away.

Cou. A little while, my gracious ſovereign, ſtay,
And let the power of a mighty king
Honour our roof; my husband in the wars,
When he ſhall hear it, will triùmph for joy:

24 their hate.

Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy ſtate;
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.
Edw. Pardon me, counteſs, I will come no near;
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.
Cou. Far from this place let ugly treason lye!
Edw. "No farther off, than her conſpiring eye;"
"Which ſhoots infected poison in my heart,"
"Beyond repulſe of wit, or cure of art."
"Now in the ſun alone it doth not lye,"
"With light to take light from a mortal eye;"
"For here two day ſtars, that mine eyes would ſee,"
"More than the ſun, ſteal mine own light from me."
"Contemplative desire! desire to be,"
"In contemplation, that may maſter thee!"
Warwick, Artois, to horſe, and let's away. [ſtay?
Cou. What might I ſpeak, to make my ſovereign
Edw. "What needs a tongue to ſuch a ſpeaking eye,"
"That more perſuades than winning oratory?"
Cou. Let not thy presence, like the april ſun,
Flatter our earth, and ſuddenly be done:
More happy do not make our outward wall,
Than thou wilt grace our inward houſe withal.
Our houſe, my liege, is like a country ſwain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,
Preſageth nought; yet inly beautify'd
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride:
For, where the golden ore doth bury'd lye,
The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapeſtry,
Seems barren, ſere, unfertil, fruitleſs, dry;
And where the upper turf of earth doth boaſt

His proud perfumes, and party-colour'd coſt,
Delve there, and find this iſſue, and their pride,
To ſpring from ordure, and corruption's ſide.
But, to make up my all too long compare,—
These ragged walls no teſtimony are
What is within; but, like a cloke, doth hide,
From weather's weſt, the under garniſht pride.
More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
Intreat thyſelf to ſtay a while with me.

Edw. As wise as fair; What fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?—
Counteſs, albeit my buſineſs urgeth me,
It ſhall attend, while I attend on thee.—
Come on, my lords, here will I hoſt to-night.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Gardens of the Caſtle.*

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. I might perceive his eye in her eye loſt,
His ear to drink her ſweet tongue's utterance;
And changing paſſion, like inconſtant clouds,—
That, rackt upon the carriage of the winds,
Increaſe, and die,—in his diſturbed cheeks.
Lo, when ſhe bluſh'd, even then did he look pale;
As if her cheeks, by ſome enchanted power,
Attracted had the cherry blood from his:
Anon, with reverent fear when ſhe grew pale,
His cheeks put on their ſcarlet ornaments;
But no more like her oriental red,

1 His pride 29 cheeke

Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.
Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks?
If ſhe did bluſh, 'twas tender modeſt ſhame,
Being in the ſacred presence of a king;
If he did bluſh, 'twas red immodeſt ſhame,
To vail his eyes amiſs, being a king:
If ſhe look'd pale, 'twas ſilly woman's fear,
To bear herſelf in presence of a king;
If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear,
To dote amiſs, being a mighty king:
Then, *Scottiſh* wars, farewel; I fear, 'twill prove
A ling'ring *Engliſh* ſiege of peeviſh love.
Here comes his highneſs, walking all alone.

Enter King EDWARD.

Edw. She is grown more fairer far ſince I came hither;
Her voice more ſilver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent: What a ſtrange diſcourſe
Unfolded ſhe, of *David*, and his *Scots?*
Even thus, quoth ſhe, *he ſpake*,—and then ſpake broad,
With epithets and accents of the *Scot*;
But ſomewhat better than the *Scot* could ſpeak:
And thus, quoth ſhe,—and anſwer'd then herſelf;
For who could ſpeak like her? but ſhe herſelf
Breaths from the wall an angel's note from heaven
Of ſweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When ſhe would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison; when of war,
It waken'd *Cæsar* from his *Roman* grave,
To hear war beautify'd by her diſcourſe.
Wisdom is fooliſhneſs, but in her tongue;

6 To waile

Beauty a ſlander, but in her fair face :
There is no ſummer, but in her cheerful looks ;
Nor froſty winter, but in her diſdain.
I cannot blame the *Scots*, that did beſiege her,
For ſhe is all the treasure of our land ;
But call them cowards, that they ran away,
Having ſo rich and fair a cause to ſtay.—
Art thou there, *Lodowick?* give me ink and paper.

Lod. I will, my ſovereign.

Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play at cheſs,
For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod. I will, my liege. [*Exit* Lodowick.

Edw. This fellow is well read in poetry,
And hath a luſty and perſuaſive ſpirit :
I will acquaint him with my paſſion ;
Which he ſhall ſhadow with a vail of lawn,
Through which the queen of beauty's queen ſhall ſee
Herſelf the ground of my infirmity.—

Re-enter Lodowick.

Haſt thou pen, ink, and paper ready, *Lodowick?*

Lod. Ready, my liege.

Edw. Then in the ſummer arbour ſit by me,
Make it our council-houſe, or cabinet ;
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by diſburd'ning them.
Now, *Lodowick*, invocate ſome golden muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may, for ſighs, ſet down true ſighs indeed ;
Talking of grief, to make thee ready groan ;
And, when thou writ'ſt of tears, encouch the word,

Before, and after, with ſuch ſweet laments,
That it may raise drops in a *Tartar*'s eye,
And make a flint heart *Scythian* pitiful:
For ſo much moving hath a poet's pen;
Then, if thou be a poet, move thou ſo,
And be enriched by thy ſovereign's love.
For, if the touch of ſweet concordant ſtrings
Could force attendance in the ears of hell;
How much more ſhall the ſtrain of poet's wit
Beguile, and raviſh, ſoft and humane minds?

Lod. To whom, my lord, ſhall I direct my ſtile?

Edw. To one that ſhames the fair, and ſots the wise;
Whose body, as an abſtract, or a brief,
Contains each general virtue in the world:
Better than beautiful,—thou muſt begin;
Devise for fair a fairer word than fair;
And every ornament, that thou would'ſt praise,
Fly it a pitch above the ſoar of praise:
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted;
For, were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds,
Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
Begin, I will to contemplate the while:
Forget not to ſet down, how paſſionate,
How heart-ſick, and how full of languiſhment,
Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman?

Edw. What beauty elſe could triumph over me;
Or who, but women, do our love-lays greet?
What, think'ſt thou I did bid thee praise a horſe?

2 Torters 13 bodie is an 22 their praiſes

Lod. Of what condition or eſtate ſhe is,
'Twere requiſite that I ſhould know, my lord.
Edw. Of ſuch eſtate, that hers is as a throne,
And my eſtate the footſtool where ſhe treads:
Then may'ſt thou judge what her condition is,
By the proportion of her mightineſs.
Write on, while I peruſe her in my thoughts.—
Her voice to muſick, or the nightingale:—
To muſick every ſummer-leaping ſwain
Compares his ſun-burnt lover when ſhe ſpeaks:
And why ſhould I ſpeak of the nightingale?
The nightingale ſings of adulterate wrong;
And that, compar'd, is too ſatirical:
For ſin, though ſin, would not be ſo eſteem'd;
But, rather, virtue ſin, ſin virtue deem'd.
Her hair, far ſofter than the ſilk-worm's twiſt,
Like as a flattering glaſs, doth make more fair
The yellow amber: Like a flattering glaſs
Comes in too ſoon; for, writing of her eyes,
I'll ſay, that like a glaſs they catch the ſun,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
Againſt my breaſt, and burns my heart within.
Ah, what a world of deſcant makes my ſoul
Upon this voluntary ground of love!—
Come, *Lodowick*, haſt thou turn'd thy ink to gold?
If not, write but in letters capital
My miſtreſs' name,
And it will gild thy paper: Read, lord, read,
Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
With the ſweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her praise.
Edw. Her praise is as my love, both infinite,
Which apprehend ſuch violent extreams,
That they diſdain an ending period.
Her beauty hath no match, but my affection;
Hers more than moſt, mine moſt, and more than more:
Hers more to praise, than tell the ſea by drops;
Nay, more, than drop the maſſy earth by ſands,
And, ſand by ſand, print them in memory:
Then wherefore talk'ſt thou of a period,
To that which craves unended admiration?
Read, let us hear.
Lod. More fair, and chaſt, than is the queen of ſhades,—
Edw. That line hath two faults, groſs and palpable:
Compar'ſt thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who, being ſet in dark, ſeems therefore light?
What is ſhe, when the ſun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
My love ſhall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
And, being unmaſk'd, outſhine the golden ſun.
Lod. What is the other fault, my ſovereign lord?
Edw. Read o'er the line again.
Lod. More fair, and chaſt,—
Edw. I did not bid thee talk of chaſtity,
To ranſack ſo the treasure of her mind;
For I had rather have her chaſ'd, than chaſt.
Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,
And let me have her liken'd to the ſun:
Say, ſhe hath thrice more ſplendor than the ſun,
That her perfection emulates the ſun,

9 And ſaid, by ſaid, 25 treaſon of 30 perfections

That ſhe breeds ſweets as plenteous as the ſun,
That ſhe doth thaw cold winter like the ſun,
That ſhe doth cheer freſh ſummer like the ſun,
That ſhe doth dazle gazers like the ſun :
And, in this application to the ſun,
Bid her be free and general as the ſun ;
Who ſmiles upon the baſeſt weed that grows,
As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.
Let's ſee what follows that ſame moon-light line.
Lod. More fair, and chaſt, than is the queen of ſhades;
More bold in conſtancy —
Edw. In conſtancy! than who?
Lod. —*than* Judith *was.*
Edw. O monſtrous line! Put in the next a ſword,
And I ſhall woo her to cut off my head.
Blot, blot, good *Lodowick!* Let us hear the next.
Lod. There's all that yet is done.
Edw. I thank thee then, thou haſt done little ill;
But what is done, is paſſing paſſing ill.
No, let the captain talk of boiſt'rous war;
The prisoner, of immured dark conſtraint;
The ſick man beſt ſets down the pangs of death;
The man that ſtarves, the ſweetneſs of a feaſt;
The frozen ſoul, the benefit of fire ;
And every grief, his happy opposite :
Love cannot ſound well, but in lovers' tongues;
Give me the pen and paper, I will write. —
Enter Counteſs.
But, ſoft, here comes the treasure of my ſpirit. —
Lodowick, thou know'ſt not how to draw a battle ;

10 the lover of 21 emured

These wings, these flankers, and these ſquadrons here,
Argue in thee defective diſcipline:
Thou ſhould'ſt have plac'd this here, this other here.
Cou. Pardon my boldneſs, my thrice gracious lord;
Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to ſee my ſovereign how he fares.
Edw. Go, draw the ſame, I tell thee in what form.
Lod. I go. [*Exit* Lodowick.
Cou. Sorry I am, to ſee my liege ſo ſad:
What may thy ſubject do, to drive from thee
This gloomy conſort, ſullen melancholy?
Edw. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot ſtraw
The flowers of ſolace in a ground of ſhame:—
Since I came hither, counteſs, I am wrong'd.
Cou. Now, God forbid, that any in my houſe
Should think my ſovereign wrong! Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of diſcontent.
Edw. How near then ſhall I be to remedy?
Cou. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itſelf to buy thy remedy.
Edw. If thou ſpeak'ſt true, then have I my redreſs:
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, counteſs; elſe, I die.
Cou. I will, my liege.
Edw. Swear, counteſs, that thou wilt.
Cou. By heaven, I will.
Edw. Then take thyſelf a little way aſide;
And tell thyſelf, a king doth dote on thee:
Say, that within thy power it doth lie,
To make him happy; and that thou haſt ſworn,

4 Lords, 11 ſullome

To give me all the joy within thy power:
Do this; and tell me, when I ſhall be happy.
Cou. All this is done, my thrice dread ſovereign:
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou haſt with all devout obedience;
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.
Edw. Thou hear'ſt me ſay, that I do dote on thee.
Cou. If on my beauty, take it if thou can'ſt;
Though little, I do prize it ten times leſs:
If on my virtue, take it if thou can'ſt;
For virtue's ſtore by giving doth augment:
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou can'ſt take away, inherit it.
Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.
Cou. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And diſpoſſeſs myſelf, to give it thee:
But, ſovereign, it is ſolder'd to my life;
Take one, and both; for, like an humble ſhadow,
It haunts the ſun-ſhine of my ſummer's life.
Edw. But thou may'ſt lend it me, to ſport withal.
Cou. As easy may my intellectual ſoul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my ſoul,
Away from her, and yet retain my ſoul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And ſhe an angel, pure, divine, unſpotted;
If I ſhould lend her houſe, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor ſoul, and my poor ſoul me. [would?
Edw. Did'ſt thou not ſwear, to give me what I
Cou. I did, my liege; ſo, what you would, I could.

Edw. I wiſh no more of thee, than thou may'ſt give:
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is, thy love; and, for that love of thine,
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.

Cou. But that your lips were ſacred, o my lord,
You would prophane the holy name of love:
That love, you offer me, you cannot give;
For *Cæsar* owes that tribute to his queen:
That love, you beg of me, I cannot give;
For *Sarah* owes that duty to her lord.
He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your ſtamp,
Shall die, my lord: And will your ſacred ſelf
Commit high treason 'gainſt the King of heaven,
To ſtamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath?
In violating marriage ſacred law,
You break a greater honour than yourſelf:
To be a king, is of a younger houſe,
Than to be marry'd; your progenitor,
Sole-reigning *Adam* on the univerſe,
By God was honour'd for a marry'd man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty, to break your ſtatutes,
Though not enacted by your highneſs' hand:
How much more, to infringe the holy act
Made by the mouth of God, ſeal'd with his hand?
I know, my ſovereign — in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal ſervice in his wars —
Doth but to try the wife of *Salisbury*,
Whether ſhe will hear a wanton's tale, or no;

Leſt being therein guilty by my ſtay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.
[*Exit* Counteſs.

Edw. Whether is her beauty by her words divine;
Or are her words ſweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a ſail,
And as a ſail becomes the unſeen wind,
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.
O, that I were a hony-gathering bee,
To bear the comb of virtue from this flower;
And not a poison-ſucking envious ſpider,
To turn the vice I take to deadly venom!
Religion is auſtere, and beauty gentle;
Too ſtrict a guardian for ſo fair a ward.
O, that ſhe were, as is the air, to me!
Why, ſo ſhe is; for, when I would embrace her,
This † do I, and catch nothing but myſelf.
I muſt enjoy her; for I cannot beat,
With reason, and reproof, fond love away.

Enter Warwick.

Here comes her father: I will work with him,
To bear my colours in this field of love.

War. How is it, that my ſovereign is ſo ſad?
May I with pardon know your highneſs' grief,
And that my old endeavour will remove it,
It ſhall not cumber long your majeſty.

Edw. A kind and voluntary gift thou offer'ſt,
That I was forward to have beg'd of thee.
But, o thou world, great nurſe of flattery,
Why doſt thou tip men's tongues with golden words,

8 beauties, 10 from his 14 a weede.

And peize their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O, that a man might hold the heart's close book;
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falshood not character'd there!

War. Far be it from the honour of my age,
That I should owe bright gold, and render lead!
Age is a cynick, not a flatterer:
I say again, that, if I knew your grief,
And that by me it may be lessened,
My proper harm should buy your highness' good.

Edw. These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
That never pay the duty of their words.
Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said;
But, when thou know'st my grief's condition,
This rash disgorged vomit of thy word
Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War. By heaven, I will not; though your majesty
Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

Edw. Say, that my grief is no way med'cinable,
But by the loss and bruising of thine honour?

War. If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
I would account that loss my vantage too. [again?

Edw. Think'st, that thou can'st unswear thy oath

War. I cannot; nor I would not, if I could.

Edw. But, if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

War. What may be said to any perjur'd villain,
That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

Edw. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

War. That he hath broke his faith with God and [man,

24 canst answere

And from them both ſtands excommunicate.
Edw. What office were it, to ſuggeſt a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?
War. An office for the devil, not for man.
Edw. That devil's office muſt thou do for me;
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love, and duty, 'twixt thyſelf and me.
And therefore, *Warwick*, if thou art thyſelf,
The lord and maſter of thy word and oath,
Go to thy daughter; and, in my behalf,
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my miſtreſs, and my ſecret love.
I will not ſtand to hear thee make reply;
Thy oath break hers, or let thy ſovereign die.
[*Exit* Edward.
War. O doting king! O déteſtable office!
Well may I tempt myſelf to wrong myſelf,
When he hath ſworn me by the name of God,
To break a vow made by the name of God.
What if I ſwear by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were, to prophane the idol, than confound it:
But neither will I do; I'll keep my oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her:
I'll ſay, ſhe muſt forget her husband *Salisbury*,
If ſhe remember to embrace the king;
I'll ſay, an oath may easily be broken,
But not ſo easily pardon'd, being broken;
I'll ſay, it is true charity to love,

16 or deteſtable

But not true love to be ſo charitable;
I'll ſay, his greatneſs may bear out the ſhame,
But not his kingdom can buy out the ſin;
I'll ſay, it is my duty to perſuade,
But not her honeſty to give conſent.

Enter Counteſs.

See, where ſhe comes: Was never father, had,
Againſt his child, an embaſſage ſo bad.

Cou. My lord and father, I have ſought for you:
My mother and the peers impórtune you,
To keep in presence of his majeſty,
And do your beſt to make his highneſs merry.

War. How ſhall I enter in this graceleſs errand?
I muſt not call her child; For where's the father
That will, in ſuch a ſuit, ſeduce his child?
Then, Wife of *Salisbury*,—ſhall I ſo begin?
No, he's my friend; and where is found the friend,
That will do friendſhip ſuch endamagement?—
Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,
I am not *Warwick*, as thou think'ſt I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell;
That thus have hous'd my ſpirit in his form,
To do a meſſage to thee from the king.
The mighty king of *England* dotes on thee:
He, that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honour; then conſent
To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life:
Honour is often loſt, and got again;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The ſun, that withers hay, doth nouriſh graſs;

The king, that would diſtain thee, will advance thee.
The poets write, that great *Achilles'* ſpear
Could heal the wound it made: the moral is,
What mighty men miſdo, they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his foragement, by being mild
When vaſſal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy ſhame;
And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
Will lose their eye-ſight, looking in the ſun.
What can one drop of poison harm the ſea,
Whose hugy vaſtures can digeſt the ill,
And make it lose his operation?
The king's great name will temper thy miſdeeds,
And give the bitter potion of reproach
A ſugar'd-ſweet and moſt delicious taſte:
Beſides, it is no harm, to do the thing
Which without ſhame could not be left undone.
Thus have I, in his majeſty's behalf,
Apparel'd ſin in virtuous ſentences,
And dwell upon thy anſwer in his ſuit.

Cou. Unnatural beſiege! Woe me unhappy,
To have eſcap'd the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worſe invir'd by friends!
Hath he no means to ſtain my honeſt blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,
To be his ſcandalous and vile ſoliciter?
No marvel, though the branches be infected,
When poison hath encompaſſed the root:
No marvel, though the leprous infant die,

14 their miſdeeds 28 be then infected

When the ſtern dam envenometh the dug.
Why then, give ſin a paſs-port to offend,
And youth the dangerous rein of liberty:
Blot out the ſtrict forbidding of the law;
And cancel every canon, that preſcribes
A ſhame for ſhame, or penance for offence.
No, let me die, if his too boiſt'rous will
Will have it ſo, before I will conſent
To be an actor in his graceleſs luſt. [ſpeak:
War. Why, now thou ſpeak'ſt as I would have thee
And mark how I unſay my words again.
An honourable grave is more eſteem'd,
Than the polluted closet of a king:
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good, or bad, that he ſhall undertake:
An unreputed mote, flying in the ſun,
Presents a greater ſubſtance than it is:
The freſheſt ſummer's day doth ſooneſt taint
The loathed carrion that it ſeems to kiſs:
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe:
That ſin doth ten times aggravate itſelf,
That is committed in a holy place:
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is ſin, and ſubornation: Deck an ape
In tiſſue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater ſcorn unto the beaſt.
A ſpacious field of reasons could I urge,
Between his glory, daughter, and thy ſhame:
That poison ſhews worſt in a golden cup;
Dark night ſeems darker by the lightning flaſh;

Lillies, that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to ſin,
The ſhame is treble by the oppoſite.
So leave I, with my bleſſing in thy bosom;
Which then convert to a moſt heavy curſe,
When thou convert'ſt from honours golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting ſhame! [*Exit.*

Cou. I'll follow thee; And, when my mind turns ſo,
My body ſink my ſoul in endleſs woe! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter DERBY, *and* AUDLEY, *meeting.*

DER. Thrice noble *Audley*, well encounter'd here:
How is it with our ſovereign, and his peers?

AUD. 'Tis full a fortnight, ſince I ſaw his highneſs,
What time he ſent me forth to muſter men;
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them
In fair array before his majeſty.
What news, my lord of *Derby*, from the emperor?

DER. As good as we desire: the emperor
Hath yielded to his highneſs friendly aid;
And makes our king lieutenant general,
In all his lands and large dominions:
Then *via* for the ſpacious bounds of *France!*

AUD. What, doth his highneſs leap to hear this news?

DER. I have not yet found time to open them;
The king is in his cloſet, malecontent,
For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
'Till after dinner, none ſhould interrupt him:
The counteſs *Salisbury*, and her father *Warwick*,

17 them hither,

Artois, and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud. Undoubtedly, then ſomething is amiſs.

[*Trumpet within.*

Der. The trumpets ſound; the king is now abroad.

Enter Edward.

Aud. Here comes his highneſs.

Der. Befall my ſovereign all my ſovereign's wiſh!

Edw. Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it ſo!

Der. The emperor greeteth you: [*presenting Letters.*

Edw. 'Would it were the counteſs!

Der. And hath accorded to your highneſs' ſuit.

Edw. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe hath not; But I would, ſhe had!

Aud. All love, and duty, to my lord the king! [you?

Edw. Well, all but one is none:—What news with

Aud. I have, my liege, levy'd those horſe and foot,
According to your charge, and brought them hither.

Edw. Then let those foot trudge hence upon those
According to our diſcharge, and be gone.— [horſe,
Derby, I'll look upon the counteſs' mind
Anon.

Der. The counteſs' mind, my liege?

Edw. I mean, the emperor: Leave me alone.

Aud. What's in his mind?

Der. Let's leave him to his humour.

[*Exeunt* Derby, *and* Audley.

Edw. Thus from the heart's abundant ſpeaks the
Counteſs for emperor: And, indeed, why not? [tongue;
She is as *imperator* over me;
And I to her
Am as a kneeling vaſſal, that obſerves

The pleasure, or diſpleasure, of her eye.—
Enter LODOWICK.
What ſays the more than *Cleopatra*'s match
To *Cæsar* now?
Lod. That yet, my liege, ere night
She will resolve your majeſty. [*Drum within.*
Edw. What drum is this, that thunders forth this [march,
To ſtart the tender *Cupid* in my bosom?
Poor ſheep-ſkin, how it brawls with him that beateth it!
Go, break the thundring parchment bottom out,
And I will teach it to conduct ſweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph:
For I will use it as my writing-paper;
And ſo reduce him, from a ſcolding drum,
To be the herald, and dear counſel-bearer,
Betwixt a goddeſs and a mighty king.
Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum;
For now we think it an uncivil thing,
To trouble heaven with ſuch harſh resounds:
Away.— [*Exit* LODOWICK.
The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms,
But these of mine; and these ſhall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans:
My eyes ſhall be my arrows; and my ſighs
Shall ſerve me as the vantage of the wind,
To whirl away my ſweet'ſt artillery:
Ah but, alas, ſhe wins the ſun of me,
For that is ſhe herſelf; and thence it comes,
That poets term the wanton warrior, blind;

But love hath eyes as judgment to his ſteps,
'Till too much loved glory dazles them. —
Re-enter LODOWICK.
How now? [march,
Lod. My liege, the drum, that ſtrook the luſty
Stands with prince *Edward*, your thrice valiant ſon.
Enter Prince. LODOWICK
retires to the Door.
Edw. I ſee the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Molded in his, corrects my ſtray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thieviſh eye;
Who, being rich enough in ſeeing her,
Yet ſeeks elſewhere: and baſeſt theft is that,
Which cannot check itſelf on poverty. —
Now, boy, what news?
Pri. I have aſſembl'd, my dear lord and father,
The choiceſt buds of all our *Engliſh* blood,
For our affairs in *France*; and here we come,
To take direction from your majeſty.
Edw. Still do I ſee in him delineate
His mothers visage; those his eyes are hers,
Who, looking wiſtly on me, made me bluſh;
For faults againſt themſelves give evidence:
Luſt is a fire; and men, like lanthorns, ſhew
Light luſt within themſelves, even through themſelves.
Away, looſe ſilks of wavering vanity!
Shall the large limit of fair *Britany*
By me be overthrown? and ſhall I not
Maſter this little manſion of myſelf?
Give me an armour of eternal ſteel;

14 cloke it 24 Luſt as a fire, and me like lanthorne ſhew

I go to conquer kings; And ſhall I then
Subdue myſelf, and be my enemy's friend?
It muſt not be.—Come, boy, forward, advance!
Let's with our colours ſweep the air of *France*.
Lod. My liege, the counteſs, with a ſmiling cheer,
Desires acceſs unto your majeſty. [*advancing from the Door, and whiſpering him.*
Edw. Why, there it goes! that very ſmile of hers
Hath ranſom'd captive *France*; and ſet the king,
The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
Go, leave me, *Ned*, and revel with thy friends.
[*Exit* Prince.
Thy mother is but black; and thou, like her,
Doſt put into my mind how foul ſhe is.—
Go, fetch the counteſs hither in thy hand,
And let her chaſe away those winter clouds;
For ſhe gives beauty both to heaven and earth.
[*Exit* Lodowick.
The ſin is more, to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
The regiſter of all rarieties
Since leathern *Adam* 'till this youngeſt hour.
Re-enter Lodowick, *with the* Counteſs.
Go, *Lodowick*, put thy hand into my purſe,
Play, ſpend, give, riot, waſte; do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while, and leave me here.
[*Exit* Lodowick.
Now, my ſoul's play-fellow! and art thou come,
To ſpeak the more than heavenly word, of yea,
To my objection in thy beauteous love?

[1] I not then [4] ſweate the [2 4] into thy purſe,

Cou. My father on his bleſſing hath commanded—
Edw. That thou ſhalt yield to me.
Cou. Ay, dear my liege, your due.
Edw. And that, my deareſt love, can be no leſs
Than right for right, and tender love for love.
Cou. Than wrong for wrong, and endleſs hate for hate.—
But,—ſith I ſee your majeſty ſo bent,
That my unwillingneſs, my husband's love,
Your high eſtate, nor no reſpect reſpected
Can be my help, but that your mightineſs
Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
I bind my diſcontent to my content,
And, what I would not, I'll compell I will;
Provided, that yourſelf remove those lets,
That ſtand between your highneſs' love and mine.
Edw. Name them, fair counteſs, and, by heaven, I will.
Cou. It is their lives, that ſtand between our love,
That I would have choak'd up, my ſovereign.
Edw. Whose lives, my lady?
Cou. My thrice loving liege,
Your queen, and *Salisbury* my wedded husband;
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot beſtow but by their death.
Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.
Cou. And ſo is your desire: If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:
I cannot think you love me as you ſay,
Unleſs you do make good what you have ſworn.
Edw. No more; thy husband and the queen ſhall die.

5 and render 16 Name then,

Fairer thou art by far than *Hero* was;
Beardleſs *Leander* not ſo ſtrong as I:
He ſwom an easy current for his love;
But I will, through a helly ſpout of blood,
Arrive that *Seſtos* where my *Hero* lies.

Cou. Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love aſunder,
Of which, my husband, and your wife, are twain.

Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence, that they ſhall die;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.

Cou. O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted judge!
When, to the great ſtar-chamber o'er our heads,
The univerſal ſeſſions calls to count
This packing evil, we both ſhall tremble for it.

Edw. What ſays my fair love? is ſhe resolute?

Cou. Resolute to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this,—
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou doſt, I'll part a little from thee,
And ſee how I will yield me to thy hands. [*turning ſuddenly upon him, and ſhewing two Daggers.*
Here by my ſide do hang my wedding knives:
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And learn by me to find her where ſhe lies;
And with the other I'll diſpatch my love,
Which now lies faſt aſleep within my heart:
When they are gone, then I'll conſent to love.
Stir not, laſcivious king, to hinder me;
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my reſcue,

5 To arrive at Ceſtus 22 doth hang

And, if thou ſtir, I ſtrike: therefore ſtand ſtill,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to:
Either ſwear to leave thy moſt unholy ſuit,
And never henceforth to ſolicit me;
Or elſe, by heaven, [*kneeling.*] this ſharp-pointed knife
Shall ſtain thy earth with that which thou would'ſt ſtain,
My poor chaſt blood. Swear, *Edward*, ſwear,
Or I will ſtrike, and die, before thee here.

Edw. Even by that Power I ſwear, that gives me now
The power to be aſhamed of myſelf,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to ſuch a ſuit.
Arise, true *Engliſh* lady; whom our isle
May better boaſt of, than e'er *Roman* might
Of her, whose ranſack'd treasury hath taſk'd
The vain endeavour of ſo many pens:
Arise; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
Which after ages ſhall enrich thee with.
I am awaked from this idle dream;—
Warwick, my ſon, *Derby*, *Artois*, and *Audley*,
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter Prince, and Lords.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north:—
You, prince of *Wales*, and *Audley*, ſtraight to ſea;
Scour to *New-haven*; ſome there ſtay for me:—
Myſelf, *Artois*, and *Derby*, will through *Flanders*,
To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid:
This night will ſcarce ſuffice me, to diſcover
My folly's ſiege againſt a faithful lover;
For, ere the ſun ſhall gild the eaſtern ſky,

12 words 30 ſhall guide the

We'll wake him with our martial harmony. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Flanders. *The* French *Camp.*

Enter King JOHN *of* France; *his two ſons,* CHARLES *Duke of* Normandy, *and* PHILIP; *Duke of* LORRAIN, *and Others.*

JOH. Here, 'till our navy, of a thouſand ſail,
Have made a breakfaſt to our foe by ſea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy ſpeed.—
Lorrain, what readineſs is *Edward* in?
How haſt thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit?

LOR. To lay aſide unneceſſary ſoothing,
And not to ſpend the time in circumſtance,
'Tis bruited for a certainty, my lord,
That he's exceeding ſtrongly fortify'd;
His ſubjects flock as willingly to war,
As if unto a triumph they were led.

CHA. England was wont to harbour malecontents,
Blood-thirſty and ſeditious *Catalines,*
Spend-thrifts, and ſuch as gape for nothing elſe
But change and alteration of the ſtate;
And is it poſſible, that they are now
So loyal in themſelves?

LOR. All but the *Scot*; who ſolemnly proteſts,
As heretofore I have inform'd his grace,
Never to ſheath his ſword, or take a truce.

JOH. Ah, that's the anchorage of ſome better hope!

24 changing and

But, on the other ſide, to think what friends
King *Edward* hath retain'd in *Netherland*,
Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy *Dutchmen*, puft with double beer,
That drink and ſwill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire:
Beſides, we hear, the emperor conjoins,
And ſtalls him in his own authority:
But, all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beſide domeſtick power;
The ſtern *Polonian*, and the warlike *Dane*,
The king of *Boheme*, and of *Sicily*,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hitherward.
[*Drum within.*
But, ſoft, I hear the musick of their drums,
By which I gueſs that their approach is near.

Enter BOHEMIA, *and Forces*; *and Aid of* Danes, POLES, *and* Muſcovites.

BOH. King *John* of *France*, as league, and neighbourhood
Requires, when friends are any way diſtreſſ'd,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.

POL. And from great *Moſcow*, fearful to the *Turk*,
And lofty *Poland*, nurſe of hardy men,
I bring these ſervitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

JOH. Welcome, *Bohemian* king; and welcome, all:
This your great kindneſs I will not forget;
Beſide your plentiful rewards in crowns,

11 drumſticke 13 Bohemia, 15 hither apace.

That from our treasury ye ſhall receive:
There comes a hare-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The ſpoil of whom will be a treble gain.—
And now my hope is full, my joy compleat:
At ſea, we are as puiſſant as the force
Of *Agamemnon* in the haven of *Troy*;
By land, with *Xerxes* we compare of ſtrength,
Whose ſoldiers drank up rivers in their thirſt:
Then, *Bayard*-like, blind over-weening *Ned*,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is, either to be ſwallow'd of the waves,
Or hackt apieces when thou com'ſt aſhore.

Enter a Mariner.

Mar. Near to the coaſt I have deſcry'd, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armado of king *Edward*'s ſhips:
Which, at the firſt, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines;
But, drawing near, their glorious bright aſpect,
Their ſtreaming enſigns wrought of colour'd ſilk,
Like to a meadow full of ſundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth:
Majeſtical the order of their courſe,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon:
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of *England* and of *France* unite
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carry'd with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

25 And on

Joh. Dare he already crop the flower-de-luce?
I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
He, with the ſpider, afterward approach'd,
Shall ſuck forth deadly venom from the leaves. —
But where's our navy? how are they prepar'd
To wing themſelves againſt this flight of ravens?
[ſcouts,

Mar. They, having knowledge brought them by the
Did break from anchor ſtraight; and, puft with rage,
No otherwise than were their ſails with wind,
Made forth; as when the empty eagle flies,
To ſatiſfy his hungry griping maw.

Joh. There's † for thy news. Return unto thy bark;
And, if thou ſcape the bloody ſtroke of war,
And do ſurvive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight. — [*Exit* Mar.
Mean ſpace, my lords, 'tis beſt we be diſperſ'd
To ſeveral places, leſt they chance to land:
Firſt, you, my lord, with your *Bohemian* troops,
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand;
My eldeſt ſon, the duke of *Normandy*,
Together with this aid of *Muſcovites*,
Shall climb the higher ground another way;
Here in the middle coaſt, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngeſt boy, and I will lodge.
So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge;
You ſtand for *France*, an empire fair and large. —
[*Exeunt* Cha. Lor. Bohemia, *and Forces.*
Now tell me, *Philip*, what is thy conceit,
Touching the challenge that the *Engliſh* make?

Phi. I ſay, my lord, claim *Edward* what he can,
And bring he ne'er ſo plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in poſſeſſion of the crown,
And that's the ſureſt point of all the law:
But, were it not; yet, ere he ſhould prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my deareſt blood,
Or chaſe those ſtragling upſtarts home again. [wine,
Joh. Well ſaid, young *Philip!* Call for bread and
That we may cheer our ſtomacks with repaſt,
To look our foes more ſternly in the face.
[*A Table and Provisions brought in; King and his Son ſet down to it. Ordinance afar off.*
Now is begun the heavy day at ſea.
Fight, *Frenchmen*, fight; be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in their caves!
Steer, angry *Nemeſis*, the happy helm;
That, with the ſulphur'd battles of your rage,
The *Engliſh* fleet may be diſperſ'd, and ſunk!
[*Ordinance again.*
Phi. O, father, how this echoing cannon ſhot,
Like ſweeteſt harmony, digeſts my cates! ['tis,
Joh. Now, boy, thou hear'ſt what thundring terror
To buckle for a kingdom's ſovereignty:
The earth, with giddy trembling when it ſhakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Break in extremity of lightning flaſh,
Affrights not more, than kings, when they diſpose
To ſhew the rancour of their high-ſwoln hearts.
[*Retreat heard.*
Retreat is ſounded; one ſide hath the worſe:

16 ſtir, 17 ſulphure 21 ſweete 26 Breakes

O, if it be the *French!* — Sweet fortune, turn;
And, in thy turning, change the froward winds,
That, with advantage of a favouring ſky,
Our men may vanquiſh, and the other fly!
Enter Mariner.
My heart miſgives: — Say, mirror of pale death,
To whom belongs the honour of this day?
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will ſerve,
The ſad diſcourſe of this diſcomfiture.
Mar. I will, my lord.
My gracious ſovereign, *France* hath ta'n the foil,
And boaſting *Edward* triumphs with ſucceſs.
These iron-hearted navies,
When laſt I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry ſpleen, of hope, and fear,
Haſting to meet each other in the face,
At laſt conjoin'd; and by their admiral
Our admiral encounter'd many ſhot:
By this, the other, that beheld these twain
Give earneſt penny of a further wreck,
Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight;
And, likewise meeting, from their ſmoky wombs
Sent many grim embaſſadors of death.
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night;
And darkneſs did as well enclose the quick,
As those that were but newly reft of life:
No leisure ſerv'd for friends to bid farewel;
And, if it had, the hideous noise was ſuch,
As each to other ſeemed deaf, and dumb:
Purple the ſea; whose channel fill'd as faſt

With ſtreaming gore, that from the maimed fell,
As did her guſhing moiſture break into
The cranny'd cleftures of the through-ſhot planks:
Here flew a head, diſſever'd from the trunk;
There mangl'd arms, and legs, were toſſ'd aloft;
As when a whirl-wind takes the ſummer duſt,
And ſcatters it in middle of the air:
Then might ye ſee the reeling veſſels ſplit,
And tottering ſink into the ruthleſs flood,
Until their lofty tops were ſeen no more.
All ſhifts were try'd, both for defence and hurt:
And now the effects of valour, and of fear,
Of resolution, and of cowardice,
Were lively pictur'd; how the one for fame,
The other by compulſion lay'd about:
Much did the *nonpareille*, that brave ſhip;
So did the black-ſnake of *Boulogne*, than which
A bonnier veſſel never yet ſpred ſail:
But all in vain; both ſun, the wind and tide,
Revolted all unto our foemen's ſide,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed: Thus my tale is done;
We have untimely loſt, and they have won.

Joh. Then reſts there nothing, but, with present ſpeed,
To join our ſeveral forces all in one,
And bid them battle, ere they range too far. —
Come, gentle *Philip*, let us hence depart;
This ſoldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II. Picardy. *Fields near* Creſſi.

3 cranny 12 effect D° of force, 14 We lively 16 *Nom per illa*,

Enter a Frenchman, *meeting certain Others, a* Woman, *and two Children, laden with Houſhold-ſtuff, as removing.*

1. *F.* Well met, my maſters: How now? what's the news?
And wherefore are you laden thus with ſtuff?
What, is it quarter-day, that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage too?

2. *F.* Quarter-day? ay, and quartering day, I fear:
Have you not heard the news that flies abroad?

1. *F.* What news?

3. *F.* How the *French* navy is deſtroy'd at ſea,
And that the *Engliſh* army is arriv'd.

1. *F.* What then? [to fly,

2. *F.* What then, quoth you? why, is't not time
When envy and deſtruction is ſo nigh? [hence;

1. *F.* Content thee, man; they are far enough from
And will be met, I warrant you, to their coſt,
Before they break ſo far into the realm.

2. *F.* Ay, ſo the graſs-hopper doth ſpend the time
In mirthful jollity, 'till winter come;
And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his careleſs head.
He, that no ſooner will provide a cloke,
Than when he ſees it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence,
Be throughly waſh'd when he ſuſpects it not.
We, that have charge, and ſuch a train as this,
Muſt look in time to look for them and us,
Leſt, when we would, we cannot be reliev'd.

1. *F.* Belike, you then deſpair of all ſucceſs,

And think your country will be ſubjugate.

3. *F.* We cannot tell; 'tis good, to fear the worſt.

1. *F.* Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural ſons,
Forſake your loving parents in diſtreſs.

2. *F.* Tuſh, they, that have already taken arms,
Are many fearful millions, in reſpect
Of that ſmall handful of our enemies:
But 'tis a rightful quarrel muſt prevail;
Edward is ſon unto our late king's ſiſter,
Where *John Valois* is three degrees remov'd.

Wom. Beſides, there goes a propheſy abroad,
Publiſh'd by one that was a friar once,
Whose oracles have many times prov'd true;
And now he ſays, *The time will ſhortly come,*
When as a lion, roused in the weſt,
Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of France:
These, I can tell ye, and ſuch like ſurmises
Strike many *Frenchmen* cold unto the heart.

Enter another Frenchman, *haſtily.*

4. *F.* Fly, countrymen, and citizens of *France!*
Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expulſ'd the land:
Inſtead of whom, ranſack-conſtraining war
Sits like to ravens on your houſes' tops;
Slaughter and miſchief walk within your ſtreets,
And, unreſtrain'd, make havock as they paſs:
The form whereof even now myſelf beheld,
Row, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
For ſo far as I did direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,

23 ranſackt 24 upon your 29 far off as I directed

Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven;
And, as the leaking vapour in the wind
Turned aſide, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, eſcapt the flame,
Fall numberleſs upon the ſoldiers' pikes:
Three ways these dreadful miniſters of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragick march;
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,
Upon the left his hot unbridl'd ſon,
And in the midſt our nation's glittering hoſt;
All which, though diſtant, yet conſpire in one
To leave a deſolation where they come.
Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise,
Seek out ſome habitation further off:
Here if you ſtay, your wives will be abus'd,
Your treasure ſhar'd before your weeping eyes;
Shelter yourſelves, for now the ſtorm doth rise;
Away, away! methinks, I hear their drums:—
Ah wretched *France*, I greatly fear thy fall;
Thy glory ſhaketh like a tottering wall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, *marching*; DERBY, *&c. and Forces, and* Gobin de Grey. [guide

EDW. Where is the *Frenchman*, by whose cunning
We found the ſhallow of this river *Somme*,
And had direction how to paſs the ſea?

GOB. Here, my good lord.

EDW. How art thou call'd? thy name?

GOB. *Gobin de Grey*, if please your excellence.

3 I turned but aſide, 17 Shelter you your 26 Sone,

Edw. Then, *Gobin*, for the ſervice thou haſt done,
We here enlarge and give thee liberty;
And, for a recompence, beſide this good,
Thou ſhalt receive five hundred marks in gold. —
I know not how, we ſhould have met our ſon;
Whom now in heart I wiſh I might behold.

Enter Artois.

Art. Good news, my lord; the prince is hard at hand,
And with him comes lord *Audley*, and the reſt,
Whom ſince our landing we could never meet.

Drums. Enter Prince, Audley, *and Forces.*

Edw. Welcome, fair prince! How haſt thou ſped, my ſon,
Since thy arrival on the coaſt of *France?*

Pri. Succeſsfully, I thank the gracious heavens:
Some of their ſtrongeſt cities we have won,
As *Harfleur*, *Lo*, *Crotage*, and *Carentan*;
And others waſted; leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path,
For ſolitarineſs to progreſs in:
Yet, those that would ſubmit, we kindly pardon'd;
For who in ſcorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,
Indur'd the penalty of ſharp revenge.

Edw. Ah, *France*, why ſhould'ſt thou be thus obſti-
nate
Againſt the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gentle had we thought to touch thy breaſt,
And ſet our foot upon thy tender mold,
But that, in froward and diſdainful pride,
Thou, like a ſkittiſh and untamed colt,
Doſt ſtart aſide, and ſtrike us with thy heels? —
But tell me, *Ned*, in all thy warlike courſe

[16] Harflen, Lie,

Haſt thou not ſeen the usurping king of *France?*

Pri. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
With full an hundred thousand fighting men,
Upon the one ſide o' the river's bank,
I on the other; with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have crop'd our ſmaller power:
But, happily, perceiving your approach,
He hath withdrawn himſelf to *Creſſi'* plains;
Where, as it ſeemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

Edw. He ſhall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.

Drums. Enter King JOHN; CHARLES, *and* PHILIP, *his ſons*; Bohemia, Lorrain, *&c. and Forces.* [*France*,—

Joh. Now, *Edward*, know, that *John*, true king of
Muſing thou ſhould'ſt encroach upon his land,
And, in thy tyrannous proceeding, ſlay
His faithful ſubjects, and ſubvert his towns,—
Spits in thy face; and in this manner following
Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion.
Firſt, I condemn thee for a fugitive,
A thieviſh pirate, and a needy mate;
One, that hath either no abiding place,
Or elſe, inhabiting ſome barren ſoil,
Where neither herb or fruitful grain is had,
Doſt altogether live by pilfering:
Next,— inſomuch thou haſt infring'd thy faith,
Broke league and ſolemn covenant made with me,—
I hold thee for a moſt pernitious wretch:
And laſt of all,— although I ſcorn to cope

4 ſide with the 5 And on the other both his 1 5 John the true

With one ſo much inferior to myſelf;
Yet, in reſpect thy thirſt is all for gold,
Thy labour rather to be fear'd than lov'd,—
To ſatiſfy thy luſt in either part,
Here am I come; and with me I have brought
Exceeding ſtore of treaſure, pearl, and coin.
Leave therefore now to perſecute the weak;
And, armed ent'ring conflict with the arm'd,
Let it be ſeen, 'mongſt other petty thefts,
How thou canſt win this pillage manfully.

Edw. If gall, or wormwood, have a pleaſant taſte,
Then is thy ſalutation honey-ſweet:
But as the one hath no ſuch property,
So is the other moſt ſatirical.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthleſs taunts;—
If thou have utter'd them to foil my fame,
Or dim the reputation of my birth,
Know, that thy wolfiſh barking cannot hurt:
If ſlily to inſinuate with the world,
And with a ſtrumpet's artificial line
To paint thy vitious and deformed cauſe,
Be well aſſur'd, the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foul defects be ſeen:
But if thou did'ſt it to provoke me on,—
As who ſhould ſay, I were but timerous,
Or, coldly negligent, did need a ſpur,—
Bethink thyſelf, how ſlack I was at ſea;
How, ſince my landing, I have won no towns,
Enter'd no further but upon thy coaſt,
And there have ever ſince ſecurely ſlept.

[1] one ſuch inferiour [2 8] Now, ſince

But if I have been otherways employ'd,
Imagine, *Valois*, whether I intend
To ſkirmiſh, not for pillage, but the crown
Which thou doſt wear; and that I vow to have,
Or one of us ſhall fall into his grave.

Pri. Look not for croſs invectives at our hands,
Or railing execrations of deſpight:
Let creeping ſerpents, hid in hollow banks,
Sting with their tongues; we have remorſeleſs ſwords,
And they ſhall plead for us, and our affairs.
Yet thus much, briefly, by my father's leave:
As all the immodeſt poison of thy throat
Is ſcandalous and moſt notorious lies,
And our pretended quarrel truly juſt,
So end the battle when we meet to-day;
May either of us proſper and prevail,
Or, luckleſs curſt, receive eternal ſhame!

Edw. That needs no further queſtion; and, I know,
His conſcience witneſſeth, it is my right.—
Therefore, *Valois*, ſay, wilt thou yet resign,
Before the ſickle's thruſt into the corn,
Or that enkindl'd fury turn'd to flame? [*France*;

Joh. *Edward*, I know what right thou haſt in
And ere I baſely will resign my crown,
This champion field ſhall be a pool of blood,
And all our proſpect as a ſlaughter-houſe.

Pri. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art:
No father, king, or ſhepherd of thy realm;
But one, that tears her entrails with thy hands,
And, like a thirſty tiger, ſuck'ſt her blood.

3 but for the 14 quarrell is truely

Aud. You peers of *France*, why do you follow him
That is so prodigal to spend your lives?
Cha. Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their true-born sovereign?
Edw. Upbraid'st thou him, because within his face
Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age?
Know, these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immoveable,
When whirl-wind quickly turns up younger trees.
Der. Was ever any of thy father's house
King, but thyself, before this present time?
Edward's great linage, by the mother's side,
Five hundred years hath held the scepter up:—
Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this, or that.
Phi. Good father, range your battles, prate no more;
These *English* fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they might scape unfought.
Joh. Lords, and my loving subjects, now's the time,
That your intended force must bide the touch:
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief,—
He, that you fight for, is your natural king;
He, against whom you fight, a foreigner:
He, that you fight for, rules in clemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;
He, against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and, with a heavy hand,
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then, to protect your country, and your king,

7 Know that these 19 knowes the

Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
Anſwer the number of your able hands,
And we ſhall quickly chaſe these fugitives.
For what's this *Edward*, but a belly-god,
A tender and laſcivious wantonneſs,
That t'other day was almoſt dead for love?
And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?
Such as, but ſcant them of their chines of beef,
And take away their downy feather-beds,
And, presently, they are as reſty-ſtiff
As 'twere a many over-ridden jades.
Then, *Frenchmen*, ſcorn that ſuch ſhould be your lords,
And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

Fre. Vive le roi! God ſave king *John* of *France!*

Joh. Now on this plain of *Creſſi* ſpread yourſelves,—
And, *Edward*, when thou dar'ſt, begin the fight.

[*Exeunt King* John, Cha. Phi. Lor. Boh. *and Forces.*

Edw. We presently will meet thee, *John* of *France:*—
And, *Engliſh* lords, let us resolve this day,
Either to clear us of that ſcandalous crime,
Or be entombed in our innocence.—
And, *Ned*, because this battle is the firſt
That ever yet thou fought'ſt in pitched field,
As ancient cuſtom is of martialiſts,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In ſolemn manner we will give thee arms:—
Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth
A ſtrong attirement for the prince my ſon.—

Flouriſh. Enter four Heralds, bringing a Coat-armour, a Helmet, a Lance, and a Shield:

First Herald delivers the Armour to King Edward;
who, putting it on his Son,
Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impall thy breaſt,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchleſs fortitude,
That never baſe affections enter there;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'ſt! —
Now follow, lords, and do him honour too.

DER. [*receiving the Helmet from the ſecond Herald.*
Edward Plantagenet, prince of *Wales*,
As I do ſet this † helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
So may thy temples, with *Bellona*'s hand,
Be ſtill adorn'd with laurel victory;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'ſt!

AUD. [*receiving the Lance from the third Herald.*
Edward Plantagenet, prince of *Wales*,
Receive this † lance, into thy manlike hand;
Use it in faſhion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody ſtratagems in *France*,
And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'ſt!

ART. [*receiving the Shield from the fourth Herald.*
Edward Plantagenet, prince of *Wales*,
Hold, take this † target, wear it on thy arm;
And may the view thereof, like *Perſeus*' ſhield,
Aſtoniſh and tranſform thy gazing foes
To ſenſeleſs images of meager death;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'ſt!

[1] 3 this braine

[which, defer'd,

Edw. Now wants there nought but knighthood;
We leave, 'till thou haſt won it in the field.

Pri. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,
This honour, you have done me, animates
And cheers my green yet-ſcarce-appearing ſtrength
With comfortable good-preſaging ſigns;
No otherwise than did old *Jacob*'s words,
When as he breath'd his bleſſings on his ſons:
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I prophane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherleſs, and poor,
Or for the benefit of *England*'s peace,
Be numb my joints! wax feeble both mine arms!
Wither my heart! that, like a ſapleſs tree,
I may remain the map of infamy.

Edw. Then thus our ſteeled battles ſhall be rang'd;—
The leading of the vaward, *Ned*, is thine;
To dignify whose luſty ſpirit the more,
We temper it with *Audley*'s gravity;
That, courage and experience join'd in one,
Your manage may be ſecond unto none:
For the main battles, I will guide myſelf;
And, *Derby*, in the rearward march behind.
That orderly diſpos'd, and ſet in 'ray,
Let us to horſe; And God grant us the day!

SCENE IV. *The ſame.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Enter a many Frenchmen, *flying*; *Prince, and* Engliſh, *purſuing*; *and Exeunt: then*

Enter King JOHN, *and* LORRAIN.

JOH. O *Lorrain*, ſay, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

LOR. The garriſon of *Genoeses*, my lord,
That came from *Paris*, weary with their march,
Grudging to be ſo ſuddenly employ'd,
No ſooner in the fore-front took their place,
But, ſtraight retiring, ſo diſmay'd the reſt,
As likewise they betook themſelves to flight;
In which, for haſte to make a ſafe eſcape,
More in the cluſt'ring throng are preſſ'd to death,
Than by the enemy, a thousand fold.

JOH. O hapleſs fortune! Let us yet aſſay
If we can counſel ſome of them to ſtay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame.*

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, *and* AUDLEY.

EDW. Lord *Audley*, whiles our ſon is in the chaſe,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a ſeason let us breath ourſelves.

AUD. I will, my lord. [*Exit* AUDLEY. *Retreat.*

EDW. Juſt-dooming heaven, whose ſecret provi-
To our groſs judgment is unſcrutable, [dence
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That haſt this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked ſtumble at themſelves?

Enter ARTOIS, *haſtily.*

ART. Reſcue, king *Edward!* reſcue for thy ſon!

EDW. Reſcue, *Artois?* what, is he prisoner?
Or, elſe, by violence fell beſide his horſe?

Art. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beſet
With turning *Frenchmen*, whom he did purſue,
As 'tis impoſſible that he ſhould ſcape,
Except your highneſs presently deſcend.
Edw. Tut, let him fight; we gave him arms to-day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.
Enter Derby, *haſtily.*
Der. The prince, my lord, the prince! o, ſuccour him;
He's cloſe encompaſſ'd with a world of odds!
Edw. Then will he win a world of honour too.
If he by valour can redeem him thence:
If not, What remedy? we have more ſons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.
Re-enter Audley, *haſtily.*
Aud. Renowned *Edward*, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my ſoldiers, where I may relieve
Your grace's ſon, in danger to be ſlain.
The ſnares of *French*, like emmets on a bank,
Muſter about him; whil'ſt he, lion-like,
Entangl'd in the net of their aſſaults,
Frantickly wrends, and bites the woven toil:
But all in vain, he cannot free himſelf.
Edw. Audley, content; I will not have a man,
On pain of death, ſent forth to ſuccour him:
This is the day ordain'd by deſtiny
To ſeason his green courage with those thoughts,
That, if he break'th out *Neſtor*'s years on earth,
Will make him ſavour ſtill of this exploit.
Der. Ah, but he ſhall not live to ſee those days.
Edw. Why, then his epitaph is laſting praise.

26 his courage with those greevous thoughts,

Aud. Yet, good my lord, 'tis too much wilfulneſs,
To let his blood be ſpilt, that may be ſav'd.
Edw. Exclaim no more; for none of you can tell,
Whether a borrow'd aid will ſerve, or no;
Perhaps, he is already ſlain, or ta'en:
And dare a falcon when ſhe's in her flight,
And ever after ſhe'll be haggard-like:
Let *Edward* be deliver'd by our hands,
And ſtill, in danger, he'll expect the like;
But if himſelf himſelf redeem from thence,
He will have vanquiſh'd, cheerful, death, and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive ſlaves.
Aud. O cruel father! — Farewel, *Edward*, then!
Der. Farewel, ſweet prince, the hope of chivalry!
Art. O, would my life might ranſom him from death!
Edw. Forbear, my lords,—But, ſoft; methinks, I hear
[*Retreat ſounded.*
The diſmal charge of trumpets' loud retreat:
All are not ſlain, I hope, that went with him;
Some will return with tidings, good, or bad.

Flouriſh. Enter Prince Edward *in Triumph, bearing in his Hand his ſhiver'd Lance; his Sword, and batter'd Armour, born before him, and the Body of the King of* Bohemia, *wrapt in the Colours: Lords run and embrace him.*

Aud. O joyful fight! victorious *Edward* lives!
Der. Welcome, brave prince!
Edw. Welcome, *Plantagenet!* [*embracing him.*

Pri. Firſt having done my duty, as beſeem'd,
[*kneels, and kiſſes his Father's Hand.*
Lords, I regreet you all with hearty thanks.
And now, behold,—after my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boiſt'rous ſea
Of war's devouring gulphs and ſteely rocks,—
I bring my fraught unto the wiſhed port,
My ſummer's hope, my travel's ſweet reward:
And here, with humble duty, I present
This † ſacrifice, this firſt fruit of my ſword,
Cropt and cut down even at the gate of death,
The king of *Boheme*, father, whom I ſlew;
Whose thousands had intrench'd me round about,
And lay as thick upon my batter'd creſt,
As on an anvil, with their pond'rous glaives:
Yet marble courage ſtill did underprop;
And when my weary arms, with often blows,—
Like the continual-lab'ring woodman's axe,
That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,—
Began to falter, ſtraight I would remember
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,
And then new courage made me freſh again;
That, in deſpite, I carv'd my paſſage forth,
And put the multitude to ſpeedy flight.
Lo, thus hath *Edward*'s hand 'fill'd your requeſt,
And done, I hope, the duty of a knight. [*Ned!*
Edw. Ay, well thou haſt deserv'd a knighthood,
And, therefore, with thy ſword, yet reeking warm
[*receiving it from the Soldier who bore it, and laying it on the kneeling Prince.*

13 Whom you ſaid had 20 would recover:

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,
Arise, prince *Edward*, truſty knight at arms:
This day thou haſt confounded me with joy,
And prov'd thyſelf fit heir unto a king.

Pri. Here is a † note, my gracious lord, of those
That in this conflict of our foes were ſlain:
Eleven princes of eſteem; fourſcore
Barons, and earls; a hundred twenty knights;
And thirty thousand private ſoldiers;
And, of our men, a thousand. [hope,

Edw. Our God be prais'd! Now, *John* of *France*, I
Thou know'ſt king *Edward* for no wantonneſs,
No love-ſick cockney; nor his ſoldiers, jades.—
But which way is the fearful king eſcap'd?

Pri. Towards *Poitiers*, noble father, and his ſons.

Edw. *Ned*, thou, and *Audley*, ſhall purſue them ſtill;
Myſelf, and *Derby*, will to *Calais* ſtraight,
And their begirt that haven-town with ſiege:
Now lies it on an upſhot; therefore ſtrike,
And wiſtly follow while the game's on foot.
What picture's this? [*pointing to the Colours.*

Pri. A pelican, my lord,
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,
That ſo her neſt of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that iſſue from her heart;
The motto, *Sic et vos*, *And ſo ſhould you.*

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt in Triumph.*

ACT IV.

† hundred and twentie

SCENE I. Bretagne. *Camp of the* Engliſh *Forces under the Earl of* Salisbury; Salisbury's *Tent. Enter* SALISBURY; *to him, the Earl of* MONTFORT, *attended, a Coronet in his Hand.*

Mon. My lord of *Salisbury*, ſince by your aid
Mine enemy Sir *Charles* of *Blois* is ſlain,
And I again am quietly poſſeſt
In *Bretagne*'s dukedom, know, that I reſolve,
For this kind furtherance of your king, and you,
To ſwear allegiance to his majeſty:
In ſign whereof, receive this † coronet,
Bear it unto him; and, withal, my oath,
Never to be but *Edward*'s faithful friend.

Sal. I take it, *Monfort:* Thus, I hope, ere long
The whole dominions of the realm of *France*
Will be ſurrender'd to his conquering hand.
[*Exeunt* MONTFORT, *and Train.*
Now, if I knew but ſafely how to paſs,
I would at *Calais* gladly meet his grace,
Whither, I am by letters certify'd,
That he intends to have his hoſt remov'd.
It ſhall be ſo; this policy will ſerve: —
Ho, who's within? Bring *Villiers* to me. —

Enter VILLIERS.

Villiers, thou know'ſt, thou art my priſoner,
And that I might, for ranſom, if I would,
Require of thee an hundred thouſand franks,
Or elſe retain and keep thee captive ſtill:
But ſo it is, that for a ſmaller charge
Thou may'ſt be quit, an if thou wilt thyſelf;

19 would to Calice 21 Yet he

And this it is, Procure me but a paſsport
Of *Charles* the duke of *Normandy*, that I,
Without reſtraint, may have recourſe to *Calais*
Through all the countries where he hath to do,
(Which thou may'ſt easily obtain, I think,
By reason I have often heard thee ſay,
He and thyſelf were ſtudents once together).
And then thou ſhalt be ſet at liberty.
How ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

Vil. I will, my lord; but I muſt ſpeak with him.

Sal. Why, ſo thou ſhalt; take horſe, and poſt from hence:
Only, before thou go'ſt, ſwear by thy faith,
That, if thou can'ſt not compaſs my desire,
Thou wilt return my prisoner back again;
And that ſhall be ſufficient warrant for thee.

Vil. To that condition I agree, my lord,
And will unfeignedly perform the ſame.

Sal. Farewel, *Villiers*. — [*Exit* Villiers.
Thus, once I mean to try a *Frenchman*'s faith.

SCENE II. Picardy.

The Engliſh *Camp before* Calais.

Enter King Edward, *and* Derby, *with Soldiers.*

Edw. Since thy refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
And will not ope the gates, and let us in,
We will intrench ourſelves on every ſide,
That neither victuals, nor ſupply of men,
May come to ſuccour this accurſed town;
Famine ſhall combat where our ſwords are ſtopt.

Der. The promis'd aid, that made them ſtand aloof,

7 and thou were

Is now retir'd, and gone another way;
It will repent them of their ſtubborn will.
Enter ſome poor Frenchmen.
But what are these poor ragged ſlaves, my lord? [*Calais.*
Edw. Aſk what they are; it ſeems, they come from
Der. You wretched patterns of deſpair and woe,
What are ye? living men; or gliding ghoſts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?
1. *F.* No ghoſts, my lord, but men that breath a life
Far worſe than is the quiet ſleep of death:
We are diſtreſſed poor inhabitants,
That long have been diseased, ſick, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to ſerve,
The captain of the town hath thruſt us forth,
That ſo expence of victuals may be ſav'd.
Edw. A charitable deed, and worthy praise—
But how do you imagine then to ſpeed?
We are your enemies; in ſuch a caſe
We can no leſs but put you to the ſword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.
1. *F.* An if your grace no otherwise vouchſafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life. [treſſ'd!—
Edw. Poor ſilly men, much wrong'd, and more diſ-
Go, *Derby*, go, and ſee they be reliev'd;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns apiece:—
[*Exeunt* Derby, *and* Frenchmen.
The lion ſcorns to touch the yielding prey;
And *Edward*'s ſword muſt freſh itſelf in ſuch
As wilful ſtubbornneſs hath made perverſe.—

16 deede, no doubt, and

Enter the Lord PERCY, *from* England.

Lord *Percy!* welcome: What's the news in *England?*

PER. The queen, my lord, commends her to your grace;
And from her highneſs, and the lord vice-gerent,
I bring this happy tidings of ſucceſs:
David of *Scotland*, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he ſooneſt ſhould prevail,
Your highneſs being abſent from the realm)
Is, by the faithful ſervice of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herſelf,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquiſh'd, ſubdu'd, and taken prisoner.

EDW. Thanks, *Percy*, for thy news, with all my heart!
What was he, took him prisoner in the field?

PER. A ſquire, my lord; *John Copland* is his name:
Who ſince, entreated by her majeſty,
Denies to make ſurrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone;
Whereat the queen is grievouſly diſpleas'd.

EDW. Well, then we'll have a purſuivant diſpatch'd,
To ſummon *Copland* hither out of hand,
And with him he ſhall bring his prisoner king.

PER. The queen's, my lord, herſelf by this at ſea;
And purposeth, as ſoon as wind will ſerve,
To land at *Calais*, and to visit you.

EDW. She ſhall be welcome; and, to wait her coming,
I'll pitch my tent near to the ſandy ſhore.

Enter a French *Captain.*

Cap. The burgeſſes of *Calais*, mighty king,
Have, by a council, willingly decreed

3 comes here to

To yield the town, and caſtle, to your hands;
Upon condition, it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life, and goods. [mand,
Edw. They will ſo! then, belike, they may com-
Diſpose, elect, and govern as they liſt·
No, ſirrah, tell them, ſince they did refuse
Our princely clemency at firſt proclaim'd,
They ſhall not have it now, although they would;
I will accept of nought but fire and ſword,
Except, within these two days, ſix of them,
That are the wealthieſt merchants in the town,
Come naked, all but for their linnen ſhirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
And proſtrate yield themſelves, upon their knees,
To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please;
And ſo you may inform their maſterſhips.
[*Exeunt* Edward, *and* Percy.
Cap. Why, this it is to truſt a broken ſtaff.
Had we not been perſuaded, *John* our king
Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
We had not ſtood upon defiance ſo:
But now 'tis paſt that no man can recall;
And better ſome do go to wreck, than all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Poitou. *Fields near* Poitiers.
The French *Camp*; *Tent of the Duke of* Normandy.
Enter Charles, *and* Villiers. [me
Cha. I wonder, *Villiers*, thou ſhould'ſt importune
For one that is our deadly enemy.
Vil. Not for his ſake, my gracious lord, ſo much

Am I become an earneſt advocate,
As that thereby my ranſom will be quit. [that?
Cha. Thy ranſom, man! why, need'ſt thou talk of
Art thou not free? and are not all occaſions,
That happen for advantage of our foes,
To be accepted of, and ſtood upon?
Vil. No, good my lord, except the ſame be juſt;
For profit muſt with honour be comixt,
Or elſe our actions are but ſcandalous:
But, letting paſs these intricate objections,
Wilt please your highneſs to ſubſcribe, or no?
Cha. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it;
Salisbury ſhall not have his will ſo much,
To claim a paſsport how it pleas'th himſelf.
Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord,
I muſt return to prison whence I came.
Cha. Return! I hope, thou wilt not, Villiers:
What bird, that hath eſcap'd the fowler's gin,
Will not be ware how ſhe's enſnar'd again?
Or, what is he, ſo ſenſeleſs, and ſecure,
That, having hardly paſſ'd a dangerous gulph,
Will put himſelf in peril there again?
Vil. Ah, but it is my oath, my gracious lord,
Which I in conſcience may not violate,
Or elſe a kingdom ſhould not draw me hence.
Cha. Thine oath! why, that doth bind thee to abide:
Haſt thou not ſworn obedience to thy prince?
Vil. In all things that uprightly he commands:
But either to perſuade, or threaten me,
Not to perform the covenant of my word,

Is lawleſs, and I need not to obey.

Cha. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill,
And not, to break a promise with his foe? [claim'd,

Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once pro-
So that our quarrel be for wrongs receiv'd,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted us:
But, in an oath, we muſt be well advis'd
How we do ſwear; and, when we once have ſworn,
Not to infringe it, though we die therefore:
Therefore, my lord, as willing I return,
As if I were to fly to paradiſe. [*going.*

Cha. Stay, my *Villiers*; thy honourable mind
Deserves to be eternally admir'd.
Thy ſuit ſhall be no longer thus defer'd;
Give me the paper, I'll ſubſcribe to it:
[*ſigns, and gives it back.*
And, where toſore I lov'd thee as *Villiers*,
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myſelf;
Stay, and be ſtill in favour with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace: I muſt diſpatch,
And ſend this paſsport firſt unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highneſs' pleasure.
[*Exit* Villiers.

Cha. Do ſo, *Villiers*; — And *Charles*, when he hath
Be ſuch his ſoldiers, howſoe'er he ſpeed! [need,

Enter King John. [trap'd,

Joh. Come, *Charles*, and arm thee; *Edward* is en-
The prince of *Wales* is faln into our hands,
And we have compaſſ'd him, he cannot ſcape.

Cha. But will your highneſs fight to-day?

Joh. What elſe, my ſon? he's ſcarce eight thouſand
And we are threeſcore thouſand at the leaſt. [ſtrong,
Cha. I have a † propheſy, my gracious lord,
Wherein is written, what ſucceſs is like
To happen us in this outrageous war;
It was deliver'd me at *Creſſi*' field,
By one that is an aged hermit there. [*reads.*
When feather'd fowl ſhall make thine army tremble,
and flint ſtones riſe, and break the battle 'ray,
then think on him that doth not now diſſemble;
for that ſhall be the hapleſs dreadful day:
yet, in the end, thy foot thou ſhalt advance
as far in England, *as thy foe in* France.
Joh. By this it ſeems we ſhall be fortunate:
For as it is impoſſible, that ſtones
Should ever riſe, and break the battle 'ray;
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake;
So is it like, we ſhall not be ſubdu'd:
Or, ſay this might be true, yet, in the end,
Since he doth promiſe, we ſhall drive him hence,
And forrage their country, as they have done ours,
By this revenge that loſs will ſeem the leſs.
But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams:
Once, we are ſure we have enſnar'd the ſon,
Catch we the father after how we can. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. The* Engliſh *Camp.*
Enter Prince Edward, Audley, *and Others.*
Pri. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,
And comfort have we none, ſave that to die,

To pay ſour earneſt for a ſweeter life.
At *Creſſi'* field our clouds of warlike ſmoke
Choak'd up thoſe *French* mouths, and diſſever'd them:
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Maſking as 'twere, the beauteous burning ſun;
Leaving no hope to us, but ſullen dark,
And eyeleſs terror of all-ending night.

Aud. This ſudden, mighty, and expedient head,
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield;
His party ſtronger battl'd than our whole:
His ſon, the braving duke of *Normandy*,
Hath trim'd the mountain on our right hand up
In ſhining plate, that now the aſpiring hill
Shews like a ſilver quarry, or an orb;
Aloft the which, the banners bannerets,
And new-repleniſh'd pendants, cuff the air,
And beat the winds, that, for their gaudineſs,
Struggles to kiſs them: on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger iſſue of the king,
Coating the other hill in ſuch array,
That all his gilded upright pikes do ſeem
Strait trees of gold, the pendant ſtreamers, leaves;
And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colours ſeeming ſundry fruits,
Makes it the orchard of the *Heſperides*:
Behind us too the hill doth bear his height,
(For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way,
It rounds us in) there at our backs are lodg'd

1 We pay 28 us two the

The fatal croſs-bows; and the battle there
Is govern'd by the rough *Chatillion*.
Then thus it ſtands,—The valley for our flight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalized by his ſons;
And on the hill behind ſtands certain death,
In pay and ſervice with *Chatillion*. [deeds;—
Pri. Death's name is much more mighty than his
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
As many ſands as these my hands can hold,
Are but my handful of ſo many ſands;
Then, all the world,—and call it but a power,—
Is easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away:
But, if I ſtand to count them ſand by ſand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a taſk,
Which, briefly, is no more, indeed, than one.
These quarter'd ſquadrons, and these regiments,
Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power: When we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head, have ſeveral ſtrengths;
And being all but one ſelf inſtant ſtrength,
Why, all this many, *Audley*, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's ſtrength.
He, that hath far to go, tells it by miles;
If he ſhould tell the ſteps, it kills his heart:
The drops are infinite, that make a flood;
And yet, thou know'ſt, we call it but a rain.
There is but one *France*, and one king of *France*,
That *France* hath no more kings; and that ſame king

13 quarters, ſquadrons, 21 hath ſeverall

Hath but the puiſſant legion of one king;
And we have one: Then apprehend no odds;
For one to one is fair equality.—

Enter a Herald.

What tidings, meſſenger? be plain, and brief.

Her. The king of *France*, my ſovereign lord and maſter,
Greets thus by me his foe the prince of *Wales:*
If thou call forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, 'ſquires, and *Engliſh* gentlemen,
And with thyſelf and those kneel at his feet,
He ſtraight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ranſom ſhall redeem lives forfeited:
If not, this day ſhall drink more *Engliſh* blood
Than e'er was bury'd in our *Britiſh* earth.
What is the anſwer to his proffer'd mercy?

Pri. This ┼ heaven, that covers *France*, contains the
That draws from me ſubmiſſive orisons;
That ſuch baſe breath ſhould vaniſh from my lips,
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid! Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of ſteel, and it ſhall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet;
Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our *Engliſh* arms as ſtrong,
Return him my defiance in his face.

Her. I go. [*Exit* Herald.

Enter another Herald.

Pri. What news with thee?

Her. The duke of *Normandy*, my lord and maſter,
Pitying thy youth is ſo engirt with peril,

By me hath ſent a nimble-jointed jennet,
As ſwift as ever yet thou did'ſt beſtride,
And therewithal he counſels thee to fly;
Elſe, death himſelf hath ſworn, that thou ſhalt die.

Pri. Back with the beaſt unto the beaſt that ſent
Tell him, I cannot ſit a coward's horſe: [him;
Bid him to-day beſtride the jade himſelf;
For I will ſtain my horſe quite o'er with blood,
And double-gild my ſpurs, but I will catch him;
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone. [*Exit* Her.

Enter another Herald.

Her. Edward of *Wales*, *Philip*, the ſecond ſon
To the moſt mighty chriſtian king of *France*,
Seeing thy body's living date expir'd,
All full of charity and chriſtian love,
Commends this ✝ book, full fraught with holy prayers,
To thy fair hand, and, for thy hour of life,
Intreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arm thy ſoul for her long journey towards.
Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

Pri. Herald of *Philip*, greet thy lord from me;
All good, that he can ſend, I can receive:
But think'ſt thou not, the unadvised boy
Hath wrong'd himſelf, in thus far tend'ring me?
Haply, he cannot pray without the book;
I think him no divine extemporal:
Then render ✝ back this common-place of prayer,
To do himſelf good in adverſity:
Beſides, he knows not my ſin's quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail;

Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer;
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.
Her. I go. [*Exit* Herald.
Pri. How confident their ſtrength and number makes
Now, *Audley*, ſound thoſe ſilver wings of thine, [them!—
And let thoſe milk-white meſſengers of time
Shew thy time's learning in this dangerous time:
Thyſelf art bruis'd and bent with many broils,
And ſtratagems forepaſt with iron pens
Are texed in thine honourable face;
Thou art a marry'd man in this diſtreſs,
But danger wooes me as a bluſhing maid;
Teach me an anſwer to this perilous time.
Aud. To die is all as common, as to live;
The one in choice, the other holds in chace:
For, from the inſtant we begin to live,
We do purſue and hunt the time to die:
Firſt bud we, then we blow, and after ſeed;
Then, presently, we fall; and, as a ſhade
Follows the body, ſo we follow death.
If then we hunt for death, why do we fear it?
Or, if we fear it, why do we follow it?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to ſeize on us the ſooner:
If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate:
For, whether ripe, or rotten, drop we ſhall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom. [mours.
Pri. Ah, good old man, a thouſand thouſand ar-

9 art buſie, and bit with

These words of thine have buckl'd on my back :
Ah, what an idiot haſt thou made of life,
To ſeek the thing it fears ! and how diſgrac'd
The imperial victory of murd'ring death !
Since all the lives, his conquering arrows ſtrike,
Seek him, and he not them, to ſhame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to ſhun grim death ;
Since for to live is but to ſeek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life :
Let come the hour when he that rules it will !
To live, or die, I hold indifferent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. The* French *Camp.*
Enter King JOHN, *and* CHARLES.

JOH. A ſudden darkneſs hath defac'd the ſky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
The leaves move not, the world is huſh'd and ſtill,
The birds ceaſe ſinging, and the wand'ring brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their ſhores ;
Silence attends ſome wonder, and expecteth
That heaven ſhould pronounce ſome propheſy :
Where, or from whom, proceeds this ſilence, *Charles?*

CHA. Our men, with open mouths, and ſtaring eyes,
Look on each other, as they did attend
Each other's words, and yet no creature ſpeaks ;
A tongue-ty'd fear hath made a midnight hour,
And ſpeeches ſleep through all the waking regions.

JOH. But now the pompous ſun, in all his pride,
Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,

And, on a ſudden, hath he hid himſelf;
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, ſilent, and uncomfortable.
[*a Clamour of Ravens heard.*
Hark! what a deadly outcry do I hear!
Cha. Here comes my brother *Philip*.
Joh. All diſmay'd: —
Enter Philip.
What fearful words are those thy looks preſage?
Phi. A flight, a flight! [no flight.
Joh. Coward, what flight? thou ly'ſt, there needs
Phi. A flight!
Joh. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The ſubſtance of that very fear indeed,
Which is ſo gaſtly printed in thy face:
What is the matter?
Phi. A flight of ugly ravens
Do croak and hover o'er our ſoldiers' heads,
And keep in triangles, and corner'd ſquares,
Right as our forces are embatteled;
With their approach there came this ſudden fog,
Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven,
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and diſmayed world:
In brief, our ſoldiers have let fall their arms,
And ſtand like metamorphoſ'd images,
Bloodleſs and pale, one gazing on another.
Joh. Ay, now I call to mind the propheſy;
But I muſt give no entrance to a fear. —
Return, and hearten up those yielding ſouls;

Tell them, the ravens, ſeeing them in arms,—
So many fair againſt a famiſh'd few,—
Come but to dine upon their handy-work,
And prey upon the carrion that they kill:
For when we ſee a horſe lay'd down to die,
Although he be not dead, the ravenous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life;
Even ſo these ravens, for the carcaſes
Of those poor *Engliſh*, that are mark'd to die,
Hover about; and, if they cry to us,
'Tis but for meat that we muſt kill for them.
Away, and comfort up my ſoldiers,
And ſound the trumpets; and at once diſpatch
This little buſineſs of a ſilly fraud. [*Exit* PHILIP.

Noise within. Enter a French *Captain, with* SALISBURY, *Prisoner.* [more,—

Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight, and forty
Of whom the better part are ſlain and fled,—
With all endeavour ſought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompaſſ'd prince;
Diſpose of him as please your majeſty.

Joh. Go, and the next bough, ſoldier, that thou ſee'ſt,
Diſgrace it with his body presently:
For I do hold a tree in *France* too good
To be the gallows of an *Engliſh* thief.

Sal. My lord of *Normandy*, I have your paſs
And warrant for my ſafety through this land.

Cha. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not?

Sal. He did.

Cha. And it is current, thou ſhalt freely paſs.

Joh. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd,
Without denial, or impediment: —
Away with him.

Cha. I hope, your highneſs will not ſo diſgrace me,
And daſh the virtue of my ſeal at arms:
He hath my never-broken name to ſhew,
Character'd with this princely hand of mine;
And rather let me leave to be a prince,
Than break the ſtable verdict of a prince:
I do beſeech you, let him paſs in quiet.

Joh. Thou and thy word lie both in my command;
What can'ſt thou promise, that I cannot break?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To diſobey thy father, or thyſelf?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power;
Nor that ſame man doth never break his word,
That keeps it to the utmoſt of his power:
The breach of faith dwells in the ſoul's conſent;
Which if thyſelf without conſent do break,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith. —
Go, hang him; for thy licence lies in me: —
And my conſtraint ſtands the excuſe for thee.

Cha. What, am I not a ſoldier in my word?
Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that liſt:
Shall I not give my girdle from my waſte,
But with a guardian I ſhall be controul'd,
To ſay, I may not give my things away?
Upon my ſoul, had *Edward* prince of *Wales*,
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to paſs his father's land,

The royal king, to grace his warlike ſon,
Would not alone ſafe-conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feaſted them and theirs.
Joh. Dwell'ſt thou on precedents? Then be it ſo.—
Say, *Engliſhman*, of what degree thou art?
Sal. An earl in *England*, though a prisoner here;
And those, that know me, call me *Salisbury*.
Joh. Then, *Salisbury*, ſay, whither thou art bound?
Sal. To *Calais*, where my liege, king *Edward*, is.
Joh. To *Calais*, *Salisbury?* Then to *Calais* pack;
And bid the king prepare a noble grave,
To put his princely ſon, black *Edward*, in.
And as thou travel'ſt weſtward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
Whose top ſeems topleſs, for the embracing ſky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;
Upon whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below,
(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)
And thence behold the wretched prince of *Wales*,
Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.
After which ſight, to *Calais* ſpur amain,
And ſay, the prince was ſmother'd, and not ſlain:
And tell the king, this is not all his ill;
For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will.
Away, be gone; The ſmoke but of our ſhot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.

SCENE VI. *The ſame. A Part of the Field of Battle. Alarums, as of a Battle join'd; Skirmiſhings.*

Enter Prince Edward, *and* ARTOIS.

ART. How fares your grace? are you not ſhot, my lord?

Pri. No, dear *Artois*; but chok'd with duſt and ſmoke,
And ſtept aſide for breath and freſher air.

ART. Breath then, and to't again: the amazed *French*
Are quite diſtract with gazing on the crows;
And, were our quivers full of ſhafts again,
Your grace ſhould ſee a glorious day of this:—
O, for more arrows, lord! that is our want.

Pri. Courage, *Artois!* a fig for feather'd ſhafts,
When feather'd fowls do bandy on our ſide!
What need we fight, and ſweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows out-ſcold our adverſaries?
Up, up, *Artois!* the ground itſelf is arm'd
With fire-containing flint; command our bows
To hurl away their pretty-colour'd yew,
And to't with ſtones: Away, *Artois*, away;
My ſoul doth propheſy we win the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums, and Parties ſkirmiſhing.

Enter King JOHN.

JOH. Our multitudes are in themſelves confounded,
Diſmayed, and diſtraught; ſwift-ſtarting fear
Hath buz'd a cold diſmay through all our army,
And every petty diſadvantage prompts
The fear-poſſeſſed abject ſoul to fly:
Myſelf, whose ſpirit is ſteel to their dull lead,
(What with recalling of the propheſy,
And that our native ſtones from *Engliſh* arms
Rebel againſt us) find myſelf attainted
With ſtrong ſurprize of weak and yielding fear.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Fly, father, fly! the *French* do kill the *French*;
Some, that would ſtand, let drive at ſome that fly:
Our drums ſtrike nothing but diſcouragement,
Our trumpets ſound diſhonour and retire;
The ſpirit of fear, that feareth nought but death,
Cowardly works confusion on itſelf.

Enter PHILIP. [ſhame!

Phi. Pluck out your eyes, and ſee not this day's
An arm hath beat an army; one poor *David*
Hath with a ſtone foil'd twenty ſtout *Goliahs:*
Some twenty naked ſtarvelings, with ſmall flints,
Have driven back a puiſſant hoſt of men,
Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplements.

Joh. Mordieu, they quoit at us, and kill us up;
No leſs than forty thousand wicked elders
Have forty lean ſlaves this day ſton'd to death.

Cha. O, that I were ſome other countryman!
This day hath ſet derision on the *French*;
And all the world will blurt and ſcorn at us.

Joh. What, is there no hope left?

Phi. No hope, but death, to bury up our ſhame.

Joh. Make up once more with me; the twentieth
Of those that live, are men enough to quail [part
The feeble handful on the adverſe part.

Cha. Then charge again: if heaven be not oppos'd,
We cannot loſe the day.

Joh. On, on; away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums, &c. *Enter* AUDLEY, *wounded, and two* Eſquires, *his Reſcuers.*

1. *E.* How fares my lord?
Aud. E'en as a man may do,
That dines at ſuch a bloody feaſt as this.
2. *E.* I hope, my lord, that is no mortal ſcar.
Aud. No matter, if it be; the count is caſt,
And, in the worſt, ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely *Edward*,
That, in the crimson bravery of my blood,
I may become him with ſaluting him;
I'll ſmile, and tell him, that this open ſcar
Doth end the harveſt of his *Audley*'s war. [*Exeunt.*
Other Alarums; afterwards, a Retreat.

SCENE VII. *The ſame. The* Engliſh *Camp.*
Flouriſh. Enter Prince Edward, *in Triumph, leading Priſoners, King* John, *and his Son* Charles; *and Officers, Soldiers,* &c. *with Enſigns ſpred.*
Pri. Now, *John* in *France*, and lately *John* of *France*,
Thy bloody enſigns are my captive colours;
And you, high-vaunting *Charles* of *Normandy*,
That once to-day ſent me a horſe to fly,
Are now the ſubjects of my clemency.
Fie, lords! is't not a ſhame, that *Engliſh* boys,
Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
One againſt twenty, beat you up together?
Joh. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.
Pri. An argument, that heaven aids the right. —
Enter Artois, *with* Philip.
See, ſee, *Artois* doth bring along with him.

The late good counſel-giver to my ſoul! —
Welcome, *Artois*; — and welcome, *Philip*, too:
Who now, of you, or I, have need to pray?
Now is the proverb verify'd in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a louring day. —
Enter AUDLEY, *led by the two Eſquires.*
But, ſay, what grim diſcouragement comes here!
Alas, what thousand armed men of *France*
Have writ that note of death in *Audley*'s face? —
Speak, thou that woo'ſt death with thy careleſs ſmile,
And look'ſt ſo merrily upon thy grave
As if thou wert enamour'd on thy end,
What hungry ſword hath ſo bereav'd thy face,
And lop'd a true friend from my loving ſoul?

Aud. O prince, thy ſweet bemoaning ſpeech to me
Is as a mournful knell to one dead-ſick.

Pri. Dear *Audley*, if my tongue ring out thy end,
My arms † ſhall be thy grave: What may I do,
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death?
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings,—
Or, that it were reſtorative, command
A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to thee:
If honour may diſpenſe for thee with death,
The never-dying honour of this day
Share wholy, *Audley*, to thyſelf, and live.

Aud. Victorious prince,—that thou art ſo, behold
A *Cæsar*'s fame in kings' captivity,—
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
'Till I did ſee my liege thy royal father,
My ſoul ſhould yield this caſtle of my fleſh,

22 A Heath 29 thy loyall

This mangl'd tribute, with all willingneſs,
To darkneſs' conſummation, duſt, and worms.
Pri. Cheerly, bold man! thy ſoul is all too proud,
To yield, her city, for one little breach,
Should be divorced from her earthly ſpouse
By the ſoft temper of a *Frenchman*'s ſword:
Lo, to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thouſand marks a year in *Engliſh* land.
Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe:
These two poor 'ſquires redeem'd me from the *French*,
With luſty and dear hazard of their lives;
What thou haſt given to me, I give to them;
And, as thou lov'ſt me, prince, lay thy conſent
To this bequeath in my laſt teſtament.
Pri. Renowned *Audley*, live, and have from me
This gift twice doubl'd, to these 'ſquires, and thee:
But, live, or die, what thou haſt given away,
To these, and theirs, ſhall laſting freedom ſtay. —
Come, gentlemen, I'll ſee my friend beſtow'd
Within an easy litter; then we'll march
Proudly toward *Calais*, with triumphant pace,
Unto my royal father, And there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair *France*'s king.

ACT V.

SCENE, Picardy. *The* Engliſh *Camp before* Calais.
Enter Edward, *with* Philippa *his Queen, and* Derby; *Officers, Soldiers*, &c.
Edw. No more, queen *Philippe*, pacify yourſelf;

23 France his king.

Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find diſpleasure written in our looks. —
And now unto this proud reſiſting town :
Soldiers, aſſault ; I will no longer ſtay,
To be deluded by their falſe delays ;
Put all to ſword, and make the ſpoil your own.

Trumpets ſound to Arms.
Enter, from the Town, ſix Citizens,
in their Shirts, and bare-footed,
with Halters about their Necks.

Cit. Mercy, king *Edward!* mercy, gracious lord!

Edw. Contemptuous villains! call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are ſtopt againſt your bootleſs cries : —
Sound, drums ; [*Alarum*] draw, threat'ning ſwords!

1. *C.* Ah, noble prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!
We claim the promise that your highneſs made ;
The two days' reſpit is not yet expir'd,
And we are come, with willingneſs, to bear
What torturing death, or puniſhment, you please,
So that the trembling multitude be ſav'd.

Edw. My promise? well, I do confeſs as much :
But I require the chiefeſt citizens,
And men of moſt account, that ſhould ſubmit ;
You, peradventure, are but ſervile grooms,
Or ſome felonious robbers on the ſea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit ſeverity lay dead in us :
No, no, ye cannot over-reach us thus.

2. *C.* The ſun, dread lord, that in the weſtern fall

Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damned friends.

Edw. If it be ſo, then let our covenant ſtand,
We take poſſeſſion of the town in peace:
But, for yourſelves, look you for no remorſe;
But, as imperial juſtice hath decreed,
Your bodies ſhall be drag'd about these walls,
And after feel the ſtroke of quartering ſteel:
This is your doom;—Go, ſoldiers, ſee it done.

Que. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men!
It is a glorious thing, to 'ſtabliſh peace;
And kings approach the neareſt unto God,
By giving life and ſafety unto men:
As thou intendeſt to be king of *France*,
So let her people live to call thee king;
For what the ſword cuts down, or fire hath ſpoil'd,
Is held in reputation none of ours.

Edw. Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietneſs brings moſt delight
When moſt of all abuſes are controul'd,
Yet, inſomuch it ſhall be known, that we
As well can maſter our affections,
As conquer other by the dint of ſword,
Philippe, prevail; we yield to thy requeſt;
These men ſhall live to boaſt of clemency,—
And, tyranny, ſtrike terror to thyſelf.

Cit. Long live your highneſs! happy be your reign!

Edw. Go, get you hence, return unto the town;

And if this kindneſs hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence *Edward* as your king.—
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
Now, might we hear of our affairs abroad,
We would, 'till gloomy winter were o'er-ſpent,
Diſpose our men in garriſon a while.
But who comes here?

Enter COPLAND, *and King* David.

DER. Copland, my lord, and *David* king of *Scots*.

EDW. Is this the proud presumptuous 'ſquire o'the north,
That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?

COP. I am, my liege, a northern 'ſquire, indeed,
But neither proud nor inſolent, I truſt.

EDW. What mov'd thee then, to be ſo obſtinate
To contradict our royal queen's desire?

COP. No wilful diſobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and publick law of arms:
I took the king myſelf in ſingle fight;
And, like a ſoldier, would be loth to lose
The leaſt preheminence that I had won:
And *Copland*, ſtraight, upon your highneſs' charge,
Is come to *France*, and, with a lowly mind,
Doth vail the bonnet of his victory.
Receive, dread lord, the cuſtom of my fraught,
The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands;
Which ſhould long ſince have been ſurrender'd up,
Had but your gracious ſelf been there in place.

QUE. But, *Copland*, thou didſt ſcorn the king's com-
Neglecting our commiſſion in his name. [mand,

COP. His name I reverence, but his perſon more;

His name ſhall keep me in allegiance ſtill,
But to his perſon I will bend my knee.
Edw. I pray thee, *Philippe*, let diſpleasure paſs;
This man doth please me, and I like his words:
For what is he, that will attempt high deeds,
And lose the glory that enſues the ſame?
All rivers have recourſe unto the ſea;
And *Copland*'s faith, relation to his king.—
Kneel therefore down; now rise, king *Edward*'s knight:
And, to maintain thy ſtate, I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.—

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, lord *Salisbury:* What news from *Bretagne?*
Sal. This, mighty king: The country we have won;
And *John de Montfort*, regent of that place,
Presents your highneſs with this ‡ coronet,
Proteſting true allegiance to your grace.
Edw. We thank thee for thy ſervice, valiant earl;
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.
Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
So muſt my voice be tragical again,
And I muſt ſing of doleful accidents.
Edw. What, have our men the overthrow at *Poitiers?*
Or is my ſon beſet with too much odds?
Sal. He was, my lord: and as my worthleſs ſelf,
With forty other ſerviceable knights,
Under ſafe-conduct of the dauphin's ſeal
Did travel that way, finding him diſtreſt,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king;

15 And Charles de Mountford

Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded ſtraight to cut off all our heads:
And ſurely we had dy'd, but that the duke,
More full of honour than his angry fire,
Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence:
But, ere we went, *Salute your king*, quoth he,
Bid him provide a funeral for his ſon,
To-day our ſword ſhall cut his thread of life;
And, ſooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,
To quittance thoſe diſpleaſures he hath done:
This ſaid, we paſſ'd, not daring to reply;
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
Wand'ring, at laſt we climb'd unto a hill;
From whence, although our grief were much before,
Yet now to ſee the occaſion with our eyes
Did thrice ſo much encreaſe our heavineſs:
For there, my lord, o, there we did deſcry
Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The *French* had caſt their trenches like a ring;
And every barricado's open front
Was thick imboſt with brazen ordinance:
Here ſtood a battle of ten thouſand horſe;
There twice as many pikes, in quadrant wise;
Here croſs-bows, arm'd with deadly-wounding darts:
And in the midſt, like to a ſlender point
Within the compaſs of the horizon,—
As 'twere a rising bubble in the ſea,
A hazel-wand amidſt a wood of pines,—
Or as a bear faſt chain'd unto a ſtake,
Stood famous *Edward*, ſtill expecting when

24 bowes and deadly

Those dogs of *France* would faſten on his fleſh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins:
Off go the cannons, that, with trembling noiſe,
Did ſhake the very mountain where they ſtood;
Then ſound the trumpets' clangors in the air,
The battles join: and, when we could no more
Diſcern the difference 'twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confuſion was)
Away we turn'd our watry eyes, with ſighs
As black as powder fuming into ſmoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The moſt untimely tale of *Edward*'s fall.

Que. Ah me! is this my welcome into *France?*
Is this the comfort, that I look'd to have,
When I ſhould meet with my beloved ſon?
Sweet *Ned*, I would, thy mother in the ſea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief!

Edw. Content thee, *Philippe*; 'tis not tears, will ſerve
To call him back, if he be taken hence:
Comfort thyſelf, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of ſharp, unheard of, dire revenge.—
He bids me to provide his funeral;
And ſo I will: but all the peers in *France*
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
Until their empty veins be dry and ſere:
The pillars of his herſe ſhall be his bones;
The mould that covers him, their city' aſhes;
His knell, the groaning cries of dying men;
And, in the ſtead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred fifty towers ſhall burning blaze,

5 clangor

While we bewail our valiant ſon's deceaſe.
Flouriſh of Trumpets within.
Enter a Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord, aſcend the imperial throne!
The mighty and redoubted prince of *Wales*,
Great ſervitor to bloody *Mars* in arms,
The *Frenchman*'s terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a *Roman* peer:
And, lowly at his ſtirrop, comes afoot
King *John* of *France*, together with his ſon,
In captive bonds; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.

Edw. Away with mourning, *Philippe*, wipe thine eyes;—
Sound, trumpets, welcome in *Plantagenet!*
A loud Flouriſh. Enter Prince, Audley, Artois, *with King* John, *and* Philip.

As things, long loſt, when they are found again,
So doth my ſon rejoice his father's heart,
For whom, even now, my ſoul was much perplex'd!
[*running to the Prince, and embracing him.*

Que. Be this a token to expreſs my joy, [*kiſſing him.*
For inward paſſions will not let me ſpeak.

Pri. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
[*preſenting him with King* John's *Crown.*
This wreath of conqueſt, and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As e'er was thing of price before this day;
Inſtall your highneſs in your proper right:
And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These † prisoners, chief occasion of our ſtrife.

Edw. So, *John* of *France*, I see, you keep your word;
You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed:
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones?
How many people's lives might you have sav'd,
That are untimely sunk into their graves?

Joh. Edward, recount not things irrevocable;
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have?

Edw. Thy ransom, *John*, hereafter shall be known:
But first to *England* thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords;
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in *France*.

Joh. "Accursed man! of this I was foretold,"
"But did misconster what the prophet told."

Pri. Now, father, this petition *Edward* makes,—
To Thee, [*kneels*] whose grace hath been his strongest shield,
That, as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to shew thy power,
So thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories! —
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubl'd twenty fold;

So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffick of my tender youth,
Might thereby be enflam'd with ſuch reſolve,
As not the territories of *France* alone,
But likewiſe *Spain*, *Turkey*, and what countries elſe
That juſtly would provoke fair *England*'s ire,
Might, at their preſence, tremble, and retire!
Edw. Here, *Engliſh* lords, we do proclaim a reſt,
An interceaſing of our painful arms:
Sheath up your ſwords, refreſh your weary limbs,
Peruſe your ſpoils; and, after we have breath'd
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for *England* we'll be ſhip'd;
Where, in a happy hour, I truſt, we ſhall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*

Editions, consulted:

a. THE | RAIGNE OF | KING EDWARD | the third: | *As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about* | *the Citie of London.* | LONDON, | *Printed for Cuthbert Burby.* | 1596. (4°. K. 2b.)

* b. THE | RAIGNE OF | KING EDWARD THE | THIRD. | As it hath bene sundry times played about | the Citie of London. | Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, | for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop | neere the Royall Exchange. 1599. (4°. I. 4.)

Various Readings.

p. l.

7. who all
4, 15. *Art:* Perhaps a.
24. And wherein
5, 30. a childiſh a.
6, 7. glaſſe a.
16. in ſight of
7, 24. *Moun.* But a.
28. of our armie b.
9, 12. nought a.
19. A coſin a.
wants, a.
10, 5. their rabble, b.
9. muſt a.
27. I *not in* 4°. a.
11, 3. ye *not in* 4°. b.
20. flie. a.
12, 10. walls, he would
13. againſt the
14. names of b.
13, 4. which pernitious b.
10. lurke in a.
12. now their dim
25. *Edw.* *not in* 4°. a.
14, 11. here to day a.
22. inner houſe a.
15, 1. His pide (*i. e.* pied)
preſumes, and partie coloured coaſt, b.

5. teſtomie a.
20. *Lor:* I a. (This, *Lor:* for, *Lod.* occurs again thrice in this ſame 4°. See *p.* 18. *l.* 11. and 27. and *p.* 19. *l.* 1.)
23. racke a.
30. oryent all a.
16, 4. preſent of a.
19. ſpoke broad, a.
17, 9. my liege. a.
12. my ſoveraigne. a.
13. well *not in* 4°. b.
18, 6. ſoveraigne love: a.
9. ſtraines a.
10. Beguild a.
18. ſore of b.
21. thy worth a.
27. Writ I a.
a *not in* 4°. b.
28. on me, a.
19, 17. Like to a a.
20, 14. That love hath a.
21, 29. treaſurer a.
22, 11. Thy gloomy a. [content.
17. *King:* Acquant me with theyr cauſe of diſ-
How neere a.
25. Counties a.
30. that *not in* 4°. b.
23, 6. Inploy a.
20. EDW. *not in* 4°. a.
leve it a.

27. leave her a.
24, 30. Whither a.
25, 14. To ſtricke a gardion a.
27. thou profereſt, a.
26, 9. I if a.
23. accompliſh that a.
27, 14. breakes b.
16. *King:* O a.
23. myne oath, a.
28, 11. in promiſe of a.
30. heye goth a.
29, 15. portion a.
28. marvell then though b.
30, 3. reigne a.
18. The fierceſt
31, 19. *King:* What newes a.
25. theſe newes? a.
32, 6. *Ar.* Hhere a.
16. According as your a.
23. in *not in* 4°. a.
34, 2. two much a.
10. Modeld a.
18. affaires to Fraunce, a.
22. make me a.
26. or wavering a.
27. Brittayne. a.
35, 16. theſe a.
36, 30. *Edw.* *not in* 4°. a.
37, 4. throng a a.
14. ſeſſion

15. packing ill,
17. Resolv'd to
25. this other a.
38, 15. taſke b.
40, 11. drum ſtricke a.
41, 3. game, a.
14. diſcribde a.
42, 6. fleete of b.
13. ſtrooke a.
24. coſt a.
29. their concept, a.
43, 5. yet, *not in* 4°. b.
44, 1. it be *not in* 4°. b.
2. forward a.
4. and thither a.
46, 5. are ye a.
8. quartering pay I a.
9. Have we not a.
15. When the en'my (*i. e.* enemy)
17. ye to a.
24. to raigne, a.
47, 23. of which,
24. Sits, raven like, upon
48. 2. the reeking
3. Ay turned but aſide, I might
25. guidance
49, 21. But who
23. this obſtinate, a.
25. gently a.
50, 29. a falſe pernitious a.

51, 3. They labour a.
5. have I a.
16. haſt utter'd
to ſoil
29. the coaſt, a.
52, 1. otherwiſe a.
5. this grave, a.
8. hide in a.
22. turne to a.
29. tear'ſt
53, 9. whirlwinds quickly turn
13. hath kept the b.
16. *Pri:* Father a.
23. ye fight, b.
54, 21. innocencie. b.
55, 14. temples, by *Bellona*'s
19. manly hand, a.
23. valiant, vanquiſh where a.
57, 11. through are b.
19. our powers a.
28. *ART.* *not in* 4°. a.
58, 13. declying b.
27. breath out
59, 7. huggard a.
60, 12. Bohemia, b.
23. cravd a.
28. yet wreaking b.
61, 9. thouſand | Common ſouldiers, a.
21. picture is b.
62, 12. mine othe a.

23. whoſe a.
27. a hundred a.
63, 7. That he
wert ſtudents b.
19. This once
25. their gates a.
64, 6. partners b.
7. are you a.
19. ye to a.
24. Good *Derby*,
65, 9. the fruitfull a.
15. A Eſquire a.
23. The Queene my a.
The queen, my lord, herſelf's by
29. *Cap.* *not in* 4°. a.
66, 10. this two b.
67, 5. advantage on our
6. of, unſtood upon ?
14. please himſelf.
23. mine othe a.
68, 12. thine honorable a.
69, 1. *Joh.* To day ! | What elſe,
21. *dele*, And
72, 8. a hundred a.
9. Eſquires a.
20. the king, a.
73, 10. capring a.
24. this far a.
25. Happily a.
74, 11. texted a.

75, 18. the wood is
23. Whence, or
76, 5. a *not in* 4°. b.
14. The very ſubſtance of that fear
30. theſe a.
77, 9. theſe b.
78, 4. *Vil.* I hope a.
79, 8. whether a.
17. Unto whoſe
21. bond a.
80, 21. *Joh.* *not in* 4°. a.
81, 2. *Cha.* *not in* 4°. a.
9. *Phi.* *not in* 4°. a.
20. wilt blurt a.
82, 23. is it a.
83, 12. thyne end, a.
84, 19. I will a.
85, 23. requir'd
86, 11. dome, a.
17. let thy people b.
87, 9. Sots. b.
17. law at armes a.
23. vale the a.
90, 4. where we ſtood;
92, 4. had ye done at firſt as now ye doe, b.
7. mightſt thou have a.
93, 4. territory
9. interceſſion a.

Prolusions;
Part III.

Noſce teipſum,
a Poem.

To my moſt gracious
dread Sovereign.

To that clear majeſty, which, in the north,
doth, like another ſun, in glory rise,
which ſtandeth fixt, yet ſpreads her heavenly worth,
loadſtone to hearts, and loadſtar to all eyes;

like heaven in all; like the earth in this alone,
that, though great ſtates by her ſupport do ſtand,
yet ſhe herſelf ſupported is of none,
but by the finger of the Almighty's hand;

to the divineſt and the richeſt mind,
both by art's purchaſe and by nature's dower,
that ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
to ſhew the utmoſt of a creature's power;

to that great ſpirit which doth great kingdoms move,
the ſacred ſpring whence right and honour ſtreams,
diſtilling virtue, ſhedding peace and love
in every place, as Cynthia *ſheds her beams;*

I offer up ſome ſparkles of that fire
whereby we reason, live, and move, and be;
these ſparks by nature evermore aſpire,
which makes them to ſo high an highneſs flee:

Fair ſoul,— ſince, to the faireſt body knit,
you give ſuch lively life, ſuch quickning power,
ſuch ſweet celeſtial influence, to it,
as keeps it ſtill in youth's immortal flower;

as, where the ſun is present all the year,
and never doth retire his golden ray,
needs muſt the ſpring be everlaſting there,
and every ſeason like the month of may,—

o, many many years may you remain
a happy angel to this happy land!
long long may you on earth our empreſs reign,
ere you in heaven a glorious angel ſtand!
ſtay long, ſweet ſpirit, ere thou to heaven depart,
which mak'ſt each place a heaven wherein thou art!

Her Majeſty's leaſt and
unworthieſt ſubject,

JOHN DAVIES.

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ELEGY I. *Of human Knowledge.*

Desire of knowledge the fountain of man's corruption;

Why did my parents ſend me to the ſchools,
that I with knowledge might enrich my mind;
ſince the desire to know firſt made men fools,
and did corrupt the root of all mankind?

for,— when God's hand had written in the hearts
of the firſt parents all the rules of good,
ſo that their ſkill infus'd did paſs all arts
that ever were, before or ſince the flood;

and when their reason's eye was ſharp, and clear,
and, as an eagle can behold the ſun,
could have approach'd the eternal Light as near
as the intellectual angels could have done,—

even then to them the ſpirit of lies ſuggeſts
that they were blind, because they ſaw not ill;
and breaths into their incorrupted breaſts
a curious wiſh, which did corrupt their will:

for that ſame ill they ſtraight desir'd to know;
which ill, being nought but a defect of good,
in all God's works the devil could not ſhow,
while man, their lord, in his perfection ſtood:

ſo that themſelves were firſt to do the ill,
ere they thereof the knowledge could attain;
like him, that knew not poison's power to kill,
until, by taſting it, himſelf was ſlain:

bringing evil into the world, and

even ſo, by taſting of that fruit forbid,
where they ſought knowledge, they did error find;
ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
and, to give paſſion eyes, made reason blind:

the conſequences of evil:

for then their minds did firſt in paſſion ſee
those wretched ſhapes of misery and woe,
of nakedneſs, of ſhame, of poverty,
which then their own experience made them know:

but then grew reason dark, that ſhe no more
could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
bats they became, that eagles were before;
and this they got by their desire to learn.

This original error continu'd, in our purſuits of human knowledge:

But we, their wretched offſpring, what do we?
do not we ſtill taſte of the fruit forbid,
whiles, with fond fruitleſs curioſity,
in books prophane we ſeek for knowledge hid?

vanity of that knowledge; and

What is this knowledge, but the ſky-ſtoln fire,
for which the thief ſtill chain'd in ice doth ſit;
and which the poor rude ſatyr did admire,
and needs would kiſs, but burnt his lips with it?

what is it, but the cloud of empty rain,
which when *Jove*'s gueſt embrac'd, he monſters got?
or the falſe pails, which, oft being fill'd with pain,
receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

ſhortly, what is it, but the fiery coach,
which the youth ſought, and ſought his death withal?
or the boy's wings, which, when he did approach
the ſun's hot beams, did melt, and let him fall?

difficulty of attaining to it.

And yet, alas,—when all our lamps are burn'd,
our bodies waſted, and our ſpirits ſpent;
when we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
which yield men's wits both help and ornament,—

what can we know, or what can we diſcern,
when error chokes the windows of the mind?
the diverſe forms of things how can we learn,
that have been ever from our birth-day blind?

when reason's lamp—which, like the ſun in ſky,
throughout man's little world her beams did ſpread—
is now become a ſparkle, which doth lie
under the aſhes, half extinct and dead;

how can we hope, that, through the eye, and ear,
this dying ſparkle, in this cloudy place,
can recollect theſe beams of knowledge clear,
which were infus'd in the firſt minds by grace?

ſo might the heir, whose father hath in play
waſted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
by painful earning of one groat a day
hope to reſtore the patrimony ſpent:

the wits, that div'd moſt deep, and ſoar'd moſt high,
ſeeking man's powers, have found his weakneſs ſuch;
Skill comes ſo ſlow, and life ſo faſt doth fly;
we learn ſo little, and forget ſo much:

for this, the wiſeſt of all moral men
ſaid, He knew nought but that he nought did know;
and the great mocking maſter mock'd not then,
when he ſaid, Truth was bury'd deep below.

That man is for the moſt part defective in the one main knowledge, the knowledge of himſelf:

For how may we to others' things attain,
when none of us his own ſoul underſtands?
for which the devil mocks our curious brain,
when, Know thyſelf, his oracle commands:

for why ſhould we the busy ſoul believe,
when boldly ſhe concludes of that, and this,
when of herſelf ſhe can no judgment give,
nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what ſhe is?

all things without, which round about we ſee,
we ſeek to know, and have therewith to do;
but that — whereby we reason, live, and be, —
within ourſelves, we ſtrangers are thereto:

we ſeek to know the moving of each ſphere,
and the ſtrange cause of the ebbs and floods of *Nile*;
but of that clock, which in our breaſts we bear,
the ſubtle motions we forget the while:

we, that acquaint ourſelves with every zone,
and paſs both tropicks, and behold both poles,
when we come home, are to ourſelves unknown,
and unacquainted ſtill with our own ſouls:

we ſtudy ſpeech, but others we perſuade;
we leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
we interpret laws which other men have made,
but read not those which in our hearts are writ.

why he is ſo defective:

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
(through which it gathers knowledge by degrees)
whose rays reflect not, but ſpread outwardly;
not ſeeing itſelf, when other things it ſees?

No, doubtleſs; for the mind can backward caſt,
upon herſelf, her underſtanding light;
but ſhe is ſo corrupt, and ſo defac'd,
as her own image doth herſelf affright:

as is the fable of that lady fair
which, for her luſt, was turn'd into a cow;
when, thirſty, to a ſtream ſhe did repair,
and ſaw herſelf tranſform'd ſhe wiſt not how,

at firſt ſhe ſtartles, then ſhe ſtands amaz'd,
  at laſt with terror ſhe from thence doth fly,
and loaths the watry glaſs wherein ſhe gaz'd,
  and ſhuns it ſtill, though ſhe for thirſt do die:

even ſo man's ſoul,— which did God's image bear,
  and was, at firſt, fair good, and ſpotleſs pure,—
ſince with her ſins her beauties blotted were,
  doth, of all ſights, her own ſight leaſt endure;

for, even at firſt reflection, ſhe eſpies
  ſuch ſtrange chimæras, and ſuch monſters, there,
ſuch toys, ſuch anticks, and ſuch vanities,
  as ſhe retires, and ſhrinks, for ſhame, and fear;

and as the man loves leaſt at home to be,
  that hath a fluttiſh houſe haunted with ſprites,
ſo ſhe, impatient her own faults to ſee,
  turns from herſelf, and in ſtrange things delights:

for this, few know themſelves; for merchants broke
  view their eſtate with diſcontent, and pain;
and ſeas are troubl'd, when they do revoke
  their flowing waves into themſelves again:

Whence it comes, that this knowledge is ſometimes attended to:

And while the face of outward things we find
  pleasing, and fair, agreable, and ſweet,
these things tranſport and carry out the mind,
  that with herſelf herſelf can never meet:

yet, if affliction once her wars begin,
and threat the feeble ſenſe with ſword and fire,
the mind contracts herſelf, and ſhrinketh in,
and to herſelf ſhe gladly doth retire;

as ſpiders, touch'd, ſeek their webs' inmoſt part;
as bees, in ſtorms, unto their hives return;
as blood, in danger, gathers to the heart;
as men ſeek towns, when foes the country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, affliction's looks,
making us look into ourſelves ſo near,
teach us to know ourſelves, beyond all books,
or all the learned ſchools that ever were:

This miſtreſs lately pluck'd me by the ear,
and many a golden leſſon hath me taught,
hath made my ſenſes quick, and reason clear,
reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought;

why now ſought after by the author; and

ſo do the winds, and thunders, cleanſe the air;
ſo working ſeas ſettle and purge the wine;
ſo lopt and pruned trees do flouriſh fair;
ſo doth the fire the droſſy gold refine:

neither *Minerva*, nor the learned muſe,
nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wiſe,
could in my brain thoſe beams of ſkill infuſe
as but the glance of this dame's angry eyes:

ſhe within lifts my ranging mind hath brought,
that now beyond myſelf I lift not go;
myſelf am center of my circling thought;
only myſelf I ſtudy, learn, and know:

His profit therein.

I know, my body's of ſo frail a kind
as force without, fevers within, can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
but 'tis corrupted both in wit and will;

I know, my ſoul hath power to know all things,
yet is ſhe blind and ignorant in all;
I know, I am one of nature's little kings,
yet to the leaſt and vileſt things am thrall;

I know, my life's a pain, and but a ſpan;
I know, my ſenſe is mock'd with every thing;
and, to conclude, I know myſelf a man,
which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

ELEGY II. *Of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality thereof.*

Introduction— That the ſoul hath a power of looking into itſelf; but

The lights of heaven, which are the world's fair eyes,
look down into the world, the world to ſee;
and, as they turn, or wander in the ſkies,
ſurvey all things that on this center be:

and yet the lights which in my tower do ſhine,
mine eyes, which view all objects, nigh, and far,
look not into this little world of mine,
nor ſee my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since nature fails us in no needful thing,
why want I means mine inward ſelf to ſee?
which ſight the knowledge of myſelf might bring,
which to true wisdom is the firſt degree.

That Power, which gave me eyes the world to view,
to view myſelf infus'd an inward light;
whereby my ſoul, as by a mirror true,
of her own form may take a perfect ſight.

cannot exert that power without divine aſſiſtance:

But, as the ſharpeſt eye discerneth nought,
except the ſun-beams in the air do ſhine;
ſo the beſt ſoul, with her reflecting thought,
ſees not herſelf, without ſome light divine.

Invocation to the Divinity, to grant that aſſiſtance:

O Light, which mak'ſt the light, which makes the day,
which ſet'ſt the eye without, and mind within,
lighten my ſpirit with one clear heavenly ray,
which now to view itſelf doth firſt begin!

reasons why it is wanted,—for that the greateſt wits have err'd in judgment of the ſoul; both in what it is, and

For her true form how can my ſpark discern,—
which, dim by nature, art did never clear,—
when the great wits, of whom all ſkill we learn,
are ignorant both what ſhe is, and where?

One thinks, the ſoul is air; another, fire;
another, blood diffus'd about the heart;
another ſaith, The elements conſpire,
and to her eſſence each doth give a part;

musicians think, our ſouls are harmonies;
physicians hold, that they complexions be;
epicures make them ſwarms of atomies,
which do by chance into our bodies flee;

ſome think, one general ſoul fills every brain,
as the bright ſun ſheds light in every ſtar;
and others think, the name of ſoul is vain,
and that we only well-mix'd bodies are:

where ſeated:

in judgment of her ſubſtance thus they vary;
and thus they vary in judgment of her ſeat:
for ſome her chair up to the brain do carry;
ſome thruſt it down into the ſtomack's heat;

ſome place it in the root of life, the heart;
  ſome in the liver, fountain of the veins;
ſome ſay, She is all in all, and all in part;
  ſome ſay, She is not contain'd, but all contains:

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom ſhow,
  while with their doctrines they at hazard play,
toſſing their light opinions to and fro,
  to mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they:

for no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
  touching the ſoul, ſo vain and fond a thought,
but ſome among these maſters have been found,
  which in their ſchools the ſelf-ſame thing have taught:

God, only wise, to puniſh pride of wit, *why they did*
  among men's wits hath this confuſion wrought; *ſo err:*
as the proud tower, whose points the clouds did hit,
  by tongues' confuſion was to ruin brought.

But Thou,—which did'ſt man's ſoul of nothing make; *ſecond invocation.*
  and, when to nothing it was fall'n again,
to make it new, the form of man did'ſt take,
  and, God with God, becam'ſt a man with men,—

thou,—that haſt faſhion'd twice this ſoul of ours,
  ſo that ſhe is by double title thine,—
thou only know'ſt her nature, and her powers,
  her ſubtle form thou only can'ſt define:

to judge herſelf, ſhe muſt herſelf tranſcend,
as greater circles comprehend the leſs;
but ſhe wants power her own powers to extend,
as fetter'd men cannot their ſtrength expreſs.

But Thou,— bright morning ſtar; thou rising ſun,
which, in these later times, haſt brought to light
those myſteries, that, ſince the world begun,
lay hid in darkneſs and eternal night,—

thou, like the ſun, doſt with indifferent ray
into the palace and the cottage ſhine;
and ſhew'ſt the ſoul, both to the clerk and lay,
by the clear lamp of thy oracle divine:

This lamp through all the regions of my brain,
where my ſoul ſits, doth ſpread ſuch beams of grace,
as now, methinks, I do diſtinguiſh plain
each ſubtle line of her immortal face.

Order of the whole work.

The ſoul a ſubſtance, and a ſpirit, is,
which God himſelf doth in the body make,
which makes the man; for every man from this
the nature of a man, and name, doth take:

and though this ſpirit be to the body knit,
as an apt mean her powers to exercise,—
which are, life, motion, ſenſe, and will, and wit,—
yet ſhe ſurvives, although the body dies.

She is a ſubſtance, and a real thing,— *That the ſoul is a ſubſtance, or, thing ſubſiſting by itſelf;*
which hath itſelf an actual working might;
which neither from the ſenſe's power doth ſpring;
nor from the body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need, *acting by it's own powers;*
to make her ſpread herſelf, or ſpring upright;
ſhe is a ſtar, whose beams do not proceed
from any ſun, but from a native light:

for when ſhe ſorts things present with things paſt,
and, thereby, things to come doth oft foreſee;
when ſhe doth doubt at firſt, and choose at laſt;
these acts her own, without the body, be:

when of the dew, which the eye and ear do take
from flowers abroad, and bring into the brain,
ſhe doth within both wax and honey make;
this work is hers, this is her proper pain:

when ſhe from ſundry acts one ſkill doth draw,
gathering from diverse fights one art of war,
from many caſes like one rule of law;
these her collections, not the ſenſe's, are:

when in the effects ſhe doth the causes know,
and, ſeeing the ſtream, thinks where the ſpring doth riſe,
and, ſeeing the branch, conceives the root below;
these things ſhe views without the body's eyes:

when ſhe without a *Pegaſus* doth fly,
  ſwifter than lightning's fire, from eaſt to weſt,
about the center, and above the ſky;
  ſhe travels then, although the body reſt:

when all her works ſhe formeth firſt within,
  proportions them, and ſees their perfect end,
ere ſhe in act doth any part begin,
  what inſtruments doth then the body lend?

when without hands ſhe thus doth caſtles build,
  ſees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
when ſhe digeſts the world, yet is not fill'd;
  by her own power these miracles are done:

when ſhe defines, argues, divides, compounds,
  conſiders virtue, vice, and general things,
and, marrying diverſe principles and grounds,
  out of their match a true conclusion brings;

these actions in her closet all alone,
  retir'd within herſelf, ſhe doth fulfill;
uſe of her body's organs ſhe hath none,
  when ſhe doth use the powers of wit and will:

Yet in the body's prison ſo ſhe lies,
  as through the body's windows ſhe muſt look,
her diverſe powers of ſenſe to exercise
  by gathering notes out of the world's great book;

nor can herſelf diſcourſe, or judge, of ought,
but what the ſenſe collects, and home doth bring;
and yet the power of her diſcourſing thought
from these collections is a diverſe thing:

for though our eyes can nought but colours ſee,
yet colours give them not their power of ſight;
ſo, though these fruits of ſenſe her objects be,
yet ſhe discerns them by her proper light:

the workman on his ſtuff his ſkill doth ſhow,
and yet the ſtuff gives not the man his ſkill;
kings their affairs do by their ſervants know,
but order them by their own royal will;

ſo, though this cunning miſtreſs, and this queen,
doth, as her inſtruments, the ſenſes use
to know all things that are felt, heard, or ſeen,
yet ſhe herſelf doth only judge, and choose:

even as our great wise Empreſs, that now reigns
by ſovereign title over ſundry lands,
borrows in mean affairs her ſubjects' pains,
ſees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands;

but things of weight and conſequence indeed
herſelf doth in her chamber them debate,
where all her counſellors ſhe doth exceed
as far in judgment as ſhe doth in ſtate:

or, as the man, whom ſhe doth now advance
upon her gracious mercy-ſeat to ſit,
doth common things of courſe and circumſtance
to the reports of common men commit;

but, when the cause itſelf muſt be decreed,
himſelf, in perſon, in his proper court,
to grave and ſolemn hearing doth proceed
of every proof, and every by-report;

then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
and milk and honey from his tongue do flow;
happy are they that ſtill are in his ſight,
to reap the wisdom which his lips do ſow:

right ſo, the ſoul,— which is a lady free,
and doth the juſtice of her ſtate maintain,—
because the ſenſes ready ſervants be,
attending nigh about her court, the brain,

by them the forms of outward things ſhe learns;
for they return into the fantaſy
whatever each of them abroad discerns,
and there enroll it for the mind to ſee;

but, when ſhe ſits to judge the good and ill,
and to discern betwixt the falſe and true,
ſhe is not guided by the ſenſe's ſkill,
but doth each thing in her own mirror view;

then ſhe the ſenſes checks, which oft do err,
  and even againſt their falſe reports decrees;
and oft ſhe doth condemn what they preferr;
  for with a power above the ſenſe ſhe ſees:

therefore no ſenſe the precious joys conceives,
  which in her private contemplations be;
for then the raviſh'd ſpirit the ſenſes leaves,
  hath her own powers, and proper actions, free:

her harmonies are ſweet, and full of ſkill,
  when on the body's inſtrument ſhe plays;
but the proportions of the wit and will,
  those ſweet accords, are even the angels' lays:

these tunes of reason are *Amphion*'s lyre,
  wherewith he did the *Theban* city found;
these are the notes wherewith the heavenly quire
  the praise of him, which ſpreads the heaven, doth [found:
Then her ſelf-being nature ſhines in this,
  that ſhe performs her nobleſt works alone:
the work the touch-ſtone of the nature is;
  and by their operations things are known.

Are they not ſenſeleſs then, that think the ſoul *not ſpringing from the ſenſe,*
  nought but a fine perfection of the ſenſe;
or, of the forms which fancy doth enroll,
  a quick resulting, and a conſequence?

What is it then, that doth the ſenſe accuse
both of falſe judgments and fond appetites;
which makes us do what ſenſe doth moſt refuse;
which oft in torment of the ſenſe delights?

ſenſe thinks the planets' ſpheres not much aſunder;
What tells us then, their diſtance is ſo far?
ſenſe thinks the lightning born before the thunder;
What tells us then, they both together are?

when men ſeem crows far off upon a tower,
ſenſe ſaith, they're crows; What makes us think them then?
when we in agues think all ſweet things ſour,
what makes us know our tongue's falſe judgment then?

what power was that, whereby *Medea* ſaw,
and well approv'd, and prais'd, the better courſe,
when her rebellious ſenſe did ſo withdraw
her feeble powers, as ſhe purſu'd the worſe?

did ſenſe perſuade *Ulyſſes* not to hear
the mermaids' ſongs, which ſo his men did please,
as they were all perſuaded, through the ear,
to quit the ſhip, and leap into the ſeas?

could any power of ſenſe the *Roman* move
to burn his own right hand, with courage ſtout?
could ſenſe make *Marius* ſit unbound, and prove
the cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

doubtleſs, in man there is a nature found,
beſide the ſenſes, and above them far;
though, moſt men being in ſenſual pleaſures drown'd,
it ſeems, their ſouls but in the ſenſes are:

if we had nought but ſenſe, then only they [found;
ſhould have ſound minds, which have their ſenſes
but wisdom grows, when ſenſes do decay;
and folly moſt in quickeſt ſenſe is found:

if we had nought but ſenſe, each living wight,
which we call, brute, would be more ſharp than we,
as having ſenſe's apprehenſive might
in a more clear and excellent degree;

but they do want that quick diſcourſing power,
which doth, in us, the erring ſenſe correct;
therefore, the bee did ſuck the painted flower,
and birds of grapes the cunning ſhadow peckt:

ſenſe outſides knows, the ſoul through all things ſees;
ſenſe circumſtance, ſhe doth the ſubſtance view;
ſenſe ſees the bark, but ſhe the life of trees;
ſenſe hears the ſounds, but ſhe the concords true:

but why do I the ſoul and ſenſe divide,
when ſenſe is but a power which ſhe extends,
which, being in diverſe parts diverſify'd,
the diverſe forms of objects apprehends?

this power ſpreads outward, but the root doth grow
in the inward ſoul, which only doth perceive;
for the eyes, and ears, no more their objects know,
than glaſſes know what faces they receive;

for, if we chance to fix our thoughts elſewhere,
although our eyes be ope, we do not ſee;
and, if one power did not both ſee and hear,
our ſights, and ſounds, would always double be:

Then is the ſoul a nature, which contains
the power of ſenſe within a greater power;
which doth employ and use the ſenſe's pains,
but ſits and rules within her private bower.

nor from the humours of the body:

If ſhe doth then the ſubtle ſenſe excell,
how groſs are they, that drown her in the blood,
or in the body's humours temper'd well;
as if in them ſuch high perfection ſtood?

as if moſt ſkill in that musician were,
which had the beſt, and beſt tun'd, inſtrument;
as if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
had power to make the painter excellent.

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
and good complexion rectify the will?
why doth not health bring wisdom ſtill with it?
why doth not ſickneſs make men brutiſh ſtill?

who can in memory, or wit, or will,
  or air, or fire, or earth, or water find;
what alchymiſt can draw, with all his ſkill,
  the quinteſſence of these out of the mind?

if the elements — which have nor life, nor ſenſe —
  can breed in us ſo great a power as this,
why give they not themſelves like excellence,
  or other things wherein their mixture is?

if ſhe were but the body's quality,
  then would ſhe be, with it, ſick, maim'd, and blind;
but we perceive, where these privations be,
  a healthy, perfect, and ſharp-ſighted mind:

if ſhe the body's nature did partake,
  her ſtrength would with the body's ſtrength decay;
but when the body's ſtrongeſt ſinews ſlake,
  then is the ſoul moſt active, quick, and gay:

if ſhe were but the body's accident,
  and her ſole being did in it ſubſiſt,
as white in ſnow, ſhe might herſelf abſent,
  and in the body's ſubſtance not be miſt;

but it on her, not ſhe on it depends;
  for ſhe the body doth ſuſtain, and cheriſh;
ſuch ſecret powers of life to it ſhe lends,
  that, when they fail, then doth the body periſh:

Since then the ſoul works by herſelf alone,—
ſprings not from ſenſe,—nor humours well agree-
her nature is peculiar, and her own; [ing,—
ſhe is a ſubſtance, and a perfect being.

that it is a ſpiritual ſubſtance, and

But, though this ſubſtance be the root of ſenſe,
ſenſe knows her not, which doth but bodies know;
ſhe is a ſpirit, and a heavenly influence,
which from the fountain of God's ſpirit doth flow.

She is a ſpirit,—yet not like air, or wind;
nor like the ſpirits about the heart, or brain;
nor like those ſpirits which alchymiſts do find,
when they in every thing ſeek gold in vain;

for ſhe all natures under heaven doth paſs; [ſee,
being like those ſpirits which God's bright face do
or like himſelf, whose image once ſhe was,
though now, alas, ſhe ſcarce his ſhadow be.

cannot be a bodily:

Yet of the forms ſhe holds the firſt degree,
that are to groſs material bodies knit;
yet ſhe herſelf is bodileſs, and free,
and, though confin'd, is almoſt infinite.

Were ſhe a body, how could ſhe remain
within this body, which is leſs than ſhe?
or how could ſhe the world's great ſhape contain,
and in our narrow breaſts contained be?

all bodies are confin'd within ſome place;
  but ſhe all place within herſelf confines:
all bodies have their measure, and their ſpace;
  But who can draw the ſoul's dimenſive lines?

no body can at once two forms admit,
  except the one the other do deface;
but in the ſoul ten thousand forms do ſit,
  and none intrudes into her neighbour's place:

all bodies are with other bodies fill'd;
  but ſhe receives both heaven and earth together;
nor are their forms by raſh encounter ſpill'd,
  for there they ſtand, and neither toucheth either:

nor can her wide embracements filled be;
  for they, that moſt and greateſt things embrace,
enlarge thereby their minds' capacity,
  as ſtreams enlarg'd enlarge the channel's ſpace:

all things receiv'd do ſuch proportion take
  as those things have wherein they are receiv'd;
ſo little glaſſes little faces make,
  and narrow webs on narrow frames be weav'd;

Then what vaſt body muſt we make the mind,
  wherein are men, beaſts, trees, towns, ſeas, and lands,
and yet each thing a proper place doth find,
  and each thing in the true proportion ſtands?

doubtleſs, this could not be, but that ſhe turns
bodies to ſpirits by ſublimation ſtrange;
as fire converts to fire the things it burns,
as we our meats into our nature change;

from their groſs matter ſhe abſtracts the forms,
and draws a kind of quinteſſence from things,
which to her proper nature ſhe tranſforms,
to bear them light on her celeſtial wings:

this doth ſhe, when from things particular
ſhe doth abſtract the univerſal kinds,
which bodileſs and immaterial are,
and can be lodg'd but only in our minds;

and thus from diverse accidents and acts,
which do within her observation fall,
ſhe goddeſſes and powers divine abſtracts,
as nature, fortune, and the virtues all:

again,—how can ſhe ſeveral bodies know,
if in herſelf a body's form ſhe bear?
how can a mirror ſundry faces ſhow,
if from all ſhapes and forms it be not clear?

nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
except our eyes were of all colours void;
nor ſundry taſts can any tongue discern,
which is with groſs and bitter humours cloy'd;

nor may a man of paſſions judge aright,
except his mind be from all paſſions free;
nor can a judge his office well acquite,
if he poſſeſt of either party be:

if, laſtly, this quick power a body were,
were it as ſwift as is the wind, or fire,—
whose atomies do the one down ſide-ways bear,
and make the other in pyramids aſpire,—

her nimble body yet in time muſt move,
and not in inſtants through all places ſlide;
but ſhe is nigh, and far, beneath, above,
in point of time which thought can not divide;

ſhe's ſent as ſoon to *China* as to *Spain*,
and thence returns as ſoon as ſhe is ſent;
ſhe measures, with one time, and with one pain,
an ell of ſilk, and heaven's wide-ſpreading tent:

As then the ſoul a ſubſtance hath alone,
beſides the body, in which ſhe is confin'd,
ſo hath ſhe not a body of her own,
but is a ſpirit, and immaterial mind.

Since body and ſoul have ſuch diverſities,
well might we muse how firſt their match began,
but that we learn, that he, that ſpread the ſkies,
and fix'd the earth, firſt form'd the ſoul in man:

is the immediate creation of God himſelf;

this true *Prometheus* firſt made man of earth,
and ſhed in him a beam of heavenly fire;
now, in their mothers' wombs, before their birth,
doth in all ſons of men their ſouls inſpire;

and as *Minerva* is in fables ſaid,
from *Jove*, without a mother, to proceed,
ſo our true *Jove*, without a mother's aid,
doth daily millions of *Minervas* breed.

made in time, and Then, neither from eternity before,
nor from the time when time's firſt point begun,
made he all ſouls; which now he keeps in ſtore,
ſome in the moon, and others in the ſun:

nor in a ſecret cloiſter doth he keep
these virgin ſpirits, until their marriage day;
nor locks them up in chambers, where they ſleep,
'till they awake within these beds of clay:

nor did he firſt a certain number make,
infuſing part in beaſts, and part in men,
and, as unwilling farther pains to take,
would make no more than those he framed then;

ſo that the widow ſoul, her body dying,
unto the next born body marry'd was,
and ſo, by often changing, and ſupplying,
men's ſouls to beaſts, and beaſts' to men did paſs;

these thoughts are fond; for, ſince the bodies born
be more in number far than those that die,
thousands muſt be abortive, and forlorn,
ere others' deaths to them their ſouls ſupply:

but as God's handmaid, nature, doth create
bodies, in time diſtinct, and order due,
ſo God gives ſouls the like ſucceſſive date,
which himſelf makes in bodies formed new:

which himſelf makes of no material thing;
for unto angels he no power hath given
either to form the ſhape, or ſtuff to bring
from air, or fire, or ſubſtance of the heaven:

nor he, in this, doth nature's ſervice use; *not traduc'd from the parents:*
for though from bodies ſhe can bodies bring,
yet could ſhe never ſouls from ſouls traduce,
as fire from fire, or light from light doth ſpring.

Alas, that ſome, that were great lights of old, *This opinion held by ſome of the fathers:*
and in their hands the lamp of God did bear,
ſome reverend fathers did this error hold,
having their eyes dim'd with religious fear!

For when (ſay they) by rule of faith we find, *their reasons:*
that every ſoul, unto her body knit,
brings from the mother's womb the ſin of kind,
the root of all the ill ſhe doth commit;

how can we ſay, that God the ſoul doth make,
but we muſt make him author of her ſin?
then from man's ſoul ſhe doth beginning take,
ſince in man's ſoul corruption did begin:

for, if God make her firſt, he makes her ill,
Which God forbid our thoughts ſhould yield unto!
or makes the body her fair form to ſpill,
which, of itſelf, it had no power to do:

not *Adam*'s body, but his ſoul did ſin,
and ſo herſelf unto corruption brought;
but our poor ſoul corrupted is within,
ere ſhe hath ſin'd, either in act, or thought:

and yet we ſee in her ſuch powers divine,
as we could gladly think, from God ſhe came;
fain would we make him author of the wine,
if for the dregs we could ſome other blame.

anſwer to their reasons;

Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
when on the other part the truth did ſhine;
whereof we do clear demonſtrations find,
by light of nature, and by light divine.

None are ſo groſs as to contend for this,
that ſouls from bodies may traduced be,
between whose natures no proportion is,
when root and branch in nature ſtill agree;

but many ſubtle wits have juſtify'd,
that ſouls from ſouls ſpiritually may ſpring ;
which, if the nature of the ſoul be try'd,
will, even in nature, prove as groſs a thing :

For all things, made, are — either made of nought, *drawn from nature,*
or made of ſtuff that ready made doth ſtand ;
of nought no creature ever formed ought,
for that is proper to the Almighty's hand :

if then the ſoul another ſoul do make,
because her power is kept within a bound,
ſhe muſt ſome former ſtuff or matter take ;
but in the ſoul there is no matter found :

then if her heavenly form do not agree
with any matter which the world contains,
then ſhe of nothing muſt created be ;
and, to create, to God alone pertains :

Again, if ſouls do other ſouls beget,
'tis, by themſelves, or by the body's power :
if by themſelves, What doth their working let,
but they might ſouls engender every hour ?

if by the body, How can wit and will
join with the body only in this act,
ſince, when they do their other works fulfill,
they from the body do themſelves abſtract ?

Again, if ſouls of ſouls begotten were,
into each other they ſhould change and move;
and change and motion ſtill corruption bear;
How ſhall we then the ſoul immortal prove?

If, laſtly, ſouls did generation use,
then ſhould they ſpread incorruptible ſeed;
What then becomes of that which they do loſe,
when the acts of generation do not ſpeed?

and though the ſoul could caſt ſpiritual ſeed,
yet would ſhe not, because ſhe never dies;
for mortal things deſire their like to breed,
that ſo they may their kind immortalize:

therefore, the angels ſons of God are nam'd,
and marry not, nor are in marriage given,
their ſpirits and ours are of one ſubſtance fram'd,
and have one father, even the Lord of heaven;

who would, at firſt, that, in each other thing,
the earth, and water, living ſouls ſhould breed,
but that man's ſoul, whom he would make their king,
ſhould from himſelf immediately proceed;

and, when he took the woman from man's ſide,
doubtleſs, himſelf inſpir'd her ſoul alone,
for 'tis not ſaid, he did man's ſoul divide,
but took — fleſh of his fleſh, bone of his bone:

laſtly, God,—being made man, for man's own ſake,
and being like man in all, except in ſin,—
his body from the virgin's womb did take;
but, all agree, God form'd his ſoul within:

Then is the ſoul from God; ſo pagans ſay,
which ſaw, by nature's light, her heavenly kind,
naming her, kin to God, and God's bright ray,
a citizen of heaven to earth confin'd.

drawn from divinity.

But now, I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
whom my young muse ſo boldly termed blind,
and crave more heavenly light, that cloud to clear,
which makes them think, God doth not make the [mind.
God, doubtleſs, makes her; and doth make her good;
and graffs her in the body, there to ſpring;
which, though it be corrupted fleſh and blood,
can no way to the ſoul corruption bring:

and yet this ſoul (made good by God at firſt,
and not corrupted by the body's ill)
even in the womb is ſinful, and accurſ'd,
ere ſhe can judge by wit, or choose by will:

yet is not God the author of her ſin,
though author of her being, and being there;
and, if we dare to judge our judge herein,
he can condemn us, and himſelf can clear:

Firſt, God, from infinite eternity,
  decreed what hath been, is, or ſhall be done,
and was resolv'd, that every man ſhould be,
  and, in his turn, his race of life ſhould run;

and ſo did purpose all the ſouls to make,
  that ever have been made, or ever ſhall,
and that their being they ſhould only take
  in human bodies, or not be at all:

was it then fit, that ſuch a weak event
  (weakneſs itſelf, the ſin, and fall, of man)
his counſel's execution ſhould prevent,
  decreed and fixt before the world began?

or, that one penal law, by *Adam* broke,
  ſhould make God break his own eternal law,
the ſettl'd order of the world revoke,
  and change all forms of things which he foreſaw?

could *Eve*'s weak hand, extended to the tree,
  in ſunder rent that adamantine chain
whose golden links effects and causes be,
  and which to God's own chair doth fixt remain?

o,—could we ſee how cause from cause doth ſpring,
  how mutually they link'd and folded are;
and hear how oft one diſagreeing ſtring
  the harmony doth rather make than mar;

and view at once how death by ſin is brought,
  and how from death a better life doth riſe;
how this God's juſtice, and his mercy, taught,—
  we this decree would praiſe, as right, and wiſe:

but we, that measure times by firſt and laſt,
  the ſight of things ſucceſſively do take;
when God on all at once his view doth caſt,
  and of all times doth but one inſtant make:

all in himſelf, as in a glaſs, he ſees,
  for, from him, by him, through him, all things be;
his ſight is not diſcourſive by degrees,
  but, ſeeing the whole, each ſingle part doth ſee:

he looks on *Adam*, as a root, or well,
  and on his heirs, as branches, and as ſtreams;
he ſees all men as one man, though they dwell
  in ſundry cities, and in ſundry realms;

and, as the root and branch are but one tree,
  and well and ſtream do but one river make,
ſo, if the root and well corrupted be,
  the ſtream and branch the ſame corruption take;

ſo, when the root and fountain of mankind
  did draw corruption, and God's curſe, by ſin,
this was a charge that all his heirs did bind,
  and all his offſpring grew corrupt therein;

and as, when the hand doth ſtrike, the man offends,
(for part from whole law ſevers not in this)
ſo *Adam*'s ſin to the whole kind extends,
for all their natures are but part of his;

therefore this ſin of kind not perſonal,
but real, and hereditary, was,
the guilt whereof, and puniſhment, to all,
by courſe of nature, and of law, doth paſs;

for as that easy law was given to all,
to anceſtor, and heir, to firſt, and laſt,
ſo was the firſt tranſgreſſion general,
and all did pluck the fruit, and all did taſte:

of this we find ſome foot-ſteps in our law;
which doth her root from God, and nature, take;
ten thousand men ſhe doth together draw,
and, of them all, one corporation make;

yet these and their ſucceſſors are but one;
and, if they gain, or lose, their liberties,
they harm, or profit, not themſelves alone,
but ſuch as in ſucceeding time ſhall rise;

and ſo the anceſtor and all his heirs,
though they in number paſs the ſtars of heaven,
are ſtill but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
and unto them are his advancements given;

his civil acts do bind and bar them all;
and, as from *Adam* all corruption take,
ſo, if the father's crime be capital,
in all the blood law doth corruption make:

is it then juſt, with us, to diſenherit
the unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
and to advance, again, for one man's merit,
a thousand heirs that have deserved nought;

and is not God's decree as juſt as ours,
if he, for *Adam*'s ſin, his ſons deprive
of all those native virtues, and those powers,
which he to him, and to his race, did give?

for what is this contagious ſin of kind,
but a privation of that grace within,
and of that great rich dowry of the mind,
which all had had, but for the firſt man's ſin?

if then a man on light conditions gain
a great eſtate, to him and his for ever,
if wilfully he forfeit it again,
who doth bemoan his heir, or blame the giver?

ſo, though God make the ſoul good, rich, and fair,
yet, when her form is to the body knit,
which makes the man, which man is *Adam*'s heir,
juſtly forthwith he takes his grace from it;

and then the ſoul, being firſt from nothing brought,
when God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
and this declining proneneſs unto nought
is even that ſin that we are born withal:

yet not alone the firſt good qualities,
which in the firſt ſoul were, deprived are,
but in their place the contrary do rise,
and real ſpots of ſin her beauty mar;

nor is it ſtrange, that *Adam*'s ill desert
ſhould be tranſſer'd unto his guilty race,
when Chriſt his grace, and juſtice, doth impart
to men unjuſt, and ſuch as have no grace:

laſtly, the ſoul were better ſo to be,
born ſlave to ſin, than not to be at all;
ſince, if ſhe do believe, one ſets her free,
that makes her mount the higher from her fall:

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
they yet will know, ſince God foreſaw this ill,
why his high providence did not prevent
the declination of the firſt man's will:

If by his word he had the current ſtay'd
of *Adam*'s will, which was by nature free,
it had been one as if his word had ſaid,
I will, henceforth, that man no man ſhall be:

for what is man, without a moving mind,
which hath a judging wit, and choosing will?
now, if God's power ſhould her election bind,
her motions then would ceaſe, and ſtand all ſtill:

and why did God in man this ſoul infuse,
but that he ſhould his maker know, and love?
now, if love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
how can it grateful, or thank-worthy, prove?

love muſt free-hearted be, and voluntary,
and not enchanted, or by fate conſtrain'd;
not like that love which did *Ulyſſes* carry
to *Circe*'s isle, with mighty charms enchain'd:

beſides, were we unchangeable in will,
and of a wit that nothing could miſdeem,
equal to God — whose wisdom ſhineth ſtill,
and never errs — we might ourſelves eſteem;

ſo that, if man would be unvariable,
he muſt be God, or like a rock, or tree,
for even the perfect angels were not ſtable,
but had a fall more deſperate than we:

Then let us praise that Power which makes us be
men as we are, and reſt contented ſo;
and, knowing man's fall was curioſity,
admire God's counſels which we cannot know:

and let us know, that God the maker is
of all the ſouls in all the men that be;
yet their corruption is no fault of his,
but the firſt man's, that broke God's firſt decree.

Why the ſoul is united to the body:

This ſubſtance, and this ſpirit, of God's own making,
is in the body plac'd, and planted here,
that, both of God and of the world partaking,
of all that is man might the image bear.

God firſt made angels, bodileſs pure minds;
then, other things, which mindleſs bodies be;
laſt, he made man, the horizon 'twixt both kinds,
in whom we do the world's abridgment ſee:

beſides, this world below did need one wight,
which might thereof diſtinguiſh every part,
make uſe thereof, and take therein delight,
and order things with induſtry, and art;

which alſo God might in his works admire,
and here, beneath, yield him both prayer and praise,
as there, above, the holy angels' quire
doth ſpread his glory with ſpiritual lays:

laſtly, the brute unreasonable wights
did want a visible king on them to reign;
and God himſelf thus to the world unites,
that ſo the world might endleſs bliſs obtain.

in what manner it is united:

But how ſhall we this union well expreſs ?
Nought ties the ſoul, her ſubtilty is ſuch ;
ſhe moves the body, which ſhe doth poſſeſs,
yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch :

then dwells ſhe not therein, as in a tent ;
nor, as a pilot in his ſhip doth ſit ;
nor, as a ſpider in her web is pent ;
nor, as the wax retains the print in it ;

nor, as a veſſel water doth contain ;
nor, as one liquor in another ſhed ;
nor, as the heat doth in the fire remain ;
nor, as a voice throughout the air is ſpread ;

but, as the fair and cheerful morning-light
doth here and there her ſilver beams impart,
and in an inſtant doth herſelf unite
to the tranſparent air, in all, and part ;

ſtill reſting whole, when blows the air divide ;
abiding pure, when the air is moſt corrupted ;
throughout the air her beams diſperſing wide,
and, when the air is toſt, not interrupted ;

ſo doth the piercing ſoul the body fill,
being all in all, and all in part diffus'd,
indivisible, uncorruptible ſtill,
not forc'd, encounter'd, troubl'd, or confus'd :

and as the ſun above the light doth bring,
though we behold it in the air below;
ſo from the eternal Light the ſoul doth ſpring,
though in the body ſhe her powers do ſhow.

how exerciseth it's powers; and what they be, Viz,

But as this world's ſun doth effects beget
diverſe, in diverſe places, every day,
here autumn's temperature, there ſummer's heat;
here flowry ſpring-tide, and there winter grey;

here even, there morn, here noon, there day, there night;
melts wax; dries clay; makes flowers, ſome quick, ſome dead;
makes the *Moor* black, and the *European* white,
the *American* tawny, and the *eaſt-Indian* red;

ſo, in our little world, this ſoul of ours,—
being only one, and to one body ty'd,—
doth use on diverſe objects diverſe powers,
and ſo are her effects diverſify'd.

I. *The vegetative, or, quick'ning power:*

Her quick'ning power, in every living part,
doth as a nurſe, or as a mother, ſerve,
and doth employ her œconomick art,
and busy care, her houſhold to preſerve;

here ſhe attracts, and there ſhe doth retain;
there ſhe decocts, and doth the food prepare;
there ſhe diſtributes it to every vein;
there ſhe expels what ſhe may fitly ſpare:

this power to *Martha* may compared be,
  which busy was the houſhold things to do;
or to a *Dryas* living in a tree;
  for even to trees this power is proper too.

And though the ſoul may not this power extend
  out of the body, but ſtill use it there,
ſhe hath a power, which ſhe abroad doth ſend,
  which views and ſearcheth all things every where:

II. *The power of ſenſe: firſt, apprehenſive; divided into*

this power is, ſenſe; which from abroad doth bring
  the colour, taſte, and touch, and ſcent, and ſound,
the quantity, and ſhape, of every thing
  within the earth's center, or heaven's circle, found:

this power in parts made fit fit objects takes,
  yet not the things, but forms of things, receives;
as when a ſeal in wax impreſſion makes,
  the print therein, but not itſelf, it leaves:

and though things ſenſible be numberleſs,
  but only five the ſenſe's organs be;
and in those five all things their forms expreſs,
  which we can touch, taſte, ſmell, or hear, or ſee:

these are the windows through the which ſhe views
  the light of knowledge, which is life's load-ſtar;
and yet, whiles ſhe these ſpectacles doth use,
  oft worldly things ſeem greater than they are.

ſight,

Firſt, the two eyes, which have the ſeeing power,
ſtand as one watchman, ſpy, or ſentinel,
being plac'd aloft within the head's high tower;
and though both ſee, yet both but one thing tell:

these mirrors take into their little ſpace
the forms of moon, and ſun, and every ſtar,
of every body, and of every place,
which with the world's wide arms embraced are;

yet their beſt object, and their nobleſt uſe,
hereafter in another world will be,
when God in them ſhall heavenly light infuse,
that face to face they may their maker ſee:

here are they guides which do the body lead,
which elſe would ſtumble in eternal night;
here in this world they do much knowledge read,
and are the casements which admit moſt light:

they are her fartheſt-reaching inſtrument;
yet they no beams unto their objects ſend,
but all the rays are from their objects ſent,
and in the eyes with pointed angles end:

if the objects be far off, the rays do meet
in a ſharp point, and ſo things ſeem but ſmall;
if they be near, their rays do ſpread and fleet,
and make broad points, that things ſeem great with-[al:

laſtly, nine things to ſight required are,—
the power to ſee, the light, the visible thing,
being not too ſmall, too thin, too nigh, too far,
clear ſpace, and time the form diſtinct to bring:

Thus ſee we how the ſoul doth use the eyes,
as inſtruments of her quick power of ſight;
hence do the arts optick, and fair painting, rise,
painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

Now let us hear how ſhe the ears employs: *hearing,*
their office is, the troubl'd air to take;
which in their mazes forms a ſound or noise,
whereof herſelf doth true diſtinction make:

these wickets of the ſoul are plac'd on high,
because all ſounds do lightly mount aloft,
and, that they may not pierce too violently,
they are delay'd by turns and windings oft;

for ſhould the voice directly ſtrike the brain,
it would aſtoniſh and confuse it much,
therefore these plaits and folds the ſound reſtrain,
that it the organ may more gently touch;

as ſtreams, which with their winding banks do play,
ſtopt by their creeks run ſoftly through the plain,
ſo in the ear's labyrinth the voice doth ſtray,
and doth with easy motion touch the brain:

it is the ſloweſt, yet the daintieſt ſenſe;
for even the ears of ſuch as have no ſkill
perceive a diſcord, and conceive offence,
and, knowing not what is good, yet find the ill:

and though this ſenſe firſt gentle muſick found,
her proper object is the ſpeech of men;
but that ſpeech, chiefly, which God's heralds ſound,
when their tongues utter what his ſpirit did pen:

our eyes have lids, our ears ſtill ope we ſee,
quickly to hear how every tale is proved:
our eyes ſtill move, our ears unmoved be,
that, though we hear quick, we be not quickly mov-[ed:

Thus, by the organs of the eye and ear,
the ſoul with knowledge doth herſelf endue;
thus ſhe her prison may with pleasure bear,
having ſuch proſpects all the world to view:

these conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
but the other three attend the body ſtill;
for by their ſervices the ſoul doth find,
what things are to the body good, or ill.

taſting, The body's life with meats, and air, is fed;
therefore the ſoul doth use the taſting power,
in veins, which, through the tongue and palate ſpred,
diſtinguiſh every reliſh, ſweet, and ſour:

this is the body's nurſe; but ſince man's wit
found the art of cookery, to delight his ſenſe,
more bodies are conſum'd and kill'd with it,
than with the ſword, famine, or peſtilence.

Next, in the noſtrils ſhe doth use the ſmell; *ſmelling,*
as God the breath of life in them did give,
ſo makes he now this power in them to dwell,
to judge all airs whereby we breath and live:

this ſenſe is alſo miſtreſs of an art,
which to ſoft people ſweet perfumes doth ſell;
though this dear art doth little good impart,
ſince they ſmell beſt that do of nothing ſmell:

and yet good ſcents do purify the brain,
awake the fancy, and the wits refine;
hence old devotion incenſe did ordain,
to make men's ſpirits more apt for thoughts divine.

Laſtly, the feeling power, which is life's root, *feeling;*
through every living part itſelf doth ſhed,
by ſinews, which extend from head to foot,
and, like a net, all o'er the body ſpread;

much like a ſubtle ſpider, which doth ſit
in middle of her web, which ſpreadeth wide,
if ought do touch the utmoſt thread of it,
ſhe feels it inſtantly on every ſide:

by touch the firſt pure qualities we learn,
which quicken all things, hot, cold, moiſt, and dry;
by touch, hard, ſoft, rough, ſmooth, we do discern;
by touch, ſweet pleasure, and ſharp pain, we try:

These are the outward inſtruments of ſenſe;
these are the guards, which every thing muſt paſs
ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
or touch the fantaſy, wit's looking-glaſs.

imagination, or, the common ſenſe,

And yet these porters, which all things admit,
themſelves perceive not, nor discern, the things;
one common power doth in the forehead ſit,
which all their proper forms together brings:

for all those nerves, which ſpirits of ſenſe do bear,
and to those outward organs ſpreading go,
united are, as in a center, there;
and there this power those ſundry forms doth know:

those outward organs present things receive,
this inward ſenſe doth abſent things retain;
yet ſtraight tranſmits all forms ſhe doth perceive
unto a higher region of the brain:

fantaſy, and

Where fantaſy, near handmaid to the mind,
ſits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
compounds in one things diverſe in their kind;
compares the black and white, the great and ſmall;

beſides, those ſingle forms ſhe doth eſteem,
and in her balance doth their values try,
where ſome things good, and ſome things ill do ſeem,
and neutral ſome in her fantaſtick eye :

this busy power is working day and night;
for, when the outward ſenſes reſt do take,
a thousand dreams, fantaſtical, and light,
with fluttering wings do keep her ſtill awake :

ſenſitive memory :

Yet always all may not afore her be,
ſucceſſively ſhe this and that intends ;
therefore, ſuch forms as ſhe doth ceaſe to ſee
to memory's large volume ſhe commends :

this liedger-book lies in the brain behind,
like *Janus'* eye, which in his poll was ſet ;
the lay-man's tables, ſtore-houſe of the mind,
which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here ſenſe's apprehenſion end doth take;
as, when a ſtone is into water caſt,
one circle doth another circle make,
'till the laſt circle touch the bank at laſt.

ſecondly, motive; divided into — the paſſions of ſenſe,

But, though the apprehenſive power do pauſe,
the motive virtue then begins to move,
which in the heart below doth paſſions cauſe,
joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love :

these paſſions have a free commanding might,
  and diverse actions in our life do breed;
for all acts, done without true reason's light,
  do from the paſſion of the ſenſe proceed:

But, ſith the brain doth lodge these powers of ſenſe,
  how makes it in the heart those paſſions ſpring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
  'twixt heart and brain, this ſympathy doth bring:

from the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
  the ſpirits of life do their beginning take;
these ſpirits of life, aſcending to the brain,
  when they come there the ſpirits of ſenſe do make;

these ſpirits of ſenſe, in fantaſy's high court,
  judge of the forms of objects, ill, or well;
and ſo they ſend a good, or ill, report
  down to the heart, where all affections dwell;

if the report be good, it causeth love,
  and longing hope, and well-aſſured joy;
if it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
  and trembling fear, and vexing grief's annoy:

yet were these natural affections good,
  (for they, which want them, blocks, or devils, be)
if reason in her firſt perfection ſtood,
  that ſhe might nature's paſſions rectify.

Beſides, another motive power doth rise — *the motion of*
out of the heart; from whose pure blood do ſpring — *life, and*
the vital ſpirits, which, born in arteries,
continual motion to all parts do bring:

this makes the pulſes beat, and lungs reſpire; — *local motion:*
this holds the ſinews, like a bridle's reins,
and makes the body to advance, retire,
to turn, or ſtop, as ſhe them ſlacks, or ſtrains.

Thus the ſoul tunes the body's inſtrument;
these harmonies ſhe makes with life, and ſenſe;
the organs fit are by the body lent,
but the actions flow from the ſoul's influence.

But now I have a will, yet want a wit, — III. *The intellectual powers of the ſoul;*
to expreſs the workings of the wit, and will;
which, though their root be to the body knit,
use not the body, when they use their ſkill:

these powers the nature of the ſoul declare,
for to man's ſoul these only proper be;
for on the earth no other wights there are,
which have these heavenly powers, but only we.

The wit — the pupil of the ſoul's clear eye, — *wit,*
and in man's world the only ſhining ſtar —
looks in the mirror of the fantaſy,
where all the gatherings of the ſenſes are;

from thence this power the ſhapes of things abſtracts,
and them within her paſſive part receives,
which are enlighten'd by that part which acts,
and ſo the forms of ſingle things perceives;

but, after,— by diſcourſing to and fro,
anticipating, and comparing, things,—
ſhe doth all univerſal natures know,
and all effects into their causes brings:
when ſhe rates things, and moves from ground to [ground,
the name of reason ſhe obtains by this;
but, when by reasons ſhe the truth hath found,
and ſtandeth fixt, ſhe underſtanding is;

when her aſſent ſhe lightly doth encline
to either part, ſhe is opinion light;
but, when ſhe doth by principles define
a certain truth, ſhe hath true judgment's ſight;

and as from ſenſe's reason's work doth ſpring,
ſo, many reasons underſtanding gain,
and many underſtandings knowledge bring,
and by much knowledge wisdom we obtain;

ſo, many ſtairs we muſt aſcend upright,
ere we attain to wisdom's high degree;
ſo doth this earth eclipſe our reason's light,
which elſe in inſtants would, like angels, ſee:

yet hath the ſoul a dowry natural,
and ſparks of light ſome common things to ſee,
not being a blank where nought is writ at all,
but what the writer will may written be;

for nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,—
preſcribing truth to wit, and good to will,—
which do accuſe, or elſe excuſe, all men,
for every thought, or practiſe, good, or ill;

and yet these ſparks grow almoſt infinite,
making the world, and all therein, their food,
as fire ſo ſpreads as no place holdeth it,
being nouriſh'd ſtill with new ſupplies of wood;
and though these ſparks were almoſt quench'd with [ſin,
yet they, whom that juſt one hath juſtify'd,
have them encreaſ'd with heavenly light within,
and, like the widow's oil, ſtill multiply'd.

will, and

And, as this wit ſhould goodneſs truly know,
we have a will which that true good ſhould choose;
though will do oft, when wit falſe forms doth ſhow,
take ill for good, and good for ill refuse:

will puts in practiſe what the wit deviseth;
will ever acts, and wit contemplates ſtill;
and, as from wit the power of wisdom riseth,
all other virtues daughters are of will:

will is the prince, and wit the counſellor,
which doth for common good in council ſit;
and, when wit is resolv'd, will lends her power,
to execute what is advis'd by wit:

wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
of fancy's court the judgments falſe and vain;
will holds the royal ſcepter in the ſoul,
and on the paſſions of the heart doth reign:

will is as free as any emperor,
nought can reſtrain her gentle liberty;
no tyrant, nor no torment, hath the power
to make us will, when we unwilling be.

intellectual memory.

To these high powers a ſtore-houſe doth pertain,
where they all arts, and general reasons, lay;
which in the ſoul even after death remain,
and no *Lethean* flood can waſh away.

Reflections upon the ſoul, and it's powers.

This is the ſoul, and those her virtues be;
which though they have their ſundry proper ends,
and one exceeds another in degree,
yet each on other mutually depends:

our wit is given, almighty God to know;
our will is given, to love him being known;
but God could not be known to us below,
but by his works, which through the ſenſe are ſhown:

and as the wit doth reap the fruits of ſenſe,
  ſo doth the quick'ning power the ſenſes feed;
thus, while they do their ſundry gifts diſpenſe,
  the beſt the ſervice of the leaſt doth need:

even ſo the king his magiſtrates do ſerve;
  yet commons feed both magiſtrate and king;
the commons' peace the magiſtrates preserve, [ſpring.
  by borrow'd power, which from the prince doth

The quick'ning power would be, and ſo would reſt;
  the ſenſe would not be only, but be well;
but wit's ambition longeth to be beſt,
  for it desires in endleſs bliſs to dwell:

And these three powers three ſorts of men do make:
  for ſome, like plants, their veins do only fill;
and ſome, like beaſts, their ſenſe's pleasure take;
  and ſome, like angels, do contemplate ſtill:

therefore, the fables turn'd ſome men to flowers;
  and others did with brutiſh forms inveſt;
and did of others make celeſtial powers,
  like angels, which ſtill travel, yet ſtill reſt:

Yet these three powers are not three ſouls, but one;
  as one and two are both contain'd in three,
three being one number by itſelf alone;
  a ſhadow of the bleſſed Trinity.

An acclamation.

O, what is man, great Maker of mankind,
that thou to him ſo great reſpect doſt bear;
that thou adorn'ſt him with ſo bright a mind,
mak'ſt him a king, and even an angel's peer?

o, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
what ſpreading virtue, what a ſparkling fire,
how great, how plentiful, how rich a dower,
doſt thou within this dying fleſh inſpire!

thou leav'ſt thy print in other works of thine,
but thy whole image thou in man haſt writ;
there cannot be a creature more divine,
except, like thee, it ſhould be infinite:

but it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd man, ſince God a man became;
the angels do admire this myſtery,
and are aſtoniſh'd when they view the ſame.

That the ſoul is immortal, and cannot die:

Nor hath he given these bleſſings for a day,
nor made them on the body's life depend;
the ſoul, though made in time, ſurvives for aye,
and, though it hath beginning, ſees no end:

her only end is never-ending bliſs,
which is, the eternal face of God to ſee,
who laſt of ends, and firſt of causes, is;
and, to do this, ſhe muſt eternal be.

How ſenſeleſs then and dead a ſoul hath he,
which thinks his ſoul doth with his body die;
or, thinks not ſo, but ſo would have it be,
that he might ſin with more ſecurity?

for though these light and vicious perſons ſay,
Our ſoul is but a ſmoak, or airy blaſt,
which, during life, doth in our noſtrils play,
and, when we die, doth turn to wind at laſt;

although they ſay, *Come, let us eat, and drink*;
our life is but a ſpark, which quickly dies;
though thus they ſay, they know not what to think,
but in their minds ten thousand doubts arise:

therefore, no hereticks desire to ſpread
their light opinions, like these epicures;
for ſo their ſtaggering thoughts are comforted,
and other men's aſſent their doubt aſſures:

Yet, though these men againſt their conſcience ſtrive,
there are ſome ſparkles in their flinty breaſts,
which cannot be extinct, but ſtill revive,
that, though they would, they cannot quite be beaſts;

but whoſo makes a mirror of his mind,
and doth with patience view himſelf therein,
his ſoul's eternity ſhall clearly find,
though the other beauties be defac'd with ſin.

1ſt. reaſon; drawn from the deſire of knowledge:

Firſt, in man's mind we find an appetite
to learn and know the truth of every thing,
which is connatural, and born with it,
and from the eſſence of the ſoul doth ſpring;

with this deſire, ſhe hath a native might
to find out every truth, if ſhe had time
the innumerable effects to ſort aright,
and by degrees from cauſe to cauſe to climb:

but, ſince our life ſo faſt away doth ſlide
as doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
or as a ſhip tranſported with the tide,
which in their paſſage leave no print behind;

of which ſwift little time ſo much we ſpend,
while ſome few things we through the ſenſe do ſtrain,
that our ſhort race of life is at an end,
ere we the principles of ſkill attain;

or God (which to vain ends hath nothing done)
in vain this appetite, and power, hath given,
or elſe our knowledge, which is here begun,
hereafter muſt be perfected in heaven.

God never gave a power to one whole kind,
but moſt part of that kind did use the ſame;
moſt eyes have perfect ſight, though ſome be blind;
moſt legs can nimbly run, though ſome be lame:

but, in this life, no ſoul the truth can know
  ſo perfectly as it hath power to do;
if, then, perfection be not found below,
  an higher place muſt make her mount thereto.

2d. reason; drawn from the motion of the ſoul:

Again, how can ſhe but immortal be,
  when, with the motions of both will and wit,
ſhe ſtill aſpireth to eternity,
  and never reſts, 'till ſhe attain to it?

water, in conduit-pipes, can rise no higher
  than the well-head from whence it firſt doth ſpring;
then, ſince to eternal God ſhe doth aſpire,
  ſhe cannot be but an eternal thing.

All moving things to other things do move
  of the ſame kind, which ſhews their nature ſuch;
ſo earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
  'till both their proper elements do touch:

And as the moiſture, which the thirſty earth
  ſucks from the ſea, to fill her empty veins,
from out her womb at laſt doth take a birth,
  and runs a nymph along the graſſy plains;

long doth ſhe ſtay, as loth to leave the land
  from whose ſoft ſide ſhe firſt did iſſue make,
ſhe taſts all places, turns to every hand,
  her flowry banks unwilling to forſake;

yet nature ſo her ſtreams doth lead and carry,
as that her courſe doth make no final ſtay,
'till ſhe herſelf unto the ocean marry,
within whose watry bosom firſt ſhe lay:

even ſo the ſoul, which in this earthy mold
the ſpirit of God doth ſecretly infuse,
because at firſt ſhe doth the earth behold,
and only this material world ſhe views,

at firſt our mother earth ſhe holdeth dear,
and doth embrace the world, and worldly things,
ſhe flies cloſe by the ground, and hovers here,
and mounts not up with her celeſtial wings;

yet under heaven ſhe cannot light on ought
that with her heavenly nature doth agree,
ſhe cannot reſt, ſhe cannot fix her thought,
ſhe cannot in this world contented be;

For who did ever yet in honour, wealth,
or pleasure of the ſenſe, contentment find?
who ever ceaſ'd to wiſh, when he had health?
or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

then, as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
which ſeem ſweet flowers, with luſtre freſh, and gay,
ſhe lights on that, and this, and taſteth all,
but, pleas'd with none, doth rise and ſoar away;

ſo, when the ſoul finds here no true content,
and, like *Noah*'s dove, can no ſure footing take,
ſhe doth return from whence ſhe firſt was ſent,
and flies to him that firſt her wings did make.

Wit, ſeeking truth, from cause to cause aſcends,
and never reſts, 'till it the firſt attain;
will, ſeeking good, finds many middle ends,
but never ſtays, 'till it the laſt do gain:

now God the truth, and firſt of causes, is,
God is the laſt good end, which laſteth ſtill,
being *alpha*, and *omega*, nam'd for this,
alpha to wit, *omega* to the will;

ſith then her heavenly kind ſhe doth bewray,
in that to God ſhe doth directly move,
and on no mortal thing can make her ſtay,
ſhe cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this firſt true cause, and laſt good end,
ſhe cannot here ſo well and truly ſee;
for this perfection ſhe muſt yet attend,
'till to her Maker ſhe eſpoused be:

As a king's daughter, being in perſon ſought
of diverſe princes, which do neighbour near,
on none of them can fix a conſtant thought,
though ſhe to all do lend a gentle ear;

yet can ſhe love a foreign emperor,
whom of great worth, and power, ſhe hears to be,
if ſhe be woo'd but by embaſſador,
or but his letters, or his picture, ſee;

for well ſhe knows, that, when ſhe ſhall be brought
into the kingdom where her ſpouse doth reign,
her eyes ſhall ſee what ſhe conceiv'd in thought,
himſelf, his ſtate, his glory, and his train:

ſo, while the virgin ſoul on earth doth ſtay,
ſhe woo'd and tempted is ten thouſand ways
by these great powers which on the earth bear ſway,
the wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise;

with these ſome time ſhe doth her time beguile,
these do by fits her fantaſy poſſeſs,
but ſhe diſtaſts them all within a while,
and in the ſweeteſt finds a tedioufneſs;

but if upon the world's almighty King
ſhe once do fix her humble loving thought,
which by his picture, drawn in every thing,
and ſacred meſſages, her love hath ſought,

of him, ſhe thinks, ſhe cannot think too much,
this honey, taſted ſtill, is ever ſweet,
the pleasure of her raviſh'd thought is ſuch
as almoſt here ſhe with her bliſs doth meet;

but when in heaven ſhe ſhall his eſſence ſee,
this is her ſovereign good, and perfect bliſs,
her longings, wiſhings, hopes, all finiſh'd be,
her joys are full, her motions reſt in this;

there is ſhe crown'd with garlands of content;
there doth ſhe manna eat, and nectar drink;
that presence doth ſuch high delights present,
as never tongue could ſpeak, nor heart could think.

3d. reason; from contempt of death in the better ſort of ſpirits:

For this, the better ſouls do oft deſpise
the body's death, and do it oft desire;
for, when on earth the burthen'd balance lies,
the empty part is lifted up the higher.

But, if the body's death the ſoul ſhould kill,
then death muſt needs againſt her nature be,
and, were it ſo, all ſouls would fly it ſtill,
for nature hates and ſhuns her contrary;

for all things elſe, which nature makes to be,
their being to preserve are chiefly taught,
for, though ſome things desire a change to ſee,
yet never thing did long to turn to nought:

if then by death the ſoul were quenched quite,
ſhe could not thus againſt her nature run,
ſince every ſenſeleſs thing, by nature's light,
doth preservation ſeek, deſtruction ſhun;

nor could the world's beſt ſpirits ſo much err,
if death took all, that they ſhould all agree
before this life their honour to prefer,
For what is praise to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the body's prop ſhe ſtand,
if on the body's life her life depend,
as *Meleager*'s on the fatal brand,
the body's good ſhe only would intend;

we ſhould not find her half ſo brave and bold,
to lead it to the wars, and to the ſeas,
to make it ſuffer watchings, hunger, cold,
when it might feed with plenty, reſt with ease:

doubtleſs, all ſouls have a ſurviving thought;
therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
but, if we think of being turn'd to nought,
a trembling horror in our ſouls we find.

4th. reason; from the fear of death in wicked ſouls:

And, as the better ſpirit, when ſhe doth bear
a ſcorn of death, doth ſhew ſhe cannot die;
ſo, when the wicked ſoul death's face doth fear,
even then ſhe proves her own eternity.

For, when death's form appears, ſhe feareth not
an utter quenching or extinguiſhment,
ſhe would be glad to meet with ſuch a lot,
that ſo ſhe might all future ill prevent;

but ſhe doth doubt what after may befall;
for nature's law accuseth her within,
and ſay'th, *'Tis true that is affirm'd by all,*
that after death there is a pain for ſin;

then ſhe, which hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,
doth firſt herſelf within death's mirror ſee,
and, when her body doth return to earth,
ſhe firſt takes care how ſhe alone ſhall be:

who ever ſees these irreligious men
with burthen of a ſickneſs weak and faint,
but hears them talking of religion then,
and vowing of their ſouls to every ſaint?

when was there ever curſed atheiſt brought
unto the gibbet, but he did adore
that bleſſed Power, which he had ſet at nought,
ſcorn'd, and blaſphemed, all his life before?

these light vain perſons ſtill are drunk, and mad,
with ſurfeitings, and pleasures of their youth;
but, at their deaths, they are freſh, ſober, ſad,
then they discern, and then they ſpeak, the truth.

If then all ſouls, both good and bad, do teach
with general voice, that ſouls can never die,
'tis not man's flattering gloſe, but nature's ſpeech,
which, like God's oracle, can never lie.

5th. reason; from the general desire of immortality:

Hence ſprings that univerſal ſtrong desire,
which all men have, of immortality;
not ſome few ſpirits unto this thought aſpire,
but all men's minds in this united be:

then this desire of nature is not vain,
ſhe covets not impoſſibilities;
fond thoughts may fall into ſome idle brain,
but one aſſent of all is ever wise:

From hence that general care and ſtudy ſprings,
that launching and progreſſion of the mind,
which all men have ſo much of future things
as they no joy do in the present find:

from this desire that main desire proceeds,
which all men have, ſurviving fame to gain
by tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
for ſhe, that this desires, doth ſtill remain:

hence, laſtly, ſprings care of poſterities;
for things their kind would everlaſting make;
hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
the fruit whereof another age ſhall take.

If we these rules unto ourſelves apply,
and view them by reflection of the mind,
all these true notes of immortality
in our heart's tables we ſhall written find.

6th. reason; from the very doubt and diſputation of immortality:

And though ſome impious wits do queſtions move,
and doubt, if ſouls immortal be, or no,
that doubt their immortality doth prove,
because they ſeem immortal things to know.

For he, which reasons on both parts doth bring,
doth ſome things mortal, ſome immortal, call;
now, if himſelf were but a mortal thing,
he could not judge immortal things at all:

for, when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
and, as those glaſſes, which material be,
forms of material things do only take,
for thoughts, or minds, in them we cannot ſee;

ſo, when we God, and angels, do conceive,
and think of truth, which is eternal too,
then do our minds immortal forms receive,
which, if they mortal were, they could not do:

and as, if beaſts conceiv'd what reason were,
and that conception ſhould diſtinctly ſhow,
they ſhould the name of reasonable bear,
for, without reason, none could reason know;

ſo, when the ſoul mounts with ſo high a wing
as of eternal things ſhe doubts can move,
ſhe proofs of her eternity doth bring
even when ſhe ſtrives the contrary to prove:

for even the thought of immortality,
being an act done without the body's aid,
ſhews, that herſelf alone could move, and be,
although the body in the grave were lay'd;

and if herſelf ſhe can ſo lively move,
and never need a foreign help to take,
then muſt her motion everlaſting prove,
because herſelf ſhe never can forſake.

That it cannot be deſtroy'd:

But, though corruption cannot touch the mind
from any cause that from itſelf may ſpring,
ſome outward cause fate hath perhaps deſign'd,
which to the ſoul may utter quenching bring.

it's cause ceaſeth not;

Perhaps, her cause may ceaſe, and ſhe may die:
God is her cause, his word her maker was,
which ſhall ſtand fixt for all eternity,
when heaven and earth ſhall like a ſhadow paſs.

it hath no contrary;

Perhaps, ſome thing, repugnant to her kind,
by ſtrong antipathy the ſoul may kill:
But what can be contrary to the mind,
which holds all contraries in concord ſtill?

ſhe lodgeth heat, and cold, and moiſt, and dry,
and life, and death, and peace, and war, together;
ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
yet neither troubleth or diſturbeth either.

Perhaps, for want of food the ſoul may pine : *cannot die for want of food;*
But that were ſtrange; ſince all things, bad, and good,
ſince all God's creatures, mortal, and divine,
ſince God himſelf is her eternal food :

bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
and ſo are ſubject to mortality;
but truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind,
the tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps, the ſoul deſtroys ; *violence cannot deſtroy it;*
as lightning, or the ſun-beams, dim the ſight;
or as a thunder-clap, or cannons' noiſe,
the power of hearing doth aſtoniſh quite :

But high perfection to the ſoul it brings,
to encounter things moſt excellent and high;
for, when ſhe views the beſt and greateſt things,
they do not hurt, but rather clear, her eye :

beſides, as *Homer*'s gods 'gainſt armies ſtand,
her ſubtle form can through all dangers ſlide;
bodies are captive, minds endure no band,
and will is free, and can no force abide.

But, laſtly, time, perhaps, at laſt hath power *time cannot deſtroy it.*
to ſpend her lively powers, and quench her light:
But old god *Saturn*, which doth all devour,
doth cheriſh her, and ſtill augment her might :

heaven waxeth old, and all the ſpheres above
ſhall one day faint, and their ſwift motion ſtay;
and time itſelf in time ſhall ceaſe to move;
only the ſoul ſurvives, and lives for aye:

our bodies, every foot-ſtep that they make,
march towards death, until at laſt they die,
whether we work, or play, or ſleep, or wake,
our life doth paſs, and with time's wings doth fly;

but to the ſoul time doth perfection give,
and adds freſh luſtre to her beauty ſtill,
and makes her in eternal youth to live,
like her which nectar to the gods doth fill;

the more ſhe lives, the more ſhe feeds on truth;
the more ſhe feeds, her ſtrength doth more encreaſe;
And what is ſtrength, but an effect of youth?
which if time nurſe, how can it ever ceaſe?

Objections againſt the immortality of the ſoul:

But now these epicures begin to ſmile,
and ſay, My doctrine is more ſafe than true;
and that I fondly do myſelf beguile,
while these receiv'd opinions I enſue:

1ſt. objection; *For, what,* ſay they, *doth not the ſoul wax old?*
How comes it then, that aged men do dote?
and that their brains grow ſottiſh, dull, and cold,
which were in youth the only ſpirits of note?

What, are not ſouls within themſelves corrupted?
How can there idiots then by nature be?
how is it, that ſome wits are interrupted,
that now they dazl'd are, now clearly ſee?

These queſtions make a ſubtle argument, *anſwer:*
to ſuch as think both ſenſe and reason one;
to whom nor agent from the inſtrument,
nor power of working from the work is known:

but they, that know that wit can ſhew no ſkill
but when ſhe things in ſenſe's glaſs doth view,
do know, if accident this glaſs do ſpill,
it nothing ſees, or ſees the falſe for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,—
where the inward ſenſe of fantaſy ſhould ſit,
and the outward ſenſes' gatherings ſhould retain,—
by nature, or by chance, become unfit;

either at firſt uncapable it is,
and ſo few things, or none at all, receives;
or mar'd by accident, which haps amiſs,
and ſo amiſs it every thing perceives:

then, as a cunning prince that useth ſpies,
if they return no news, doth nothing know;
but if they make advertisement of lies,
the prince's council all awry do go;

even ſo the ſoul,— to ſuch a body knit,
whose inward ſenſes undiſposed be,
and, to receive the forms of things, unfit,—
where nothing is brought in, can nothing ſee:

this makes the idiot; which hath yet a mind
able to know the truth, and choose the good,
if ſhe ſuch figures in the brain did find
as might be found if it in temper ſtood:

but, if a frenzy do posseſs the brain,
it ſo diſturbs and blots the forms of things,
as fantaſy proves altogether vain,
and to the wit no true relation brings;

then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
build fond conclusions on those idle grounds,
then doth it fly the good, and ill purſue,
believing all that this falſe ſpy propounds;

but, purge the humours, and the rage appease
which this diſtemper in the fancy wrought,
then will the wit, which never had disease,
diſcourſe, and judge, diſcreetly as it ought:

ſo, though the clouds eclipſe the ſun's fair light,
yet from his face they do not take one beam;
ſo have our eyes their perfect power of ſight,
even when they look into a troubl'd ſtream:

Then, these defects in ſenſe's organs be,
not in the ſoul, or in her working might;
ſhe cannot lose her perfect power to ſee,
though miſts, and clouds, do choke her window-light:

these imperfections, then, we muſt impute
not to the agent but the inſtrument;
we muſt not blame *Apollo*, but his lute,
if falſe accords from her falſe ſtrings be ſent:

the ſoul, in all, hath one intelligence;
though too much moiſture in an infant's brain,
and too much dryneſs in an old man's ſenſe,
cannot the prints of outward things retain:

then doth the ſoul want work, and idle ſit;
and this we childiſhneſs, and dotage, call;
yet hath ſhe then a quick and active wit,
if ſhe had ſtuff, and tools to work withal;

for, give her organs fit, and objects fair,
give but the aged man the young man's ſtrength,
let but *Medea Æſon*'s youth repair,
and ſtraight ſhe ſhews her wonted excellence:

as a good harper ſtricken far in years,
into whose cunning hands the gout is fall,
all his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
but on his harp plays ill, or not at all;

but if *Apollo* take his gout away,
that he his nimble fingers may apply,
Apollo's ſelf will envy at his play,
and all the world applaud his minſtrelſy:

Then dotage is no weakneſs of the mind,
but of the ſenſe: for, if the mind did waſte,
in all old men we ſhould this waſting find,
when they ſome certain term of years had paſſ'd;

but moſt of them, even to their dying hour,
retain a mind more lively, quick, and ſtrong,
and better use their underſtanding power,
than when their brains were warm, and limbs were young;

for, though the body waſted be, and weak,
and though the leaden form of earth it bears,
yet, when we hear that half-dead body ſpeak,
we oft are raviſh'd to the heavenly ſpheres.

2d. objection; *Yet*, ſay these men, *if all her organs die,*
then hath the ſoul no power her powers to use;
ſo, in a ſort, her powers extinct do lie,
when unto act ſhe cannot them reduce:

and, if her powers be dead, then what is ſhe?
for ſince from every thing ſome powers do ſpring,
and from those powers ſome acts proceeding be,
then, kill both power and act, and kill the thing.

Doubtleſs, the body's death, when once it dies, *anſwer :*
the inſtruments of ſenſe and life doth kill;
ſo that ſhe cannot use those faculties,
although their root reſt in her ſubſtance ſtill:

but as, the body living, wit, and will,
can judge, and choose, without the body's aid,
though on ſuch objects they are working ſtill
as through the body's organs are convey'd;

ſo, when the body ſerves her turn no more,
and all her ſenſes are extinct and gone,
ſhe can diſcourſe of what ſhe learn'd before,
in heavenly contemplations all alone:

ſo, if one man well on a lute doth play,
and have good horſemanſhip, and learning's ſkill,
though both his lute and horſe we take away,
doth he not keep his former learning ſtill?

he keeps it, doubtleſs, and can use it too,
and doth both the other ſkills in power retain,
and can of both the proper actions do,
if with his lute or horſe he meet again;

ſo, though the inſtruments — by which we live,
and view the world — the body's death do kill,
yet, with the body, they ſhall all revive,
and all their wonted offices fulfill.

3*d.objection*; *But, how 'till then ſhall ſhe herſelf employ?*
her ſpies are dead, which brought home news before;
what ſhe hath got, and keeps, ſhe may enjoy,
but ſhe hath means to underſtand no more:

then, what do those poor ſouls, which nothing get?
or, what do those, which get, and cannot keep,
like buckets bottomleſs, which all out let?
those ſouls, for want of exercise, muſt ſleep.

anſwer: See, how man's ſoul againſt itſelf doth ſtrive!—
Why ſhould we not have other means to know?
as children, while within the womb they live,
feed by the navel; here they feed not ſo:

these children, if they had ſome uſe of ſenſe,
and ſhould, by chance, their mothers talking hear,
that in ſhort time they ſhall come forth from thence,
would fear their birth more than our death we fear;

they would cry out, *If we this place ſhall leave,*
then ſhall we break our tender navel-ſtrings;
How ſhall we then our nouriſhment receive,
ſince our ſweet food no other conduit brings?

and if a man ſhould to these babes reply,
that into this fair world they ſhall be brought,
where they ſhall ſee the earth, the ſea, the ſky,
the glorious ſun, and all that God hath wrought;

that there ten thousand dainties they ſhall meet,
  which by their mouths they ſhall with pleasure take,
which ſhall be cordial too, as well as ſweet,
  and of their little limbs tall bodies make;

this would they think a fable, even as we
  do think the ſtory of the golden age;
or as ſome ſenſual ſpirits amongſt us be,
  which hold the world to come a feigned ſtage;

yet ſhall these infants after find all true,
  though then thereof they nothing could conceive;
as ſoon as they are born the world they view,
  and with their mouths the nurſes' milk receive:

ſo, when the ſoul is born, (for death is nought
  but the ſoul's birth, and ſo we ſhould it call)
ten thousand things ſhe ſees, beyond her thought,
  and in an unknown manner knows them all;

then doth ſhe ſee by ſpectacles no more,
  ſhe hears not by report of double ſpies,
herſelf in inſtants doth all things explore,
  for each thing present and before her lies.

But ſtill this crew with queſtions me purſues; *4th. objection;*
  If ſouls deceaſ'd, ſay they, *ſtill living be,*
why do they not return, to bring us news
  of that ſtrange world, where they ſuch wonders ſee?

anſwer: Fond men! — If we believe, that men do live
under the zenith of both frozen poles,
though none come thence advertisement to give,
why bear we not the like faith of our ſouls?

the ſoul hath here on earth no more to do,
than we have buſineſs in our mother's womb;
What child doth covet to return thereto,
although all children firſt from thence do come?

but as *Noah*'s pigeon, which return'd no more,
did ſhew ſhe footing found for all the flood;
ſo, when good ſouls, departed through death's door,
come not again, it ſhews their dwelling good:

and, doubtleſs, ſuch a ſoul as up doth mount,
and doth appear before her Maker's face,
holds this vile world in ſuch a baſe account,
as ſhe looks down, and ſcorns this wretched place;

but, ſuch as are detruded down to hell,
either for ſhame they ſtill themſelves retire,
or, ty'd in chains, they in cloſe prison dwell,
and cannot come, although they much desire.

5th. objection; *Well, well,* ſay these vain ſpirits, *though vain it is,*
to think, our ſouls to heaven, or hell, do go,
politick men have thought it not amiſs
to ſpread this lie, to make men virtuous ſo.

Do you then think this moral virtue good? *anſwer.*
I think, you do, even for your private gain;
for common-wealths by virtue ever ſtood,
and common good the private doth contain:

if then this virtue you do love ſo well,
have you no means her practice to maintain,
but you this lie muſt to the people tell,
that good ſouls live in joy, and ill in pain?

muſt virtue be preserved by a lie?
virtue and truth do ever beſt agree;
by this it ſeems to be a verity,
ſince the effects ſo good and virtuous be:

for as the devil father is of lies,
ſo, vice and miſchief do his lies enſue;
then this good doctrine did not he devise,
but made this lie, which ſay'th, it is not true:

For how can that be falſe, which every tongue,
of every mortal man, affirms for true?
which truth hath in all ages been ſo ſtrong,
as, loadſtone-like, all hearts it ever drew:

for not the chriſtian, or the *Jew*, alone,
the *Perſian*, or the *Turk*, acknowledge this,
this myſtery to the wild *Indian* known,
and to the cannibal, and *Tartar*, is;

this rich *Aſſyrian* drug grows every where,
as common in the north as in the eaſt;
this doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
but of itſelf is native in the breaſt;

none, that acknowledge God or providence,
their ſoul's eternity did ever doubt,
for all religion takes her root from hence,
which no poor naked nation lives without:

for, ſince the world for man created was,
(for only man the uſe thereof doth know)
if man do periſh like a wither'd graſs,
how doth God's wisdom order things below?

and, if that wisdom ſtill wise ends propound,
why made he man of other creatures king,
when, if he periſh here, there is not found
in all the world ſo poor and vile a thing?

if death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
ſince for our ſervice all things elſe were wrought,
that daws, and trees, and rocks, ſhould laſt ſo long,
when we muſt in an inſtant paſs to nought:

But bleſt be that great Power, which hath us bleſt
with longer life than heaven, or earth, can have,
which hath infus'd into one mortal breaſt
immortal powers not ſubject to the grave;

for, though the ſoul do ſeem her grave to bear,
and in this world is almoſt bury'd quick,
we have no cause the body's death to fear,
for, when the ſhell is broke, out comes a chick.

That there are three kinds of life, anſwerable to the three powers of the ſoul.

For, as the ſoul's eſſential powers are three,
the quick'ning power, the power of ſenſe, and reason,
three kinds of life to her deſigned be,
which perfect these three powers in their due season:

the firſt life in the mother's womb is ſpent,
where ſhe her nurſing power doth only use,
where when ſhe finds defect of nouriſhment,
ſhe expels her body, and this world ſhe views;

this we call birth, but, if the child could ſpeak,
he death would call it, and of nature 'plain,
that ſhe would thruſt him out, naked, and weak,
and, in his paſſage, pinch him with ſuch pain:

yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
where all his ſenſes in perfection be,
where he finds flowers to ſmell, and fruits to taſte,
and ſounds to hear, and ſundry forms to ſee;

when he hath paſſ'd ſome time upon this ſtage,
his reason then a little ſeems to wake,
which, though ſhe ſpring when ſenſe doth fade with age,
yet can ſhe here no perfect practice make:

then doth the aſpiring ſoul the body leave,
which we call death, but, were it known to all
what life our ſouls do by this death receive,
men would it birth, or goal-delivery, call;

in this third life, reason will be ſo bright
as that her ſpark will like the ſun-beams ſhine,
and ſhall of God enjoy the real ſight,
being ſtill encreaſ'd by influence divine.

An acclamation; and conclusion of the whole.

O ignorant poor man, what doſt thou bear
lock'd up within the caſket of thy breaſt!
what jewels, and what riches, haſt thou there!
what heavenly treasure in ſo weak a cheſt!

look in thy ſoul, and thou ſhalt beauties find,
like those which drown'd *Narciſſus* in the flood;
honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
and all that in the world is counted good:

think of her worth; and think, that God did mean
this worthy mind ſhould worthy things embrace;
blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
nor her diſhonour with thy paſſions baſe;

kill not her quick'ning power with ſurfeitings,
mar not her ſenſe with ſenſuality,
caſt not her ſerious wit on idle things,
make not her free will ſlave to vanity:

and, when thou think'ſt of her eternity,
think not that death againſt her nature is,
think it a birth, and, when thou go'ſt to die,
ſing like a ſwan, as if thou went'ſt to bliſs;

and if thou, like a child, did'ſt fear before,
being in the dark, where thou did'ſt nothing ſee,
now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more,
now, when thou dy'ſt, thou can'ſt not hood-wink'd [be:
And, thou, my ſoul,— which turn'ſt thy curious eye,
to view the beams of thine own form divine,—
know, that thou can'ſt know nothing perfectly,
while thou art clouded with this fleſh of mine;

take heed of over-weening, and compare
thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train;
ſtudy the beſt and higheſt things that are,
but of thyſelf an humble thought retain;

caſt down thyſelf, and only ſtrive to raise
the glory of thy Maker's ſacred name,
use all thy powers that bleſſed Power to praise,
which gives thee power to be, and use the ſame.

Editions, consulted:

* a. Noſce teipſum. | *This Oracle expounded in two* | *Elegies* | 1. Of Humane knowledge. | 2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie | thereof. | LONDON, | Printed by *Richard Field* for *John Standish.* | 1599. (4°. M. *Ded.*)

b. An imperfect copy; the title-page being wanting, and the laſt leaf: But it is a quarto, like the preceding; and the final ſignature is the ſame, *viz.* M: from which circumſtance, in conjunction with many others, it ſhould ſeem to have been only a reimpreſſion of that firſt edition, (but with difference, as will appear in the various readings that follow) and, perhaps, in the ſame year.

c. Noſce teipſum. | *This Oracle expounded in two* | *Elegies.* | 1. Of Humane knowledge. | 2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie | thereof. | *Newly corrected and amended.* | LONDON, | Printed by *Richard Field* for *John Standiſh.* | 1602. (4°. L. 4. *Ded.*)

Various Readings.

p.	*f.*	*l.*	
			Davys. *(Ded.)* c.
	5,	3.	And all b. c.
2;	4,	2.	of *God* and b.
	6,	1.	Shie-ſtolne a. b.
3;	1,	1.	emptie of c.
	4,	1.	know? or,
	6,	3.	those
4;	3,	1.	Mortall b.
	4,	1.	other
	6,	2.	and how therewith b. c.
5;	1,	3.	clocke within our b. c.
	2,	2.	behold the Poles, b. c.
	4,	1.	It is b.
6;	5,	3.	As Seas c.
7;	1,	2.	thereat the b.
	3,	3.	beyond our bookes, c.
	5,	2.	werking lees
9;	2,	2.	view *deeſt in* b.
	5,	3.	beſt *Senſe* with b.
		4.	Seekes not b.
10;	4,	4.	by chaunge a.
12;	1,	3.	owne power b. c.
	2,	2.	latter
		4.	and in eternall b.
	6,	1.	the Spirit b.
13;	4,	1.	doth take b. c.

13;	5,	2.	one Act of b.
	6,	3.	conceiveth b.
20;	4,	1.	do then c.
	5,	2.	turn'd c.
22;	2,	3.	and heavenly
24;	2,	1.	*matters* c.
25;	2,	4.	the other make
28;	2,	4.	hath no
32;	1,	2.	*is, nor ſhall* c.
36;	4,	4.	for her
42;	4,	1.	are the guides c.
44;	1,	4.	what's
	4,	4.	perſpects
47;	6,	4.	and hope, *deeſt in* c.
49;	6,	2.	th'onely a. b.
50;	1,	2.	which is en—
71;	6,	2.	gout does fall,
73;	5,	4.	lute and horſe
78;	6,	3.	into our mortal
79;	6,	3.	doth fail with c.
80;	5,	3.	her vertues with c.
	6,	2.	Senſualities, c.
		4.	vanities. c.
81;	2,	3.	brought the *torch-light*, a.

From the Preſs of DRYDEN LEACH, *in Crane-court, Fleet-ſtreet. Oct. 6th.* 1759.